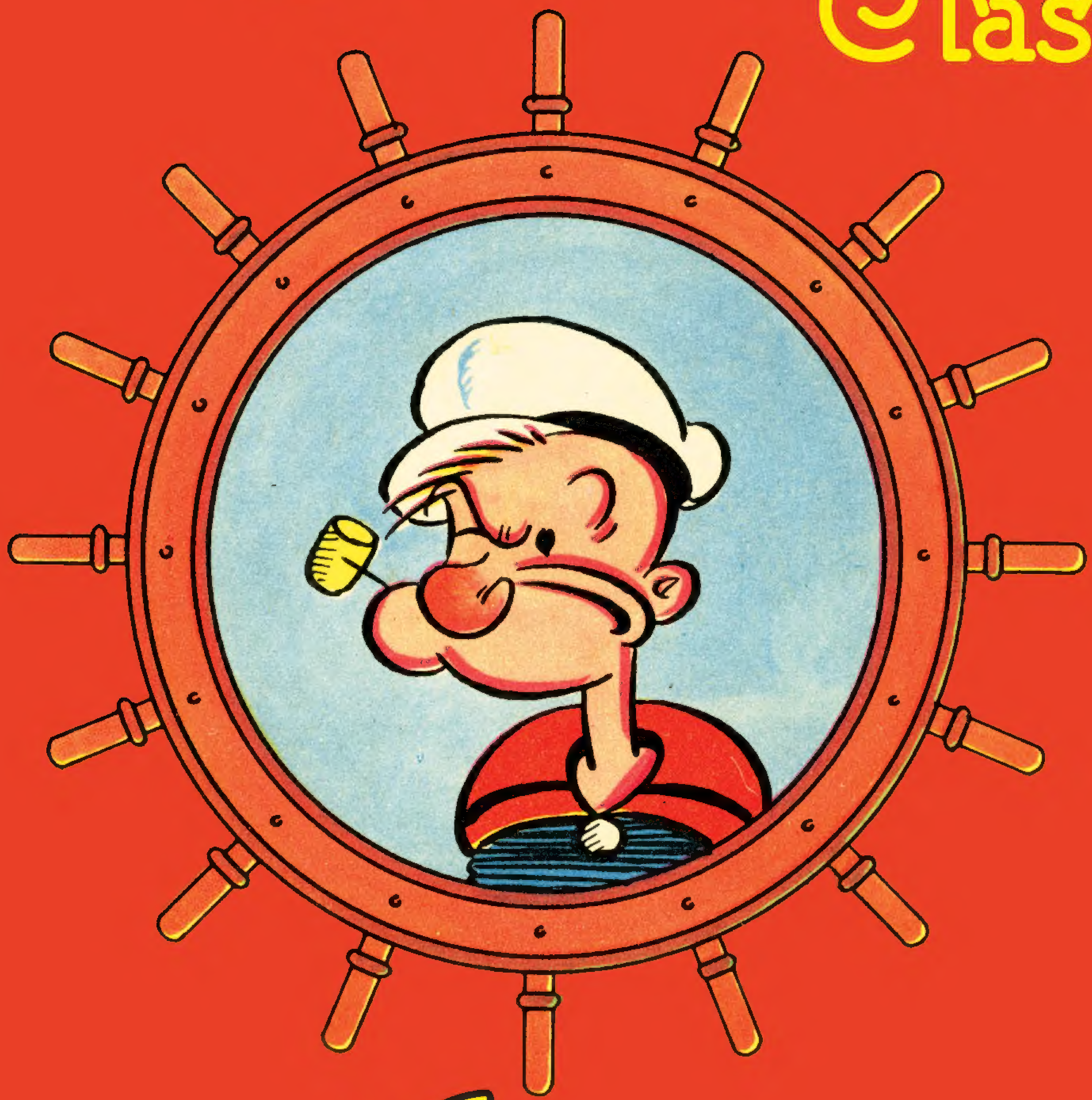
Popeye®
Classics
ADULT & KID FRIENDLY!™
Bud Sagendorf

GULP!
WOW!
POPEYE

Popeye

Classics



BUD SAGENDORF

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YOE BOOKS!

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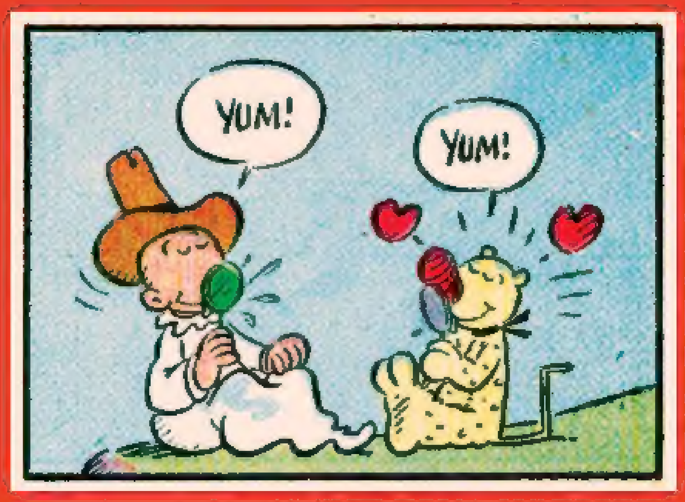

Dedicated to our good frien',

Frank Caruso.

This is Volume 9 in the complete reprint of Bud Sagendorf's classic Popeye comics. Collect them all.

Do you have art or ephemera for the Bud Sagendorf Scrapbook? Please contact Craig Yoe on Facebook!

Join the fun on Facebook on the "Celebrating Popeye" page!

Check out our videos: **YouTube.com/TheYoeTube.**

Deep thanks to: Ted Adams, Chuck Anders, Giovanna Anzaldi, Brendan Burford, Frank Caruso, Justin Eisinger, Greg Goldstein, Fred Grandinetti, Kerry Huffman, Jonathan Lozovsky, Donnie Pitchford, and Bruce Shults.

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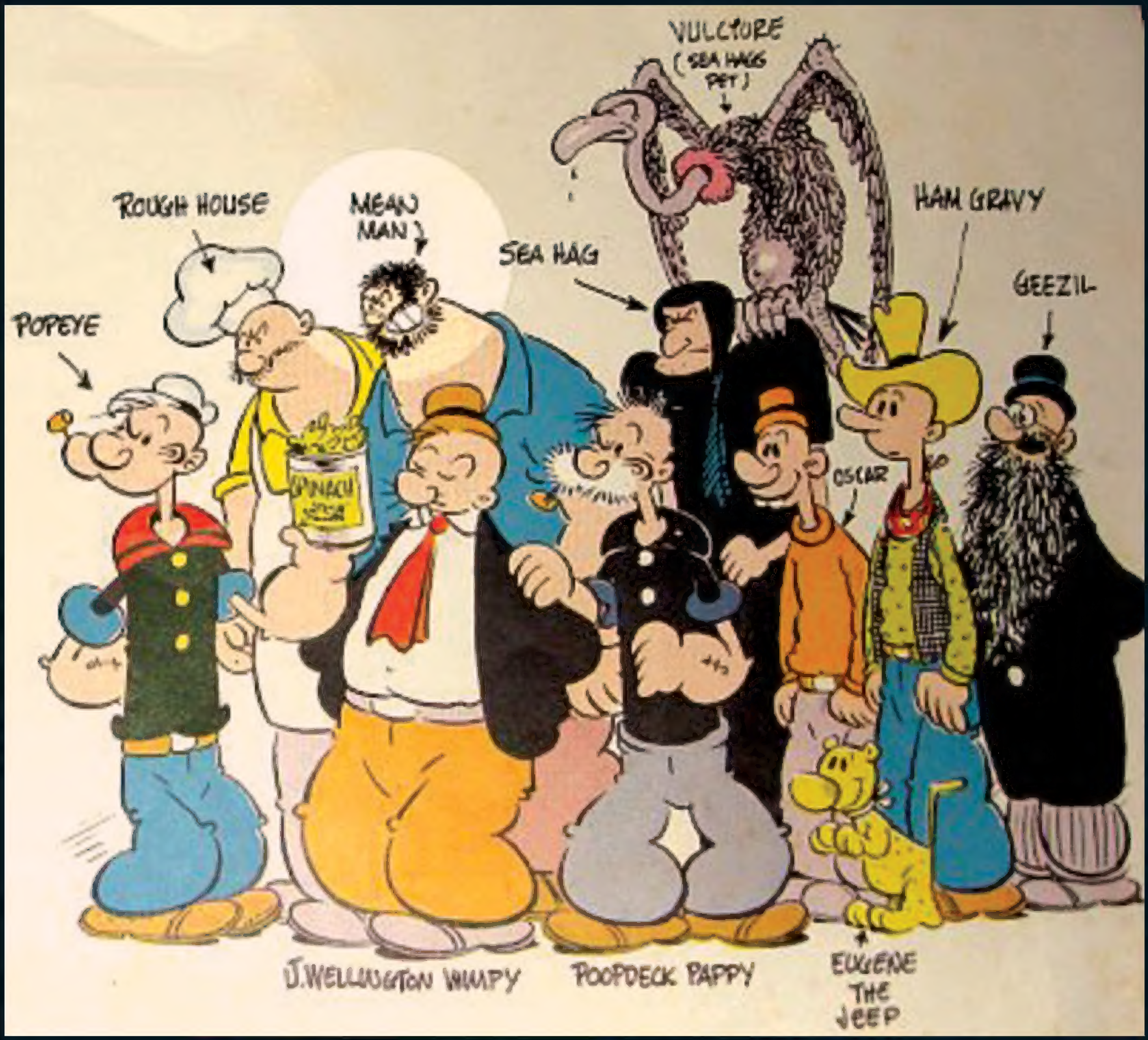
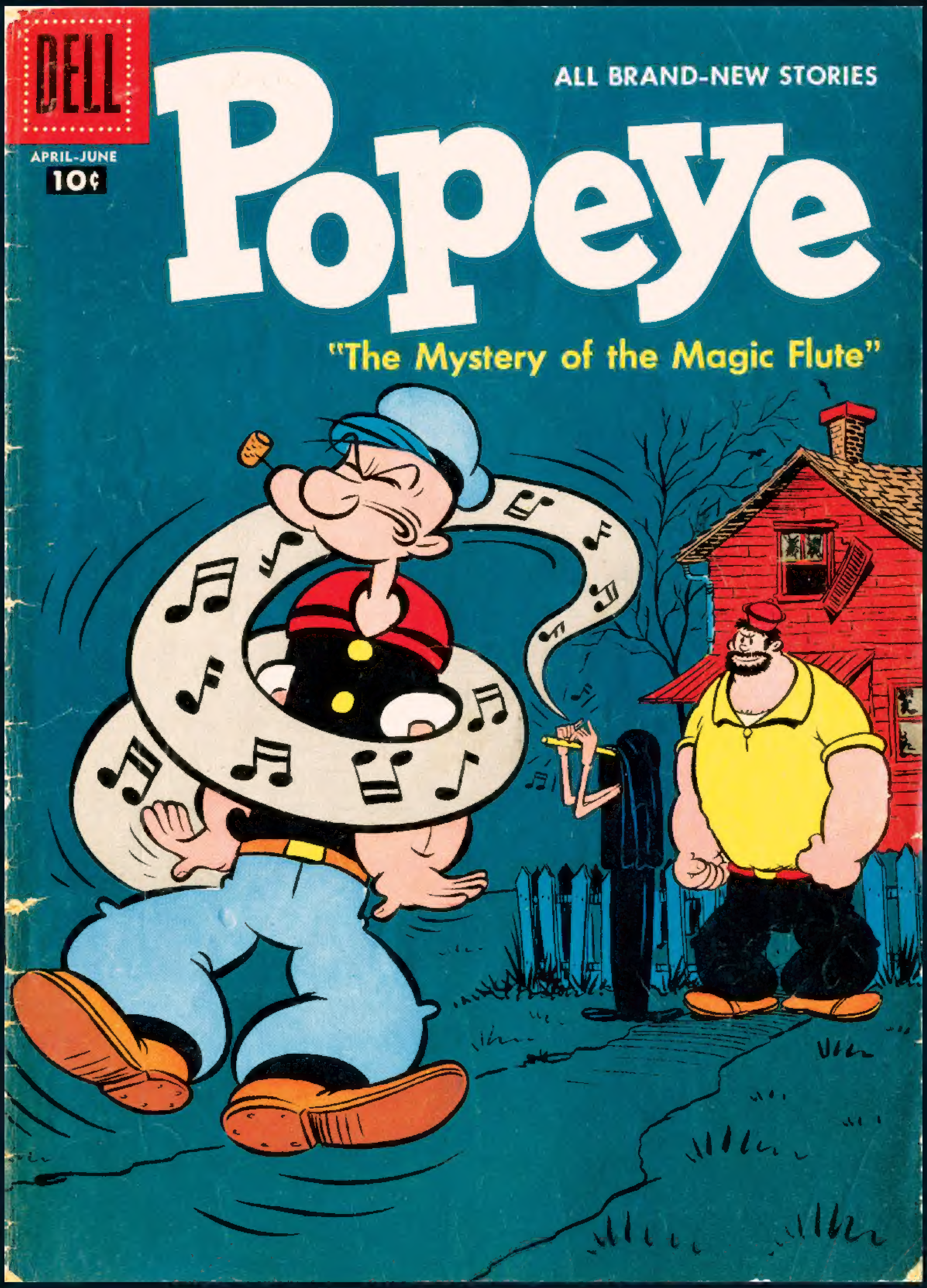
THE BIG GUY WHO HATES POPEYE!

By Fred M. Grandinetti

E.C. Segar created Bluto in 1932 for the story "The Eighth Sea." The brute only appeared in one adventure by Segar, but became Popeye's perennial opponent in the animated cartoons produced by Max Fleischer.



When the *Popeye* theatrical cartoons premiered on television in September of 1956, they were a smashing success. These films made the character of Bluto very popular with audiences, and the character returned to the comic strip on March 27, 1957. At this time, the strip was a product of artist Bill Zaboly and writer Ralph Stein. For the next few years, Bluto, in the role of a treasure-seeking pirate, bothered Popeye, his Pappy, and his traveling companion Sir Pomeroy.

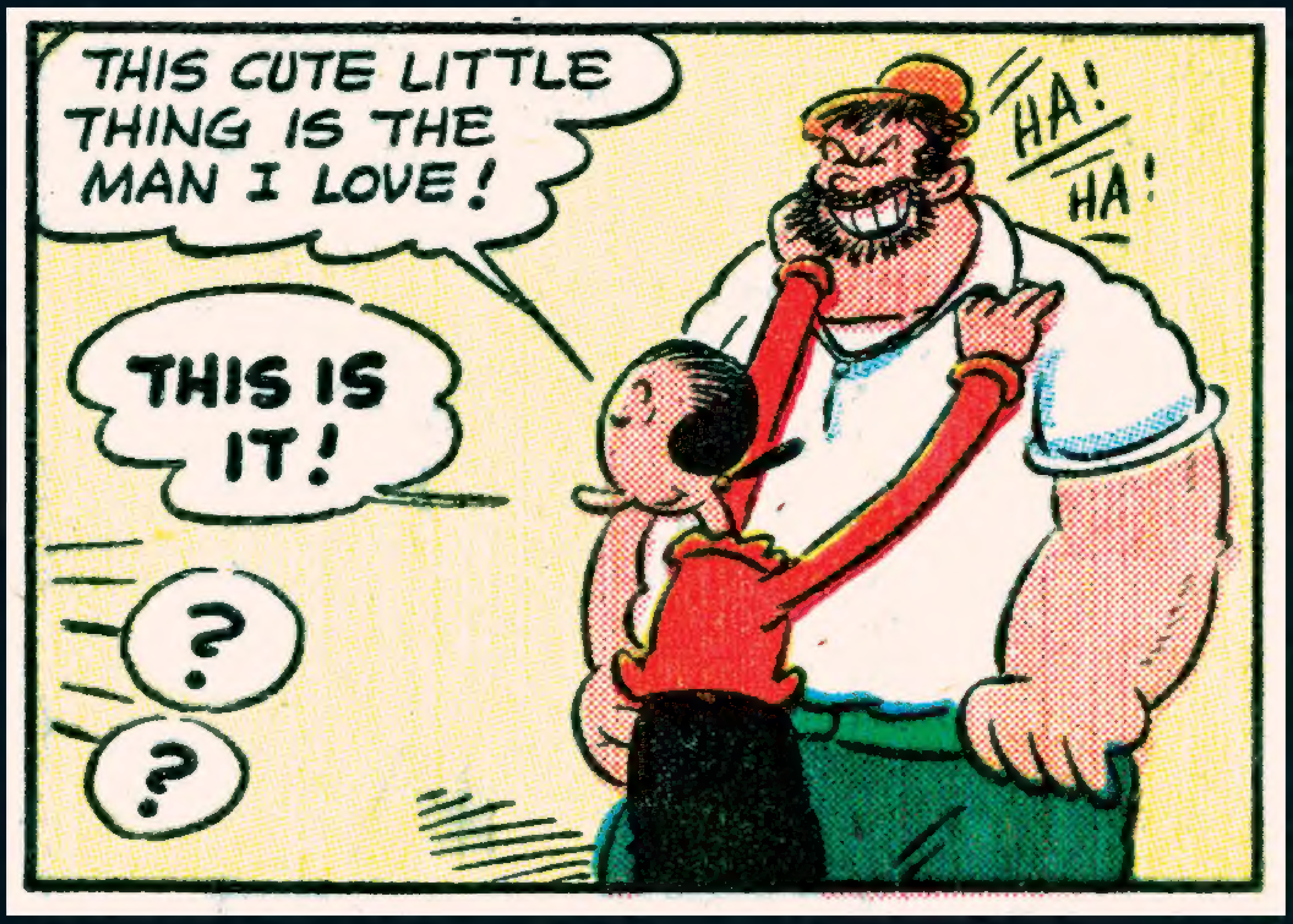


When Bud Sagendorf took over both the daily and Sunday, he ran into a conflict with Bluto.

Paramount Pictures, producer of the Popeye theatrical film series, claimed they owned the rights to the name Bluto. The name first appeared in the *Thimble Theatre* comic strip copyrighted by King Features Syndicate. When King Features began production on the made-for-television *Popeye* cartoons (1960-62), the Syndicate failed to research the origin of the character's name. Al Brodax, producer of the new cartoons, renamed Bluto, Brutus. The name Brutus was based upon Julius Cesar's principal assassin. While this may have been a somewhat smooth transition in the animated cartoons, it was not in the comic strip and books handled by Bud Sagendorf.

Prior to the name Brutus being chosen, Sagendorf had Popeye encounter several Bluto-looking characters in the comic strip. Beginning with the September 29, 1959 daily, Popeye spent several dailies battling a nameless bearded, musclebound brute wearing a captain's hat. The casual reader would have assumed this was Bluto. In the Sunday page, Sagendorf had bearded bullies wearing sailor's hats (in a nod to Bluto) or with a dented nose, encounter Popeye. Again, to the casual reader these brutes could have easily been thought of as Bluto.

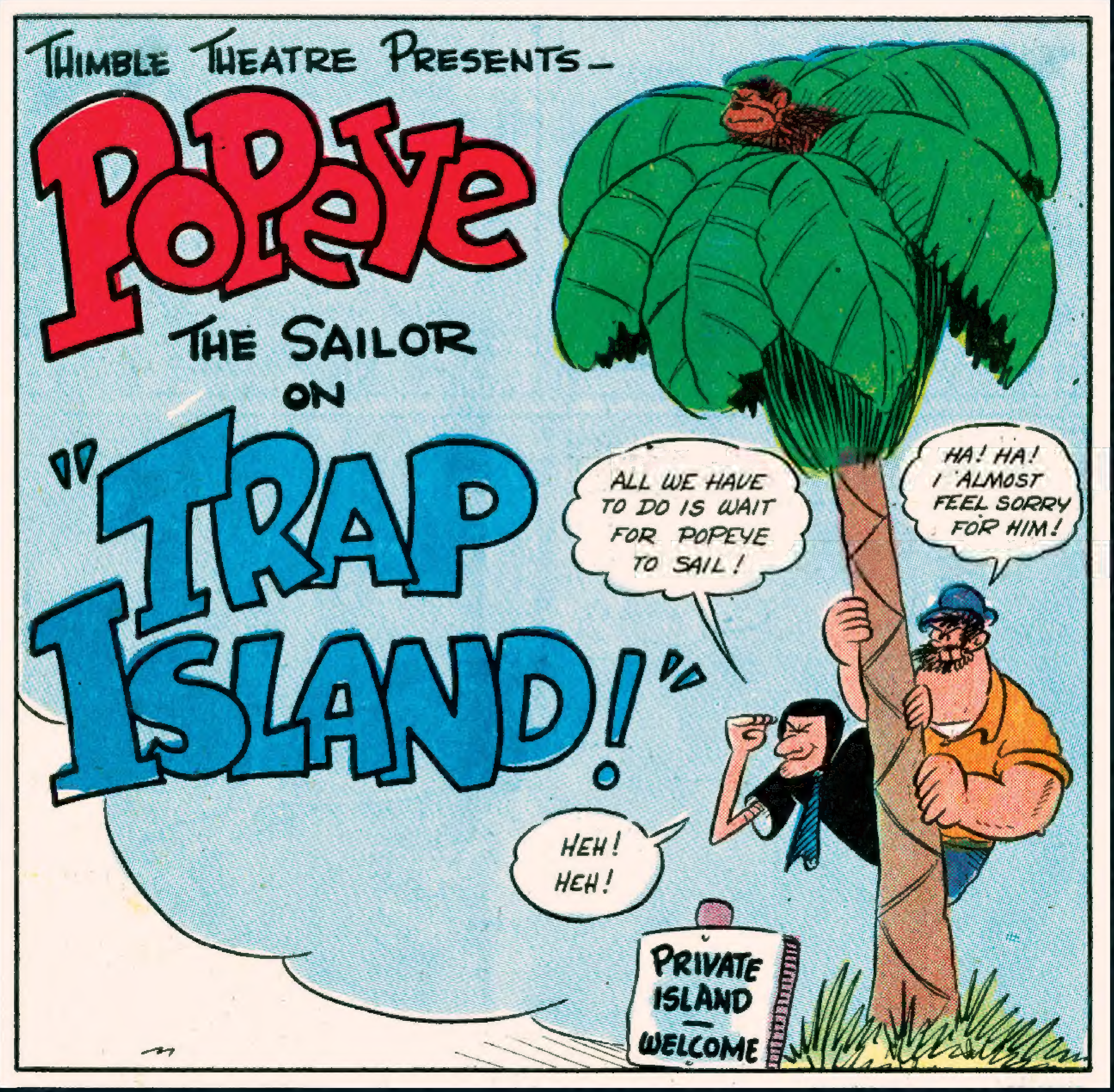
For a Popeye Family drawing by Sagendorf, the bearded bully was dubbed Mean Man. This moniker was used on products during the late 1950s including a wind-up figure by Linemar.



PREVIOUS PAGE: *Bud Sagendorf's Popeye Family drawing includes a Bluto-like character named Mean Man.*

ABOVE: *The cover of Popeye #40 (April – June 1957, Dell) featuring The Sea Hag and "Big Guy."*

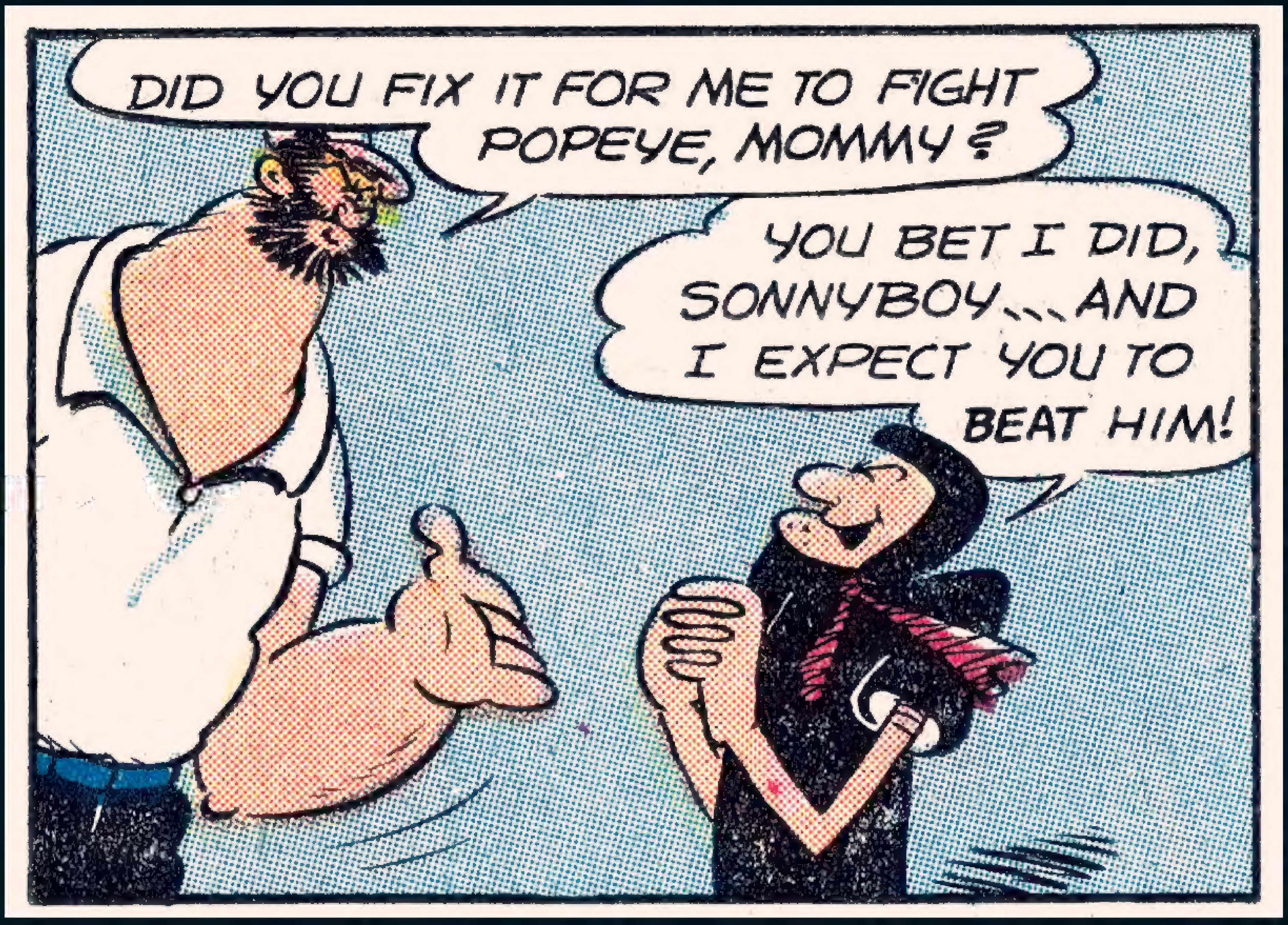
RIGHT: *A panel from the story "Spinach Soap!" (Popeye #41, July – September 1957, Dell), featuring "Olive's New Boyfriend."*



In the comic books, also produced by Sagendorf, a bearded brute wearing a sailor's hat appeared, along with a hooded Sea Hag, on the cover of *Popeye* #40 (April – June 1957, Dell). Inside the comic, The Sea Hag orders one of her spies to send for "The Big Guy That Hates Popeye" and a Bluto-looking bully appears in one panel. The brute without a name subsequently appeared in *Popeye* #41 (July – September 1957, Dell), and was billed "Olive's New Boyfriend." In *Popeye* #42 (October – December 1957), he appears as a nameless ally of The Sea Hag.

Beginning with *Popeye* #43 (January – March 1958, Dell), Sagendorf named this character Sonny Boy, and he was the Sea Hag's boy. Although, on occasion, nameless bearded brutes popped up in Sagendorf's comic book stories, the name Sonny Boy stuck.

In *Comic Album* #7 (September – November 1959, Dell), which starred Popeye and his crew, there is a picture of Sonny Boy and Popeye calls him, "The Sea Hag's Little Boy Kid." *Popeye* #64 (April – June 1962, Dell) had the sailor man deal with Brutus in the issue's lead story. However, an unnamed bearded brute appeared in another tale also published in this issue. *Popeye* #66 (October 1962, Western) included The Sea Hag's son before Brutus finally weighed anchor in *Popeye* #67 (January 1963, Western).



ABOVE: *The splash page of "Trap Island!" (Popeye #42, October – December 1957, Dell), where a Bluto-like character teams up with The Sea Hag against Popeye.*

RIGHT: *A panel from "Mind Over Muscles" (Popeye #43, January – February 1958, Dell), where a mother-son relationship develops between The Sea Hag and Sonny Boy.*

NEXT PAGES: *A drawing autographed by Jackson Beck, who was the voice of Bluto and Brutus in the Paramount Popeye cartoon series.*

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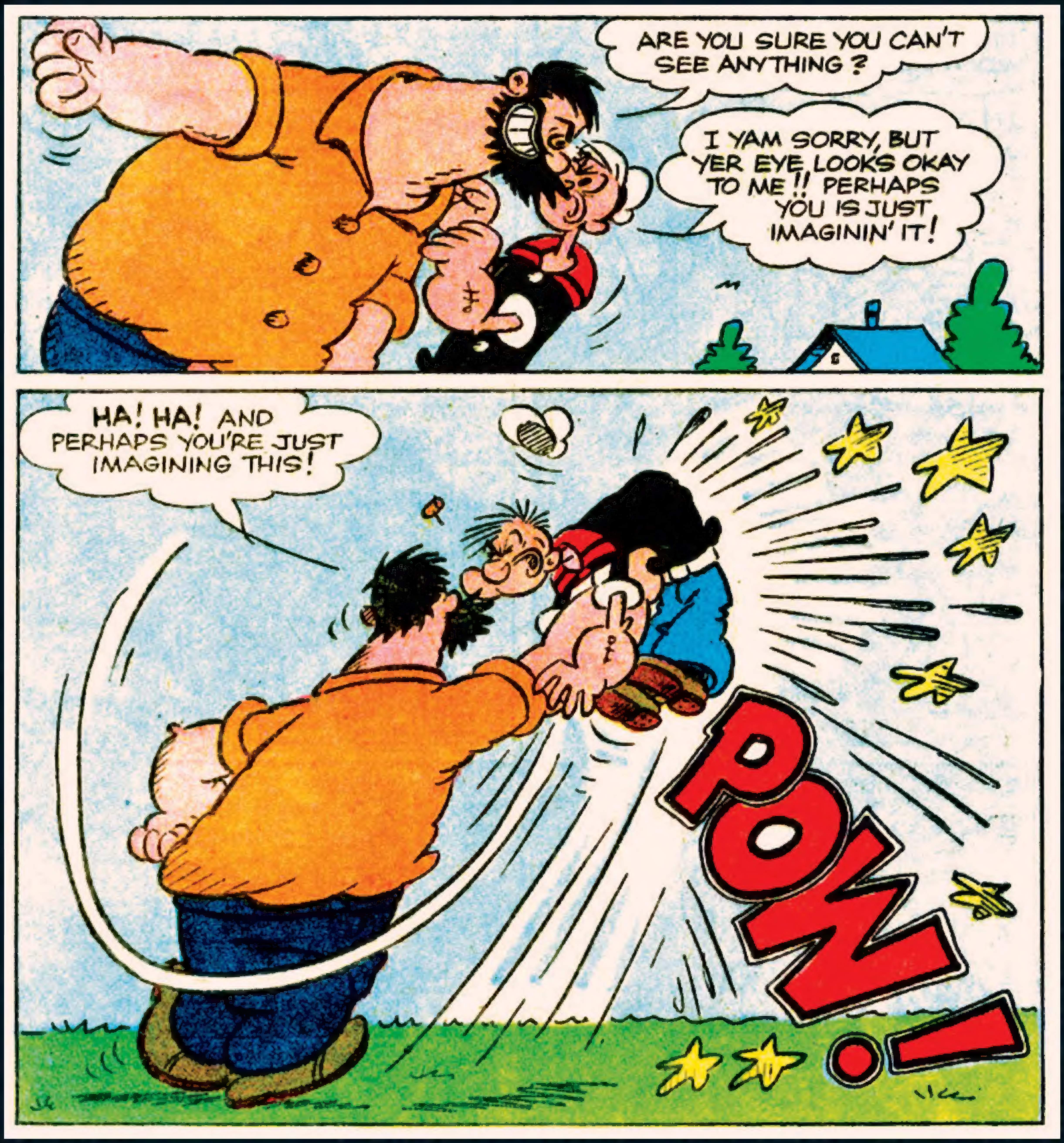
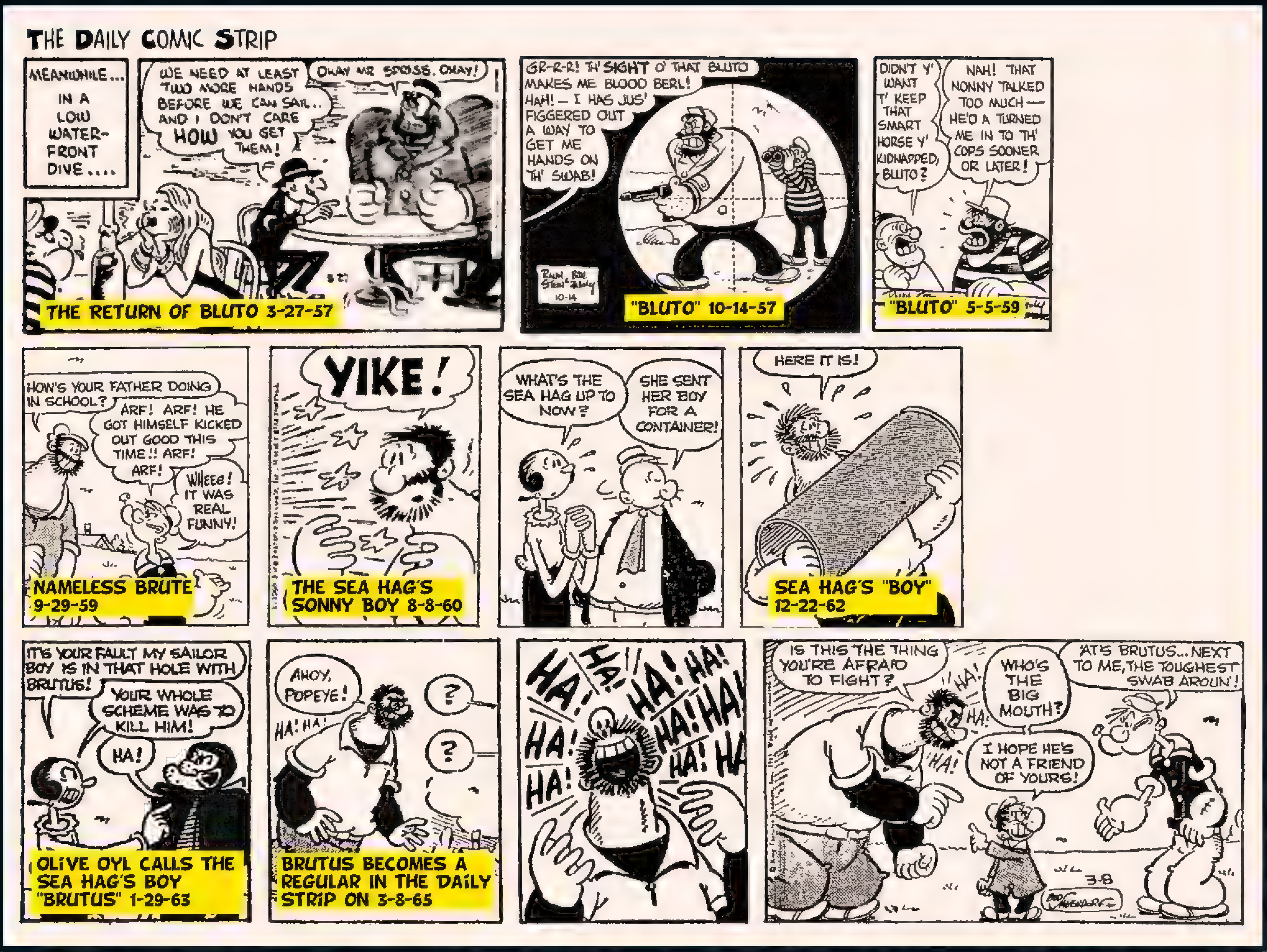
JACKSON BECK '80

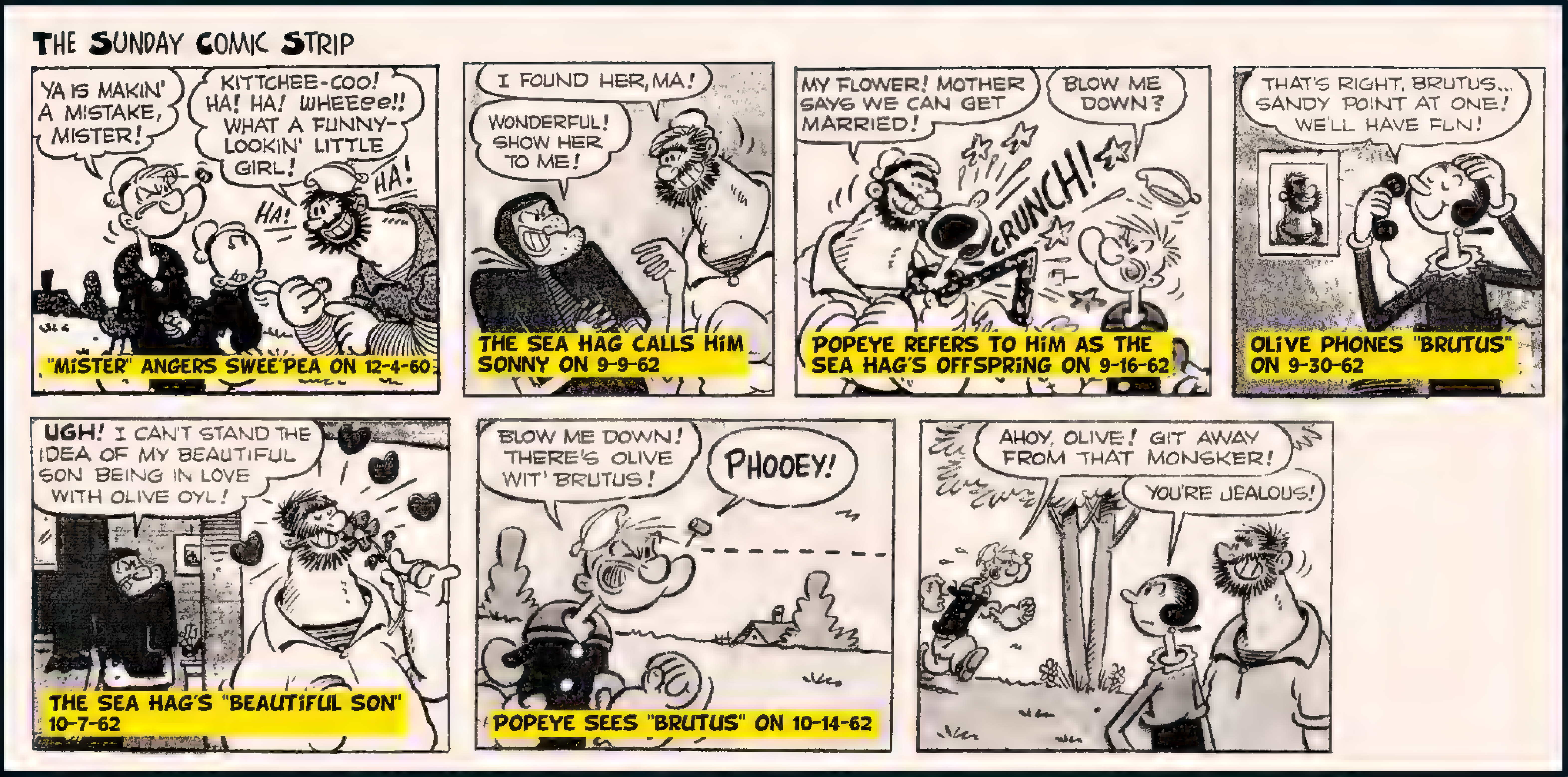


During George Wildman's tenure on the comic book series for Charlton, Brutus was often referred to as The Sea Hag's son. This maternal relationship was created due to a fan's correspondence to Wildman referring to the Sonny Boy era. During the later Gold Key/ Whitman issues, he was known both as Brutus and Bluto.

On November 12, 1962, Sagendorf's daily story, "The Door to Nowhere or Knock! Knock! or Who's There" began. The Sea Hag and her "boy" (as Wimpy referred to him on November 22, 1962) planned on launching Popeye into space. During the course of this adventure, Sagendorf must have received word that the name Brutus was permissible in the strip. On January 29, 1963 Olive says to The Sea Hag, "It's your fault my sailor is in that hole with Brutus!" Midway through this daily story, Sonny Boy became Brutus.

It became more complicated in the Sunday strip possibly due to a story arc published out of sequence. The Sea Hag discovers Sonny Boy is in love with Olive Oyl in the Sunday dated September 9, 1962. Olive phones Brutus (the first time this name is used in the Sunday) on September 30, 1962. However, on October 7, 1962, The Sea Hag is upset her "beautiful son" is still in love with Olive Oyl. On October 14, 1962 Popeye exclaims. "Blow Me Down! There's Olive wit' Brutus."





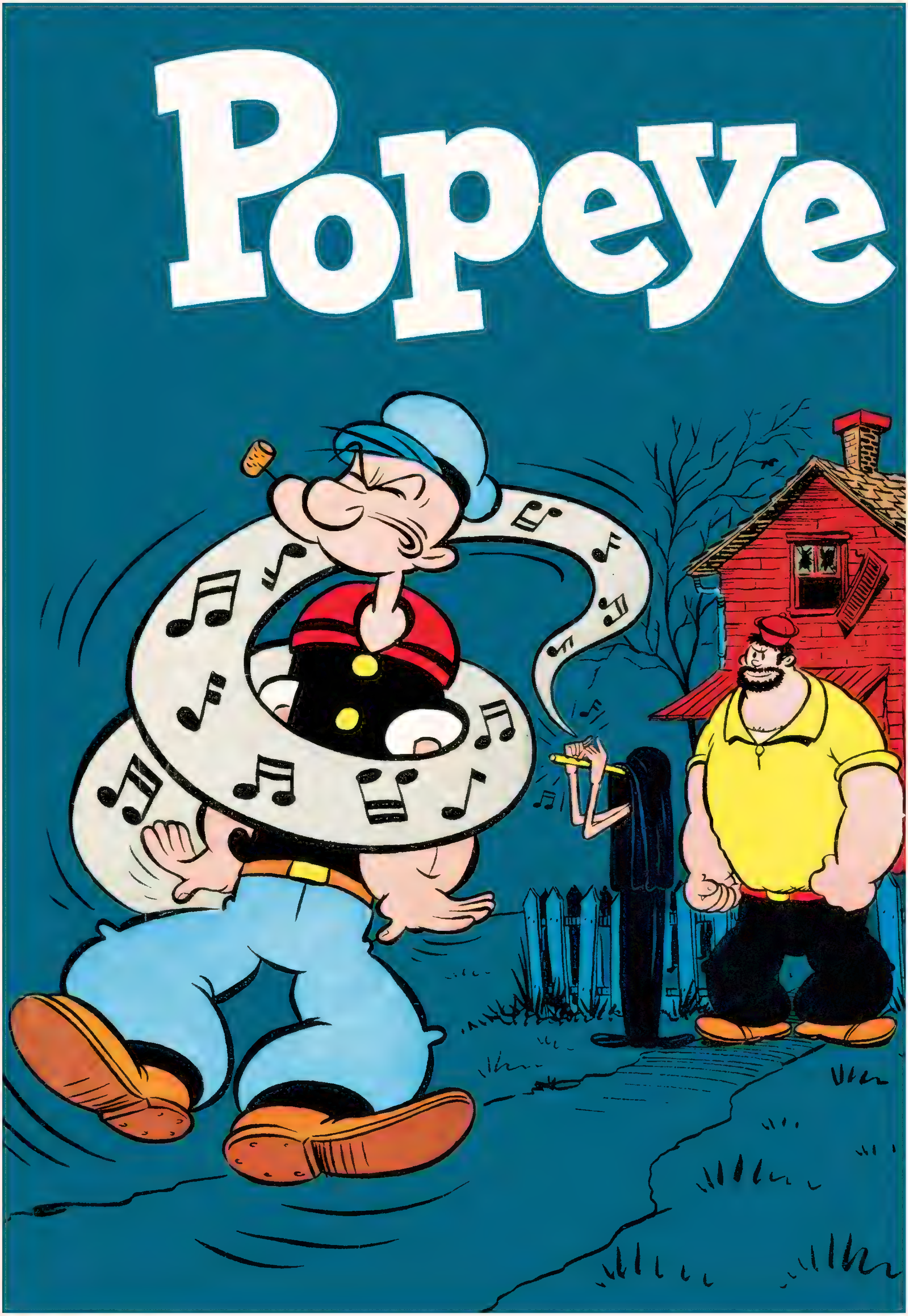
LEFT-HAND PAGE: *Both Brutus and a Brutus-like character appear in the same issue of Popeye #64 (April – June 1962, Dell), but in two different stories.*

ABOVE: *The Sunday and daily strips showing the evolution of Brutus/Bluto's name and his relationship to The Sea Hag.*

OPPOSITE PAGE: Bobby London's parody, which includes virtually every design of Popeye's nemesis.

The entire Bluto/Mean Man/Sonny Boy/Brutus period was hilariously parodied by Bobby London in "The Return of Bluto" storyline, which began on May 27, 1991. Segar's Bluto returns to destroy Popeye and get rid of all the bearded bullies in town, or, as he puts it, "I, Bluto the Terrible was once the most feared man on the seven seas… one lost battle with Popeye and Sweethaven was full o' goofy-lookin' clowns imitatin' me… yeah… ruined my reputation. I mean how could anybody be scared of a guy named "Brutus!" London included virtually every design of the bearded brute including the animated versions and brutes depicted in Italy.

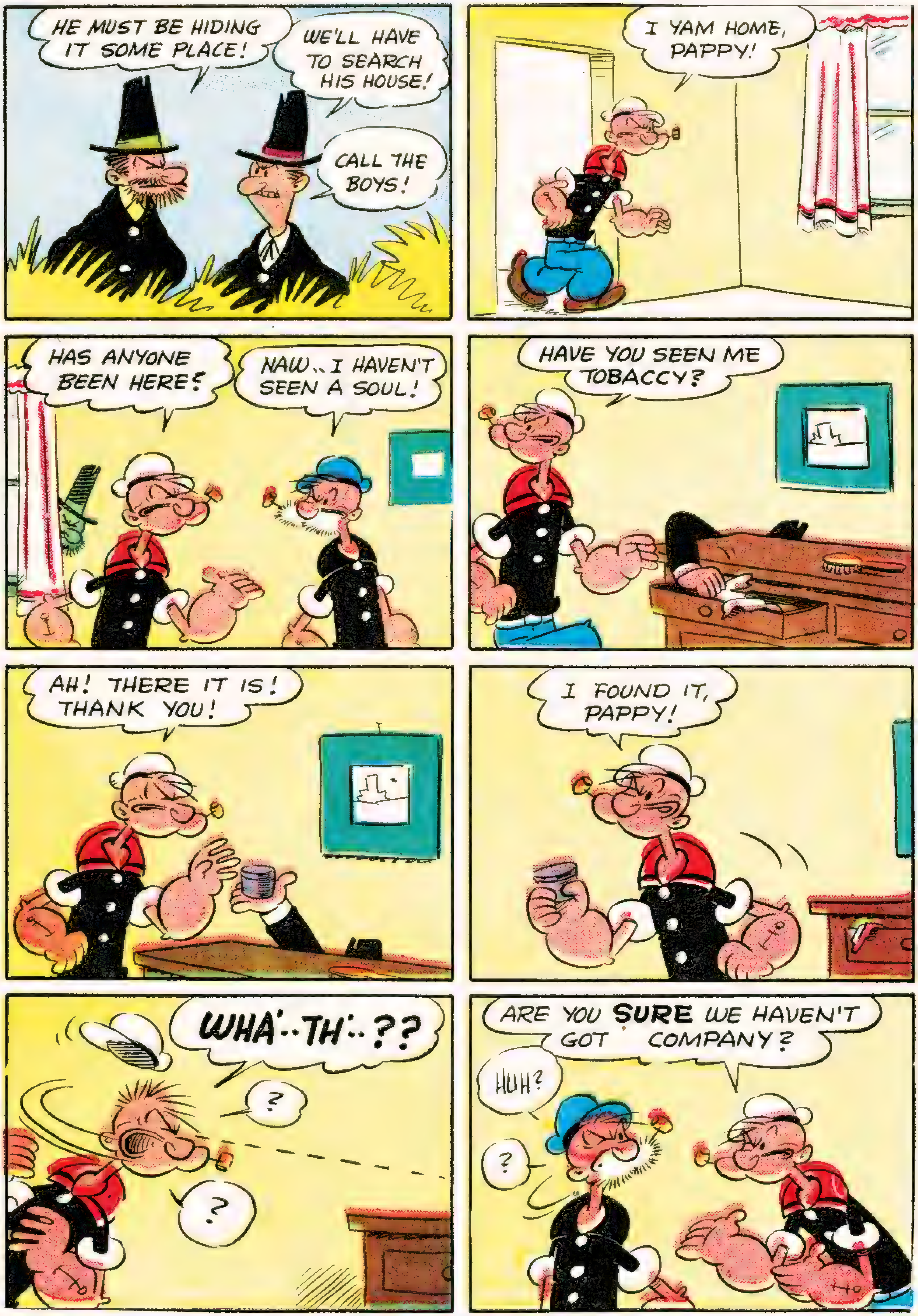
Bluto and Brutus were recognized as brothers in Ocean Comics' *Popeye Special* #2 (September 1988) and, later, in the Sunday strip by veteran cartoonist Hy Eisman on December 28, 2008. It was Bud Sagendorf, during his tenure on the strip and comic books, who had to deal with the brunt of this name entanglement. I am sure he needed a lot of spinach to wade through it.

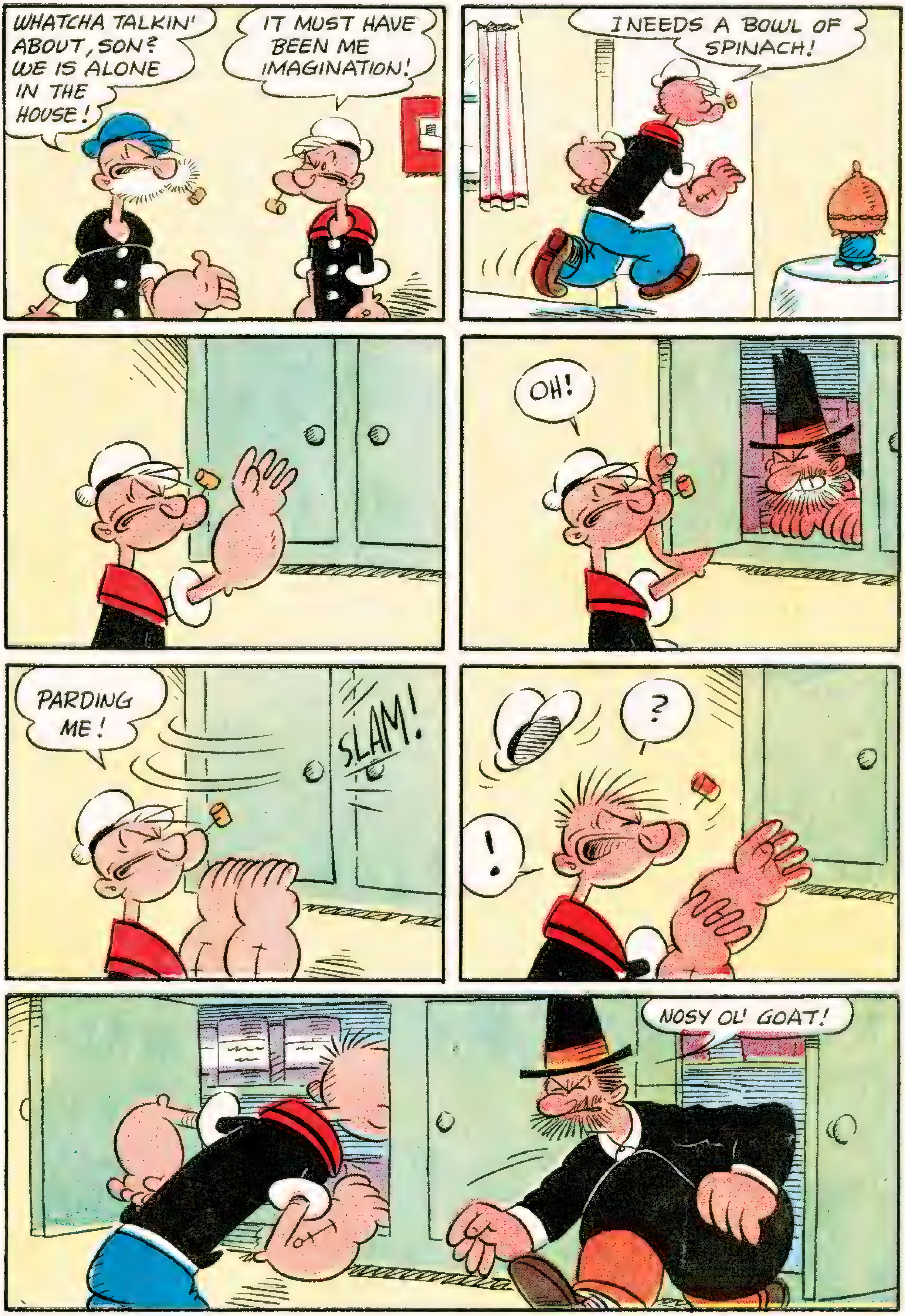


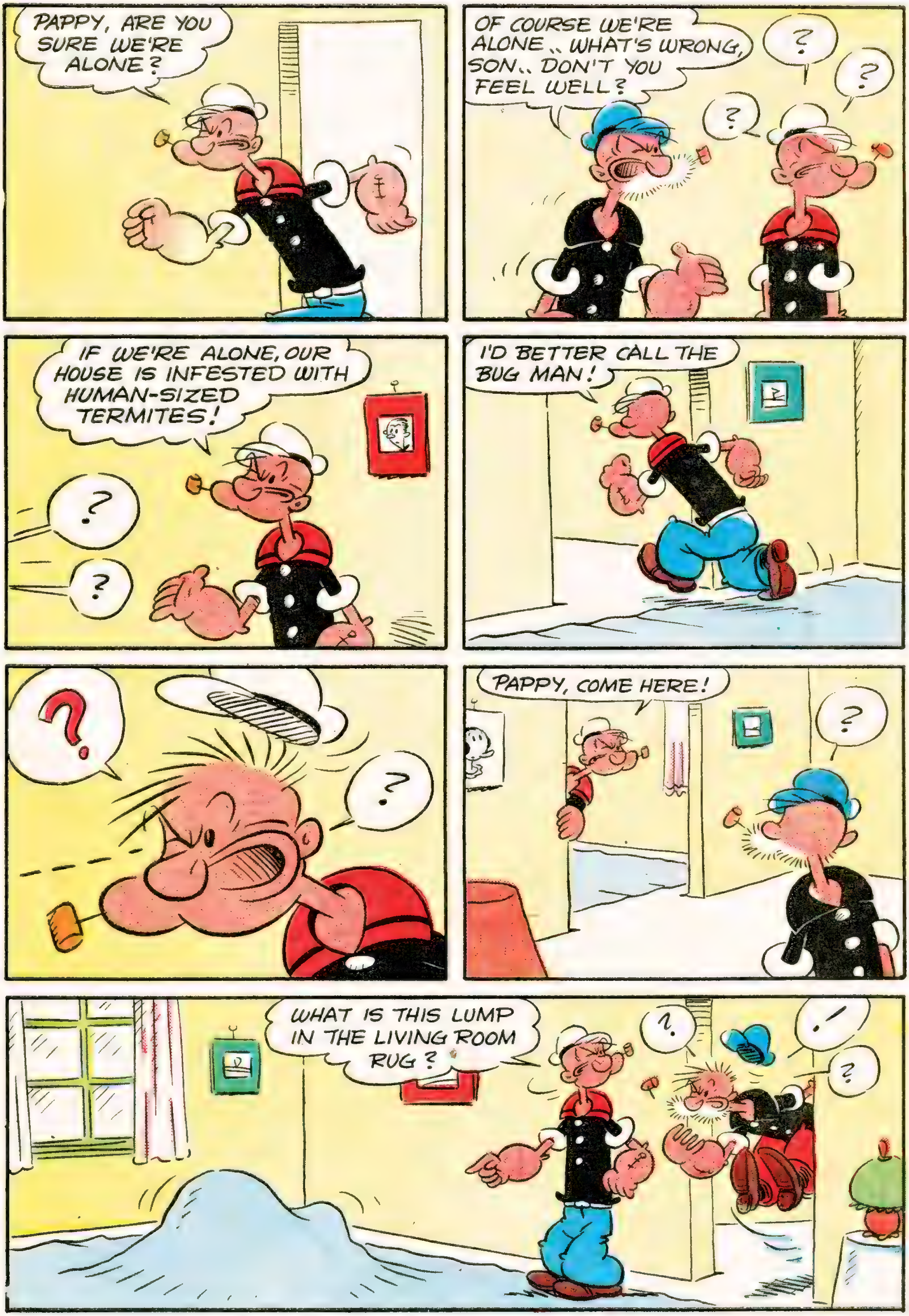
Popeye #40, April-June 1957

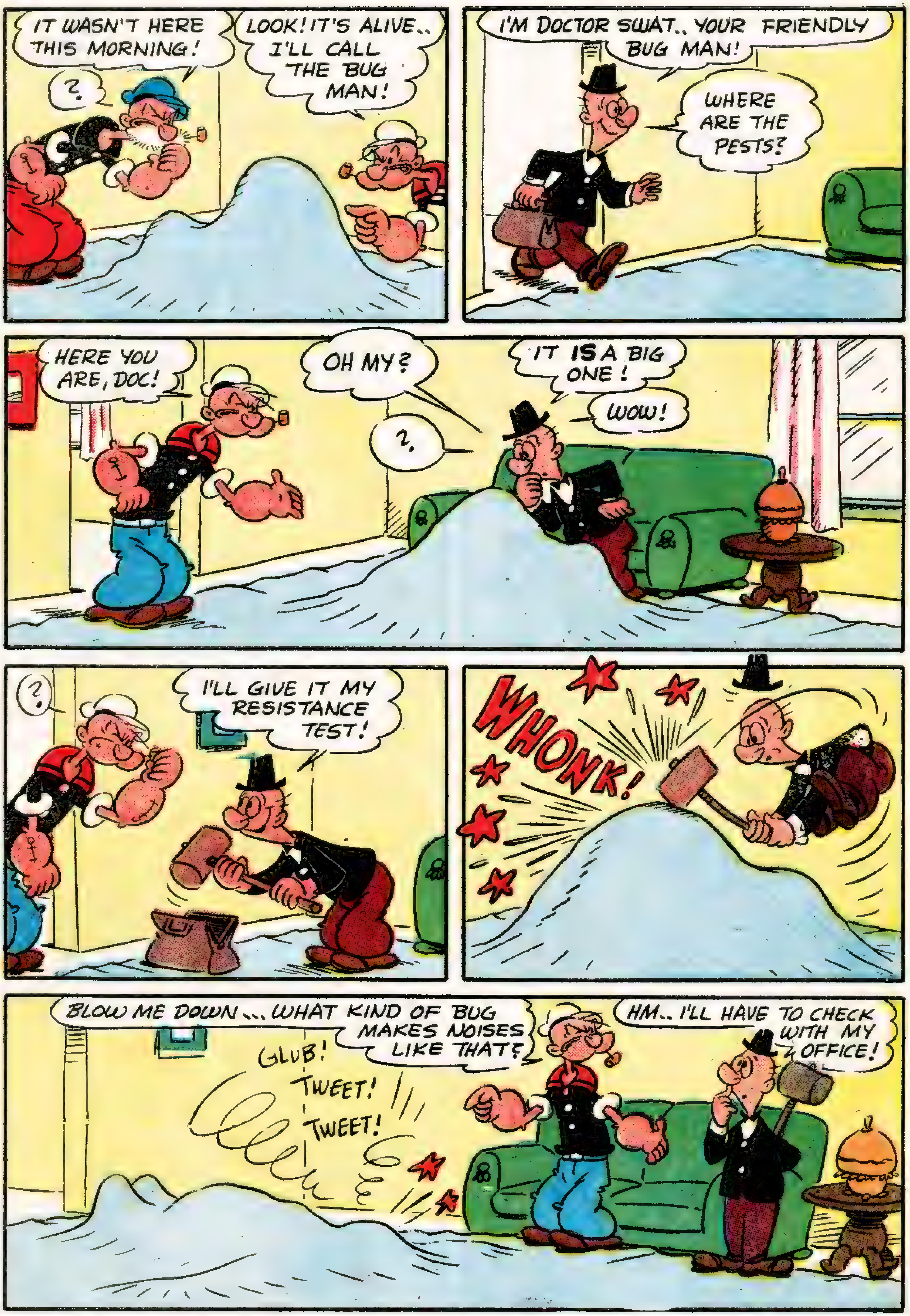
POPEYE
AN' SWEE'PEA
I'M GOING TO TAKE A NAP... WHY DON'T YOU TAKE YOUR STEAM SHOVEL OUT IN THE FIELD AND DIG A HOLE?
SWELL, I'LL DIG A BASEMENT FOR A HOUSE!
AH, THAT'LL KEEP HIM OUT OF MISCHIEF WHILE I SNOOZE!
OKAY, MAC... THIS IS THE PLACE... UNLOAD THE SHOVEL!
THAT'LL DO IT, MAC.... TAKE HER BACK TO THE YARD!
SWEE'PEA! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

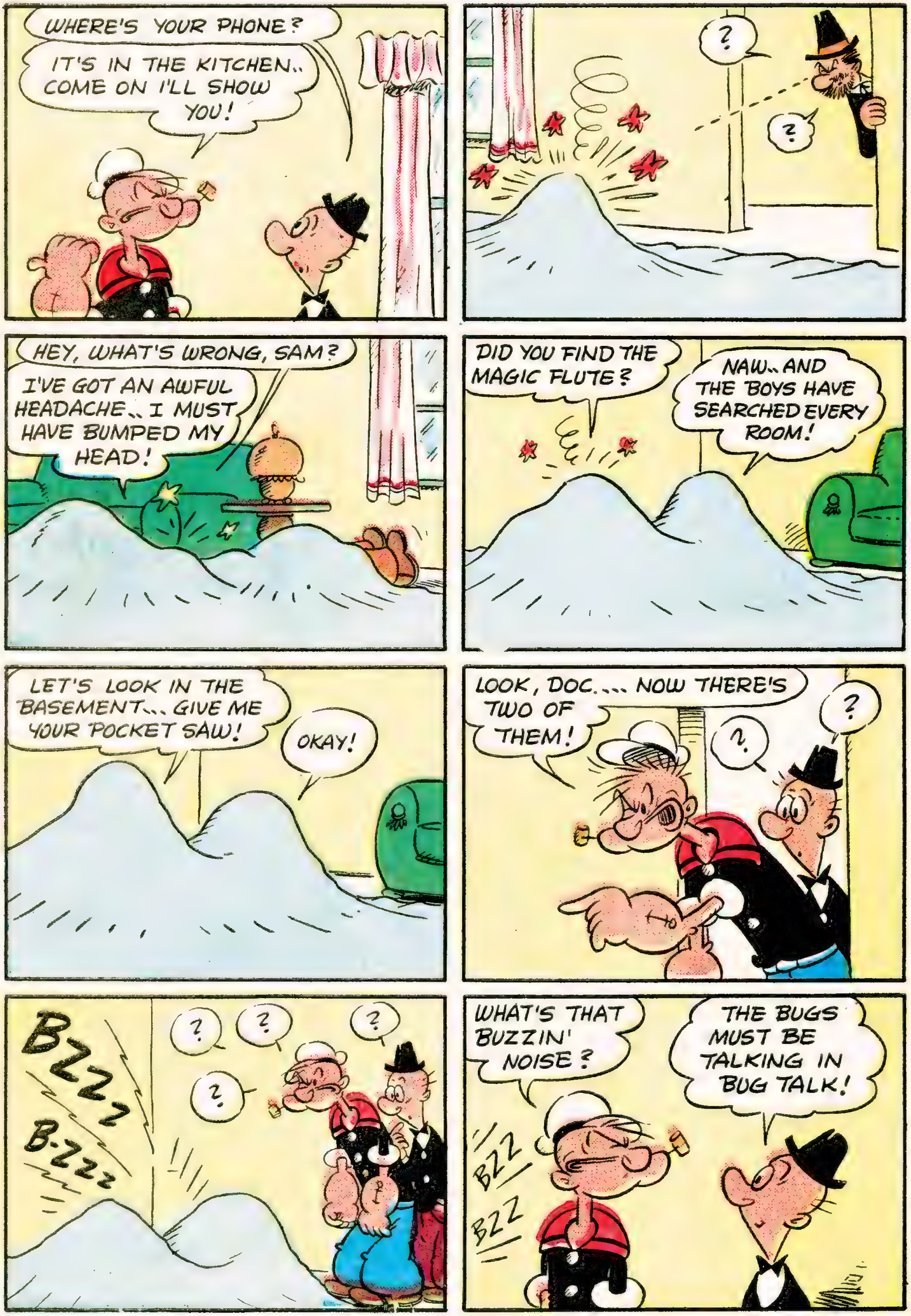
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
Popeye
THE SAILOR IN
THE MYSTERY OF THE
"MAGIC FLUTE!"
FIND ME THE MAGIC FLUTE AND I'LL RID THE WORLD OF POPEYE!
DOWN WITH POPEYE!
GET THE FLUTE!
LEAVE IT TO US, HAGGY!
GR-R!
WE'LL FIND IT!
GR-R!
THE LAST TIME I SAW THE FLUTE IT WAS IN POPEYE'S HANDS.. HE TOOK IT AWAY FROM ME AND I WANT IT BACK!
GET IT!
GR-R!
GR
IS THAT A FLUTE HE'S GOT ?
NAW..THAT'S A PIPE!
POPEYE #40-57-

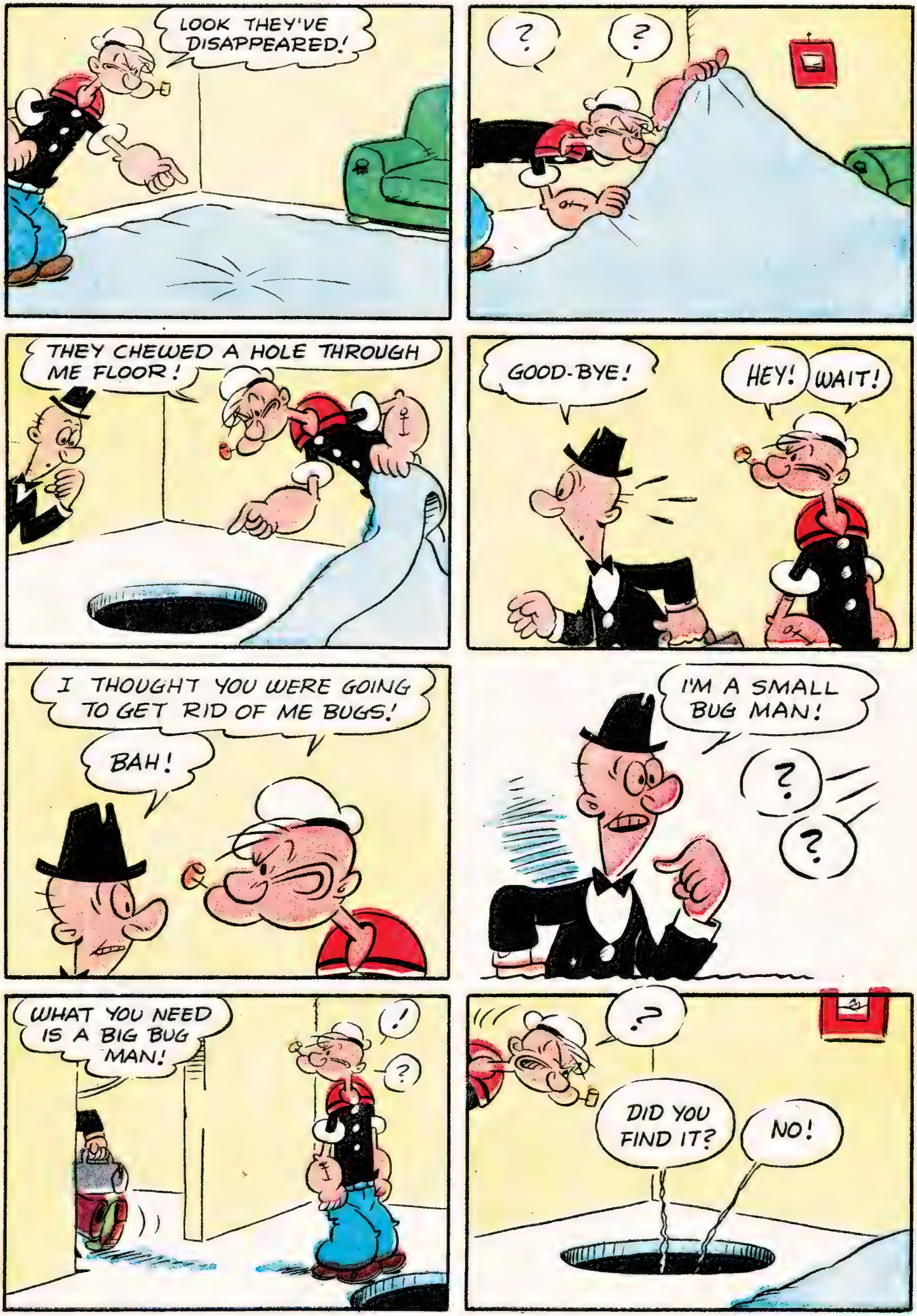

HE MUST BE HIDING IT SOME PLACE!
WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH HIS HOUSE!
CALL THE BOYS!
I YAM HOME, PAPPY!
HAS ANYONE BEEN HERE?
NAW.. I HAVEN'T SEEN A SOUL!
HAVE YOU SEEN ME TOBACCY?
AH! THERE IT IS! THANK YOU!
I FOUND IT, PAPPY!
WHA'..TH'..??
?
?
ARE YOU **SURE** WE HAVEN'T GOT COMPANY?
HUH?
?

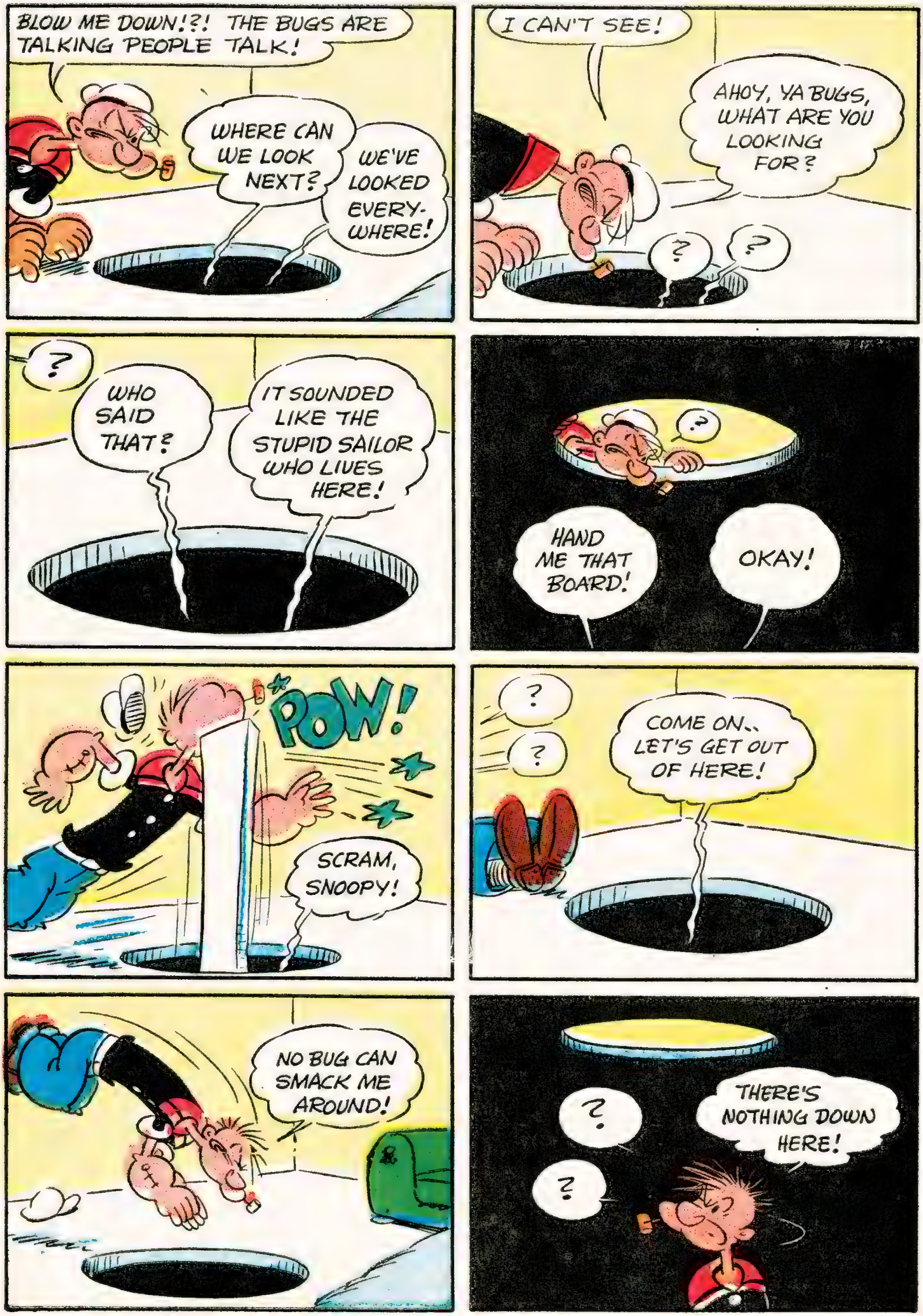

WHATCHA TALKIN' ABOUT, SON? WE IS ALONE IN THE HOUSE!
IT MUST HAVE BEEN ME IMAGINATION!
I NEEDS A BOWL OF SPINACH!
OH!
PARDING ME!
SLAM!
?
!
NOSY OL' GOAT!


PAPPY, ARE YOU SURE WE'RE ALONE?
OF COURSE WE'RE ALONE.. WHAT'S WRONG, SON.. DON'T YOU FEEL WELL?
?
?
?
IF WE'RE ALONE, OUR HOUSE IS INFESTED WITH HUMAN-SIZED TERMITES!
?
?
I'D BETTER CALL THE BUG MAN!
?
?
PAPPY, COME HERE!
?
WHAT IS THIS LUMP IN THE LIVING ROOM RUG?
?
!
?


IT WASN'T HERE THIS MORNING!
?
LOOK! IT'S ALIVE.. I'LL CALL THE BUG MAN!
I'M DOCTOR SWAT.. YOUR FRIENDLY BUG MAN!
WHERE ARE THE PESTS?
HERE YOU ARE, DOC!
OH MY?
?
IT IS A BIG ONE!
WOW!
?
I'LL GIVE IT MY RESISTANCE TEST!
WHONK!
BLOW ME DOWN... WHAT KIND OF BUG MAKES NOISES LIKE THAT?
GLUB!
TWEET!
TWEET!
HM.. I'LL HAVE TO CHECK WITH MY OFFICE!

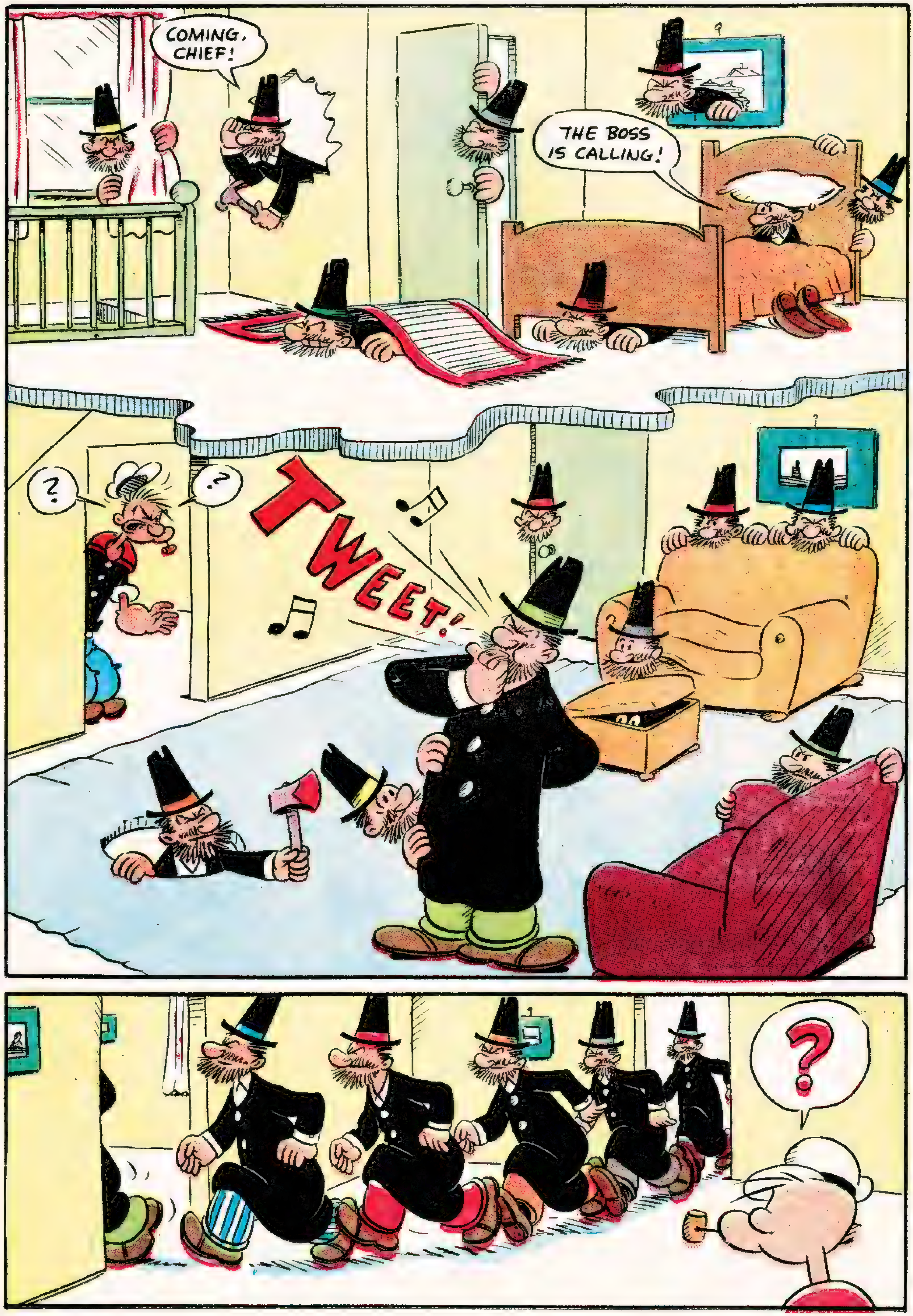

WHERE'S YOUR PHONE?
IT'S IN THE KITCHEN.. COME ON I'LL SHOW YOU!
?
?
HEY, WHAT'S WRONG, SAM?
I'VE GOT AN AWFUL HEADACHE.. I MUST HAVE BUMPED MY HEAD!
DID YOU FIND THE MAGIC FLUTE?
NAW.. AND THE BOYS HAVE SEARCHED EVERY ROOM!
LET'S LOOK IN THE BASEMENT... GIVE ME YOUR POCKET SAW!
OKAY!
LOOK, DOC.... NOW THERE'S TWO OF THEM!
?
?
BZZZ
B-ZZZ
?
?
?
?
WHAT'S THAT BUZZIN' NOISE?
THE BUGS MUST BE TALKING IN BUG TALK!
BZZ
BZZ


LOOK THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!
?
?
THEY CHEWED A HOLE THROUGH ME FLOOR!
GOOD-BYE!
HEY!
WAIT!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO GET RID OF ME BUGS!
BAH!
I'M A SMALL BUG MAN!
?
?
WHAT YOU NEED IS A BIG BUG MAN!
!
?
?
DID YOU FIND IT?
NO!

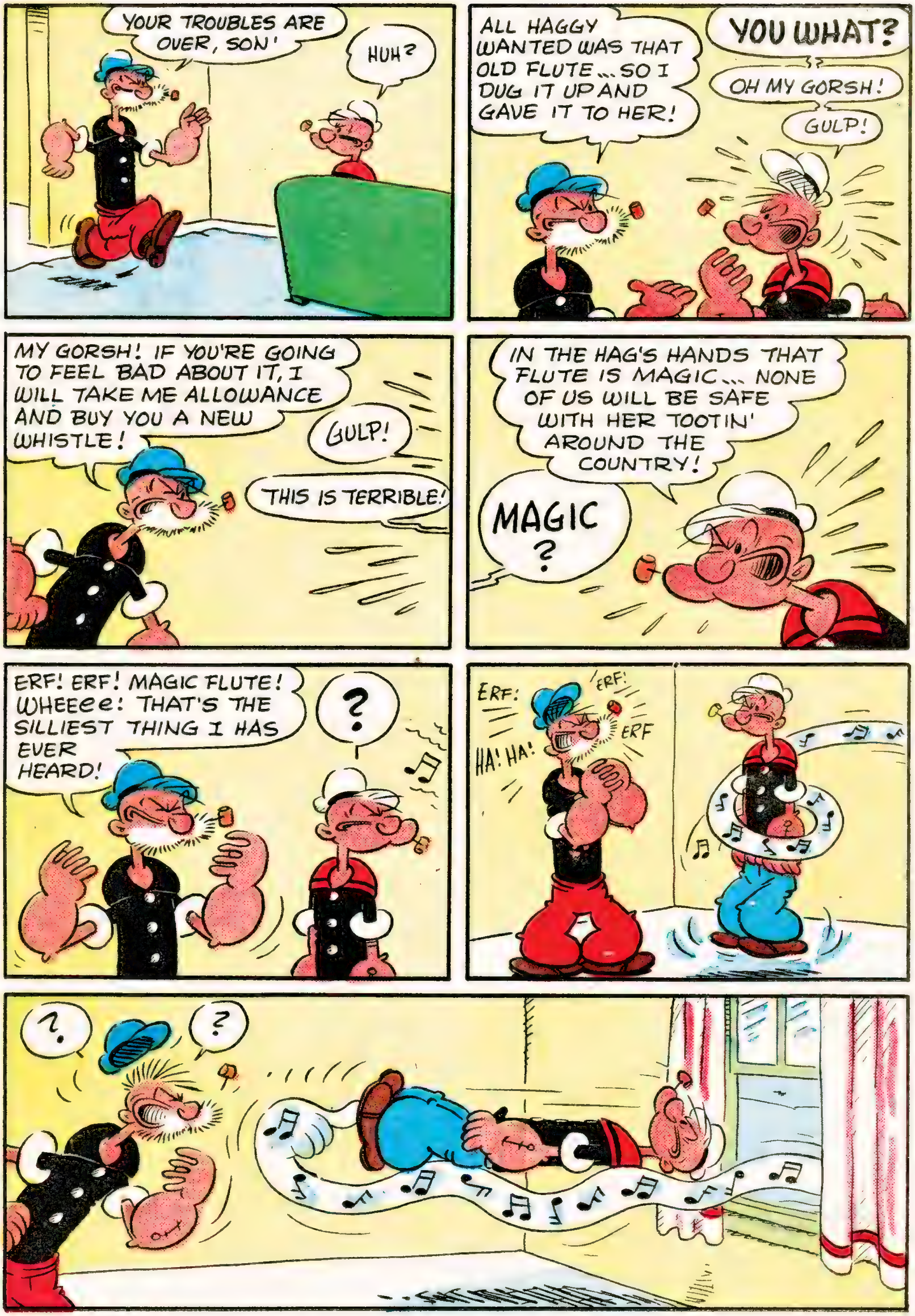


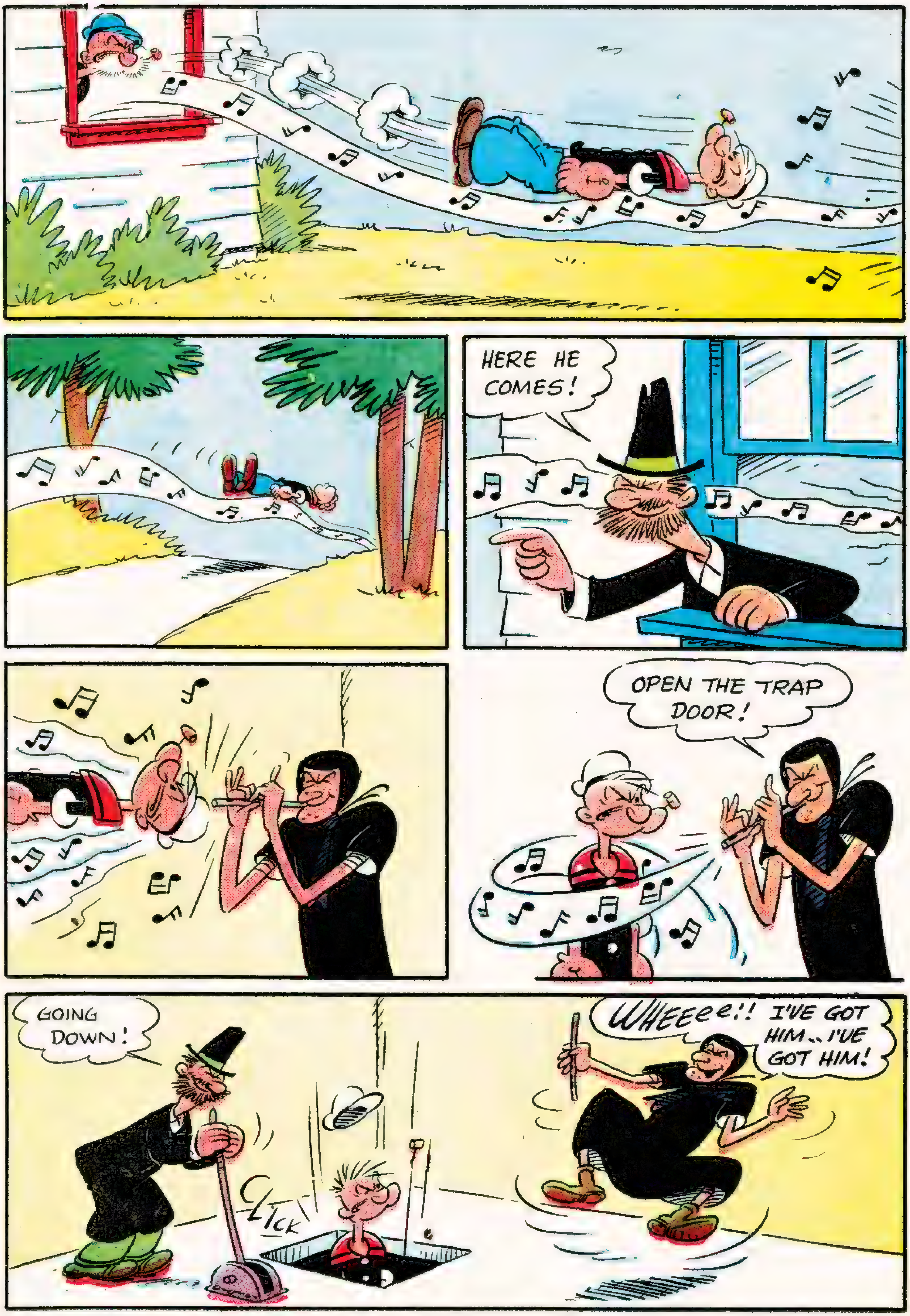
BLOW ME DOWN!?! THE BUGS ARE TALKING PEOPLE TALK!
WHERE CAN WE LOOK NEXT?
WE'VE LOOKED EVERY-WHERE!
I CAN'T SEE!
AHOY, YA BUGS, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
?
?
?
WHO SAID THAT?
IT SOUNDED LIKE THE STUPID SAILOR WHO LIVES HERE!
?
HAND ME THAT BOARD!
OKAY!
POW!
SCRAM, SNOOPY!
?
?
COME ON.. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
NO BUG CAN SMACK ME AROUND!
?
?
THERE'S NOTHING DOWN HERE!

THEY IS GONE!
?
HAGGY'S NOT GOING TO LIKE US NOT FINDING THAT FLUTE!
IT'S NOT GOOD!
I'LL CALL OFF THE BOYS!
LEAVE JOE IN THERE TO KEEP LOOKING!
DIDJA GET THE BUGS, SON ?
NAW... THEY IS GONE!
WE IS NOW ALONE IN THE HOUSE!
PARDON ME!
WHO WAS THAT?
HE LOOKED JUST LIKE THE BUG I SAW!
?
?
?
?
?
?
?


COMING, CHIEF!
THE BOSS IS CALLING!
?
?
TWEET!
?

THEM BUGS LOOK JUST LIKE THE SEA HAG'S EVIL SPIES!
GOSH! I HEARD THAT HAGGY WAS IN TOWN!
I WONDER WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR?
WHATEVER IT IS.. I WISH YOU'D GIVE IT TO HER!
DON'T WORRY.. SHE CAN'T HURT US!
?
!
?
PST
PSSST!
PSSST!
PSSST!
WHAT DO YOU WANT ?
THE SEA HAG WANTS HER FLUTE!
AND IF SHE DOESN'T GET IT SHE'LL CAST AN EVIL SPELL ON YOU!
GULP!
THEY'S NO SENSE HAVIN' TROUBLE OVER A SILLY TOOT STICK!
SEA HAG
DANGER

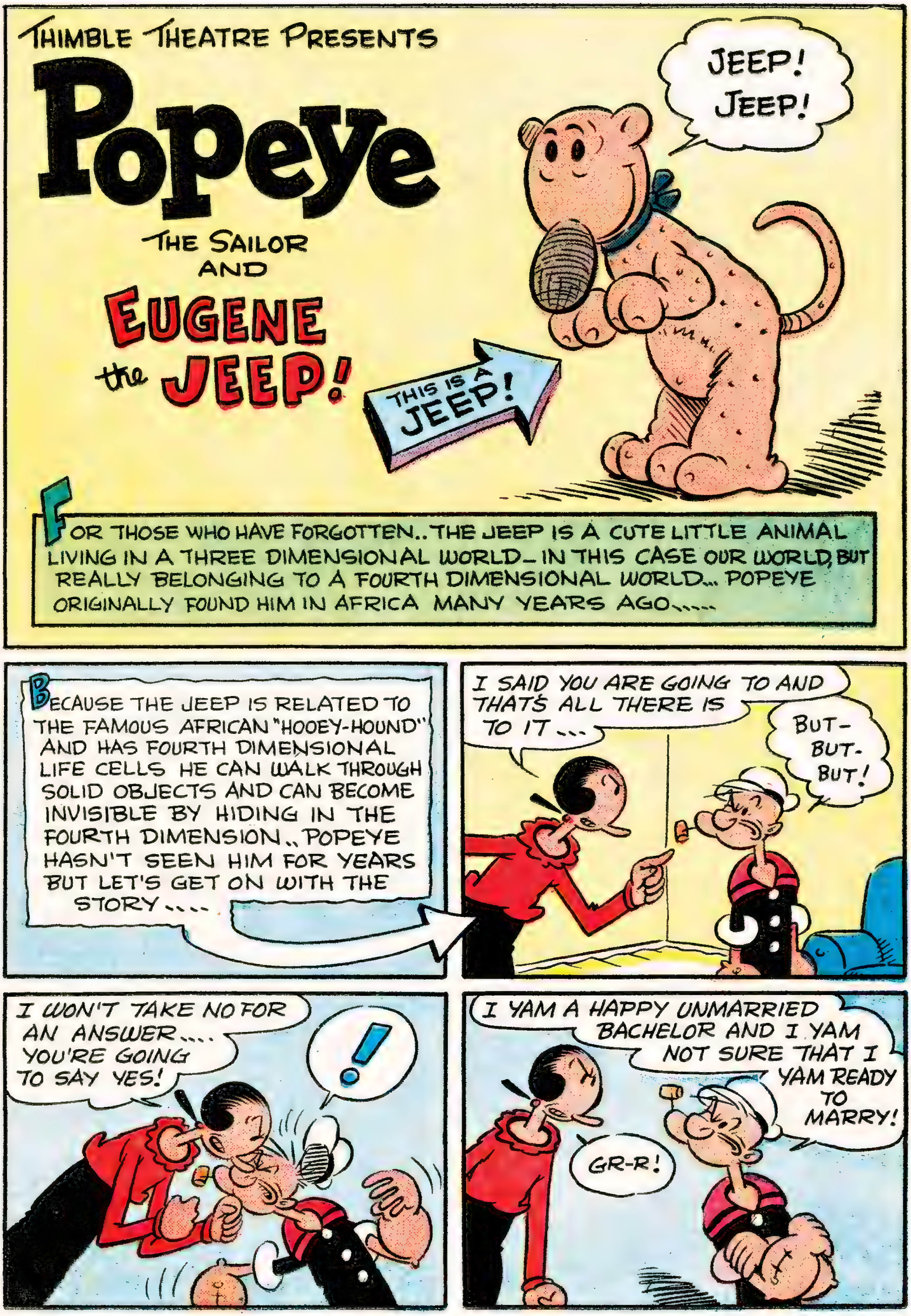

YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER, SON!
HUH?
ALL HAGGY WANTED WAS THAT OLD FLUTE... SO I DUG IT UP AND GAVE IT TO HER!
YOU WHAT?
OH MY GORSH!
GULP!
MY GORSH! IF YOU'RE GOING TO FEEL BAD ABOUT IT, I WILL TAKE ME ALLOWANCE AND BUY YOU A NEW WHISTLE!
GULP!
THIS IS TERRIBLE!
IN THE HAG'S HANDS THAT FLUTE IS MAGIC... NONE OF US WILL BE SAFE WITH HER TOOTIN' AROUND THE COUNTRY!
MAGIC ?
ERF! ERF! MAGIC FLUTE! WHEEEE! THAT'S THE SILLIEST THING I HAS EVER HEARD!
?
ERF!
ERF!
ERF
HA! HA!
?
?

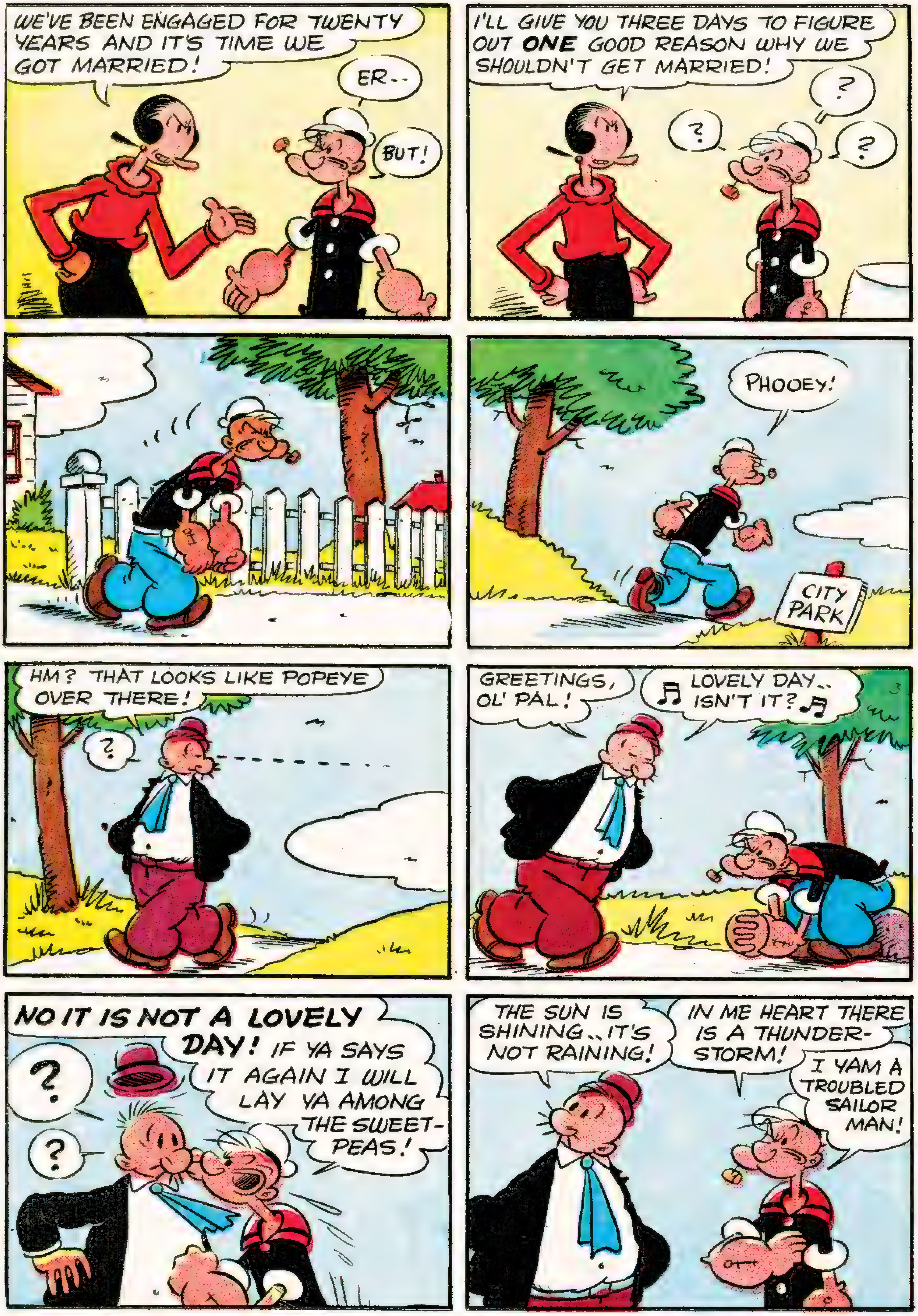

HERE HE COMES!
OPEN THE TRAP DOOR!
GOING DOWN!
CLICK
WHEEEee!! I'VE GOT HIM.. I'VE GOT HIM!

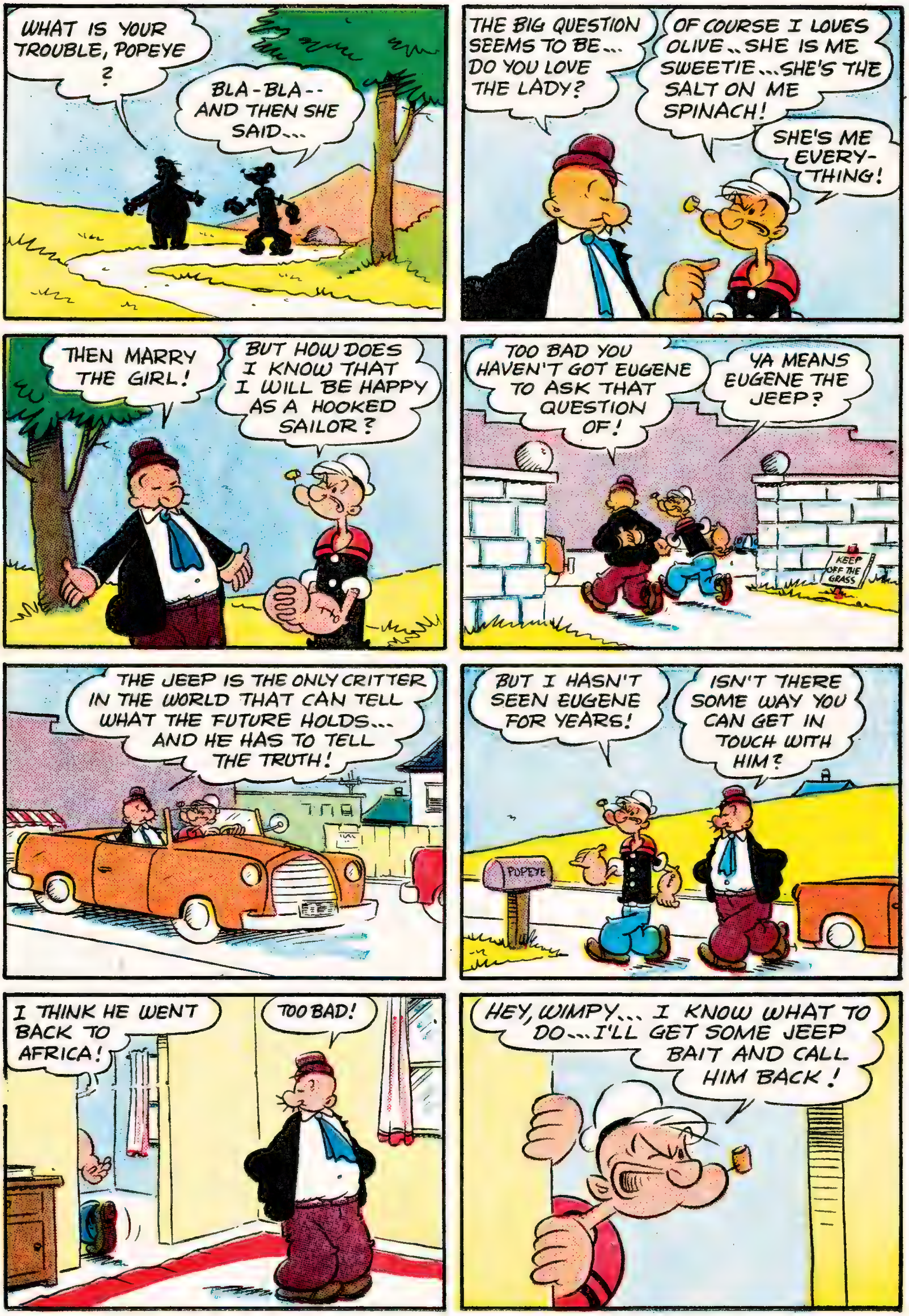
NOW BRING IN THE BIG GUY THAT HATES POPEYE!
THIS IS GOING TO BE GRUESOME!
WHY DID YOU SEND FOR ME?
A FRIEND OF YOURS IS WAITING FOR YOU!
CLICK
?
WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
THEY FIGHT!
WHEEEEE! AT LONG LAST I HAVE POPEYE WHERE I WANT HIM! THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF THAT PIT AND HE'LL DIE! DIE! DEE DIE-DIE!
LISTEN TO THEM BEAT EACH OTHER TO DEATH!
BAM!
THUMP!
QUICK! THEY'RE SLOWING DOWN ...BRING IN PHASE TWO OF MY EVIL PLOT!
DROP HIM IN THE HOLE!
GR-R

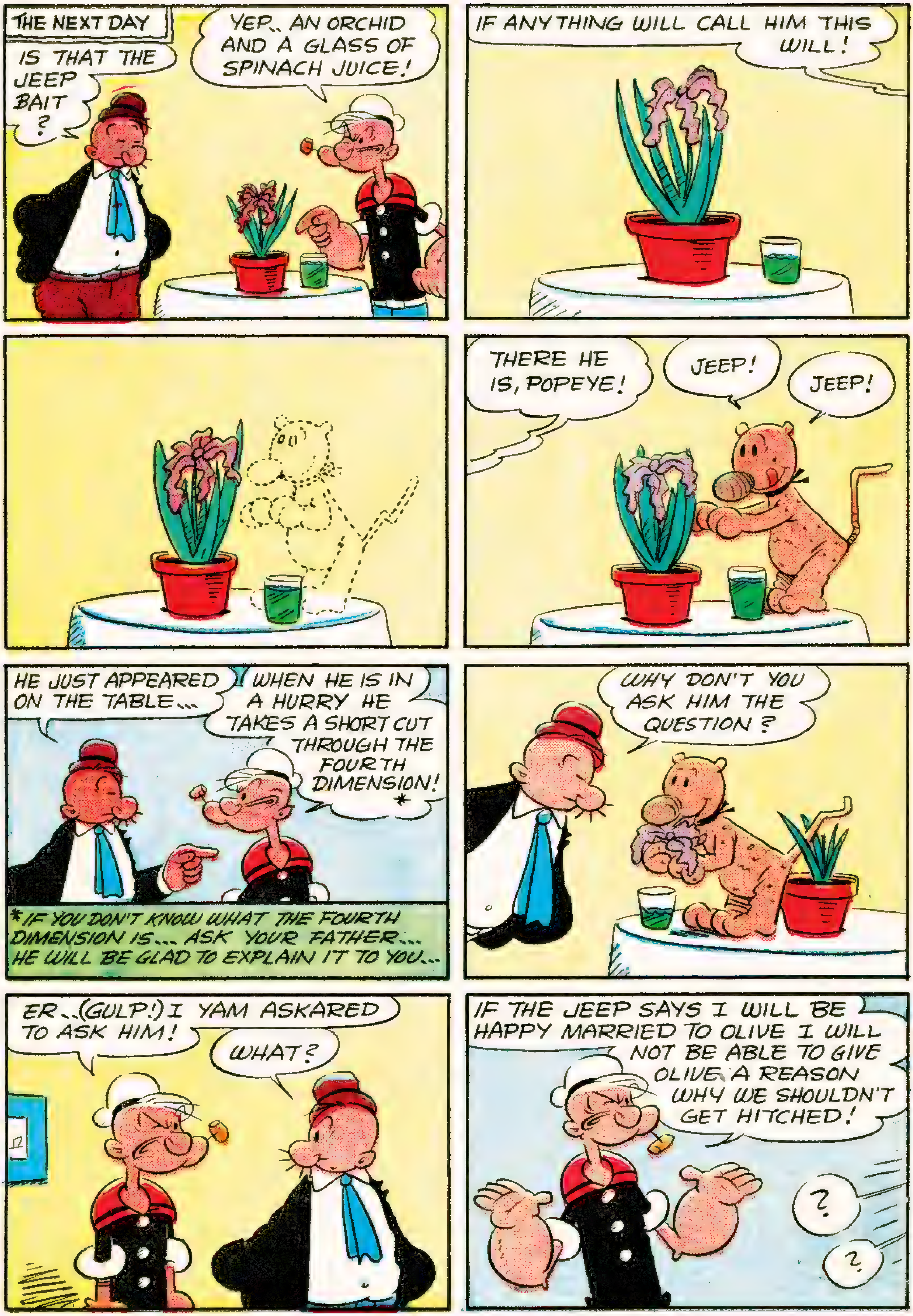
HERE'S ANOTHER PLAYMATE FOR YOU POPEYE!
HEH! HEH!
GR-R-R
OKAY, BRING ON THE BOX OF POISON SNAKES!
BAM
GR-R
BEAUTIFUL! BEAUTIFUL!
BAM!
CRASH!
SMACK
GR-R
GR-R
POW
CRASH
SMACK
WHOP!
BAM!
LA-DA-DEE DA! WHEEE! WHAT BEAUTIFUL MUSIC WE'RE MAKING!
NOW FOR THE CLINCHER!
OKAY, BOYS... BRING IT IN!
WONDERFUL! WHAT A GEM!

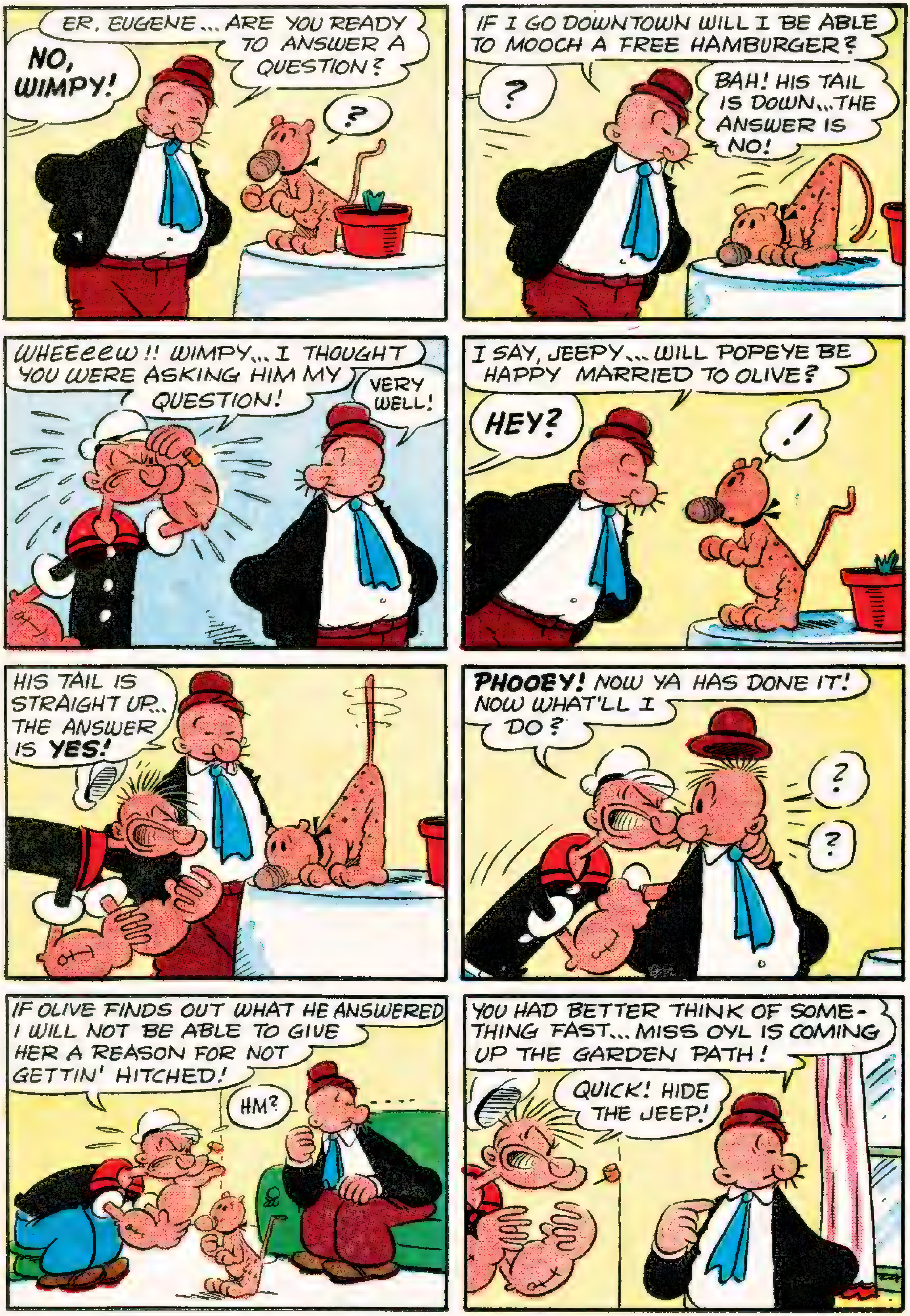
HEH'
HEH
BOOM
DID SOME-ONE KNOCK AT ME TRAP DOOR?
YIKE!
HELP!! HELP!
YOO-HOO--HAGGY... YOU FORGOT YOUR FLUTE!
ARF! ARF!
BUT HOW DID YOU LICK ALL OF THEM BEASTS!
IT WAS SIMPLE.. HAGGY DIDN'T KNOW IT BUT ONE OF HER BOYS STORED SOME SPINACH IN THAT BASEMENT PIT!
THAT MADE IT EASY!

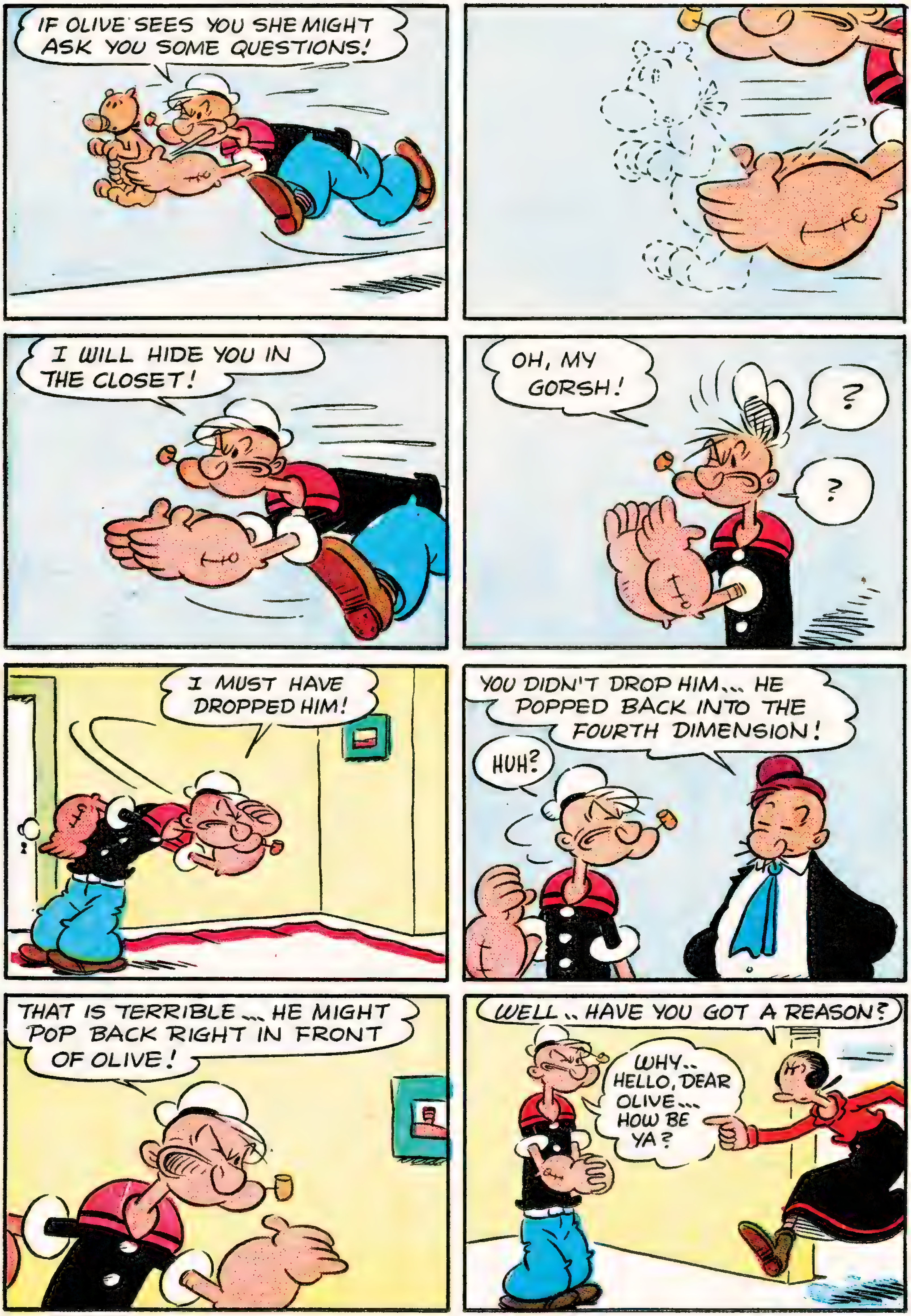

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
Popeye
THE SAILOR AND
EUGENE the JEEP!
JEEP! JEEP!
THIS IS A JEEP!
FOR THOSE WHO HAVE FORGOTTEN.. THE JEEP IS A CUTE LITTLE ANIMAL LIVING IN A THREE DIMENSIONAL WORLD – IN THIS CASE OUR WORLD, BUT REALLY BELONGING TO A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL WORLD... POPEYE ORIGINALLY FOUND HIM IN AFRICA MANY YEARS AGO.....
BECAUSE THE JEEP IS RELATED TO THE FAMOUS AFRICAN "HOOEY-HOUND" AND HAS FOURTH DIMENSIONAL LIFE CELLS HE CAN WALK THROUGH SOLID OBJECTS AND CAN BECOME INVISIBLE BY HIDING IN THE FOURTH DIMENSION.. POPEYE HASN'T SEEN HIM FOR YEARS BUT LET'S GET ON WITH THE STORY....
I SAID YOU ARE GOING TO AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT...
BUT- BUT- BUT!
I WON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER.... YOU'RE GOING TO SAY YES!
!
I YAM A HAPPY UNMARRIED BACHELOR AND I YAM NOT SURE THAT I YAM READY TO MARRY!
GR-R!

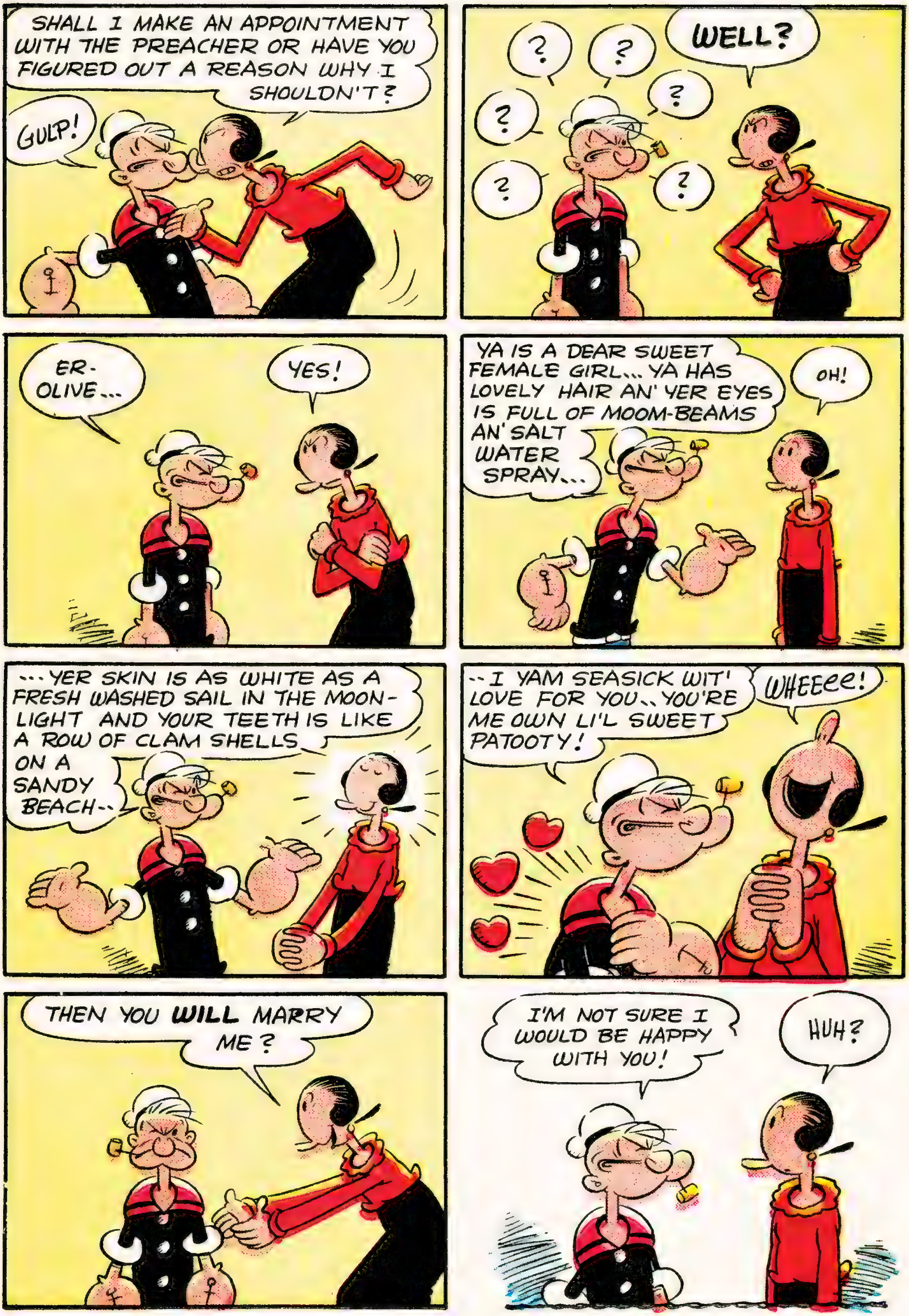

WE'VE BEEN ENGAGED FOR TWENTY YEARS AND IT'S TIME WE GOT MARRIED!
ER--
BUT!
I'LL GIVE YOU THREE DAYS TO FIGURE OUT ONE GOOD REASON WHY WE SHOULDN'T GET MARRIED!
?
?
?
PHOOEY!
CITY PARK
HM? THAT LOOKS LIKE POPEYE OVER THERE!
?
GREETINGS, OL' PAL!
LOVELY DAY.. ISN'T IT?
NO IT IS NOT A LOVELY DAY! IF YA SAYS IT AGAIN I WILL LAY YA AMONG THE SWEET-PEAS!
?
?
THE SUN IS SHINING.. IT'S NOT RAINING!
IN ME HEART THERE IS A THUNDER-STORM!
I YAM A TROUBLED SAILOR MAN!

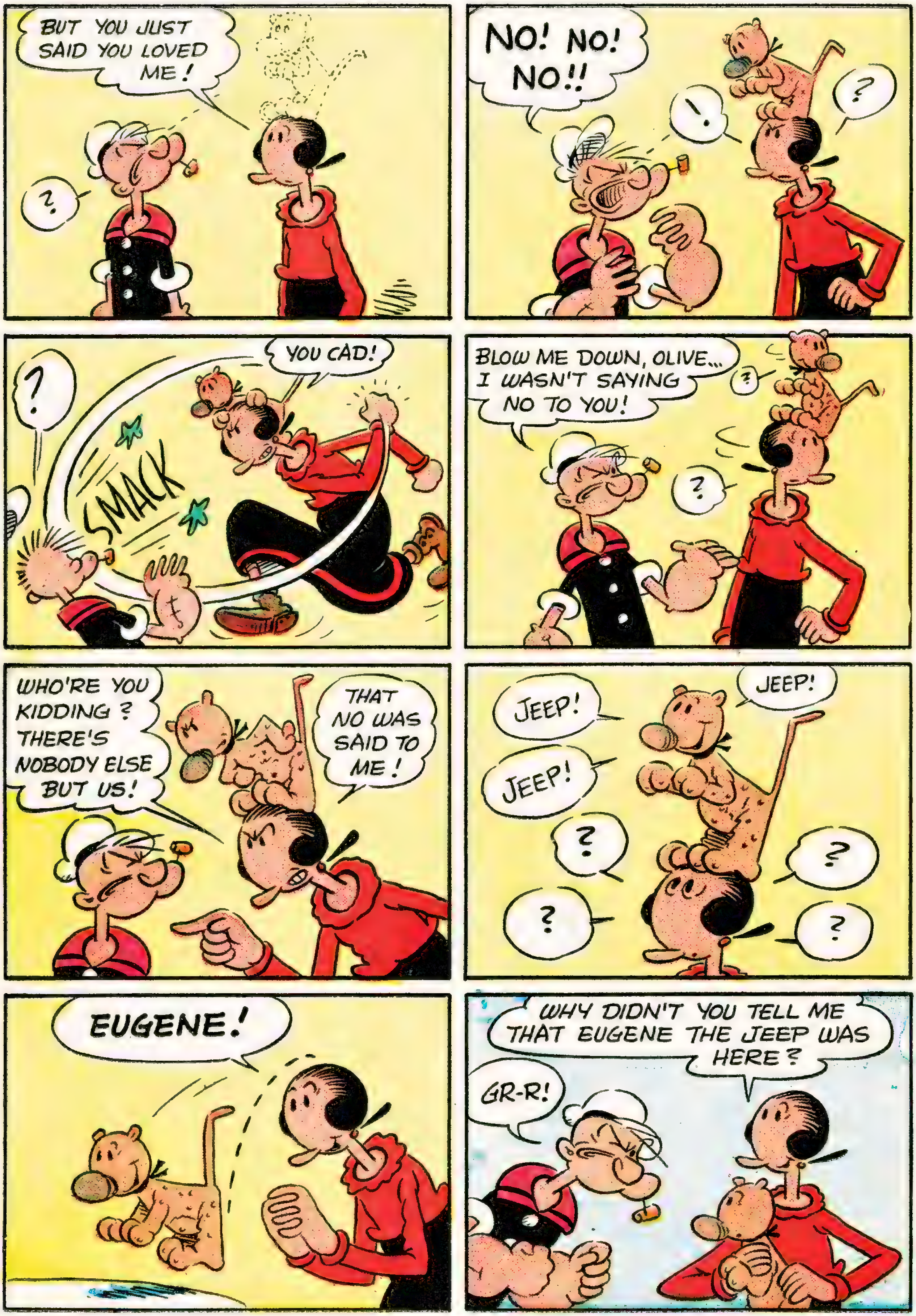

WHAT IS YOUR TROUBLE, POPEYE ?
BLA-BLA-- AND THEN SHE SAID...
THE BIG QUESTION SEEMS TO BE... DO YOU LOVE THE LADY?
OF COURSE I LOVES OLIVE.. SHE IS ME SWEETIE...SHE'S THE SALT ON ME SPINACH!
SHE'S ME EVERY-THING!
THEN MARRY THE GIRL!
BUT HOW DOES I KNOW THAT I WILL BE HAPPY AS A HOOKED SAILOR?
TOO BAD YOU HAVEN'T GOT EUGENE TO ASK THAT QUESTION OF!
YA MEANS EUGENE THE JEEP?
KEEP OFF THE GRASS
THE JEEP IS THE ONLY CRITTER IN THE WORLD THAT CAN TELL WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS... AND HE HAS TO TELL THE TRUTH!
BUT I HASN'T SEEN EUGENE FOR YEARS!
ISN'T THERE SOME WAY YOU CAN GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM?
POPEYE
I THINK HE WENT BACK TO AFRICA!
TOO BAD!
HEY, WIMPY... I KNOW WHAT TO DO...I'LL GET SOME JEEP BAIT AND CALL HIM BACK!

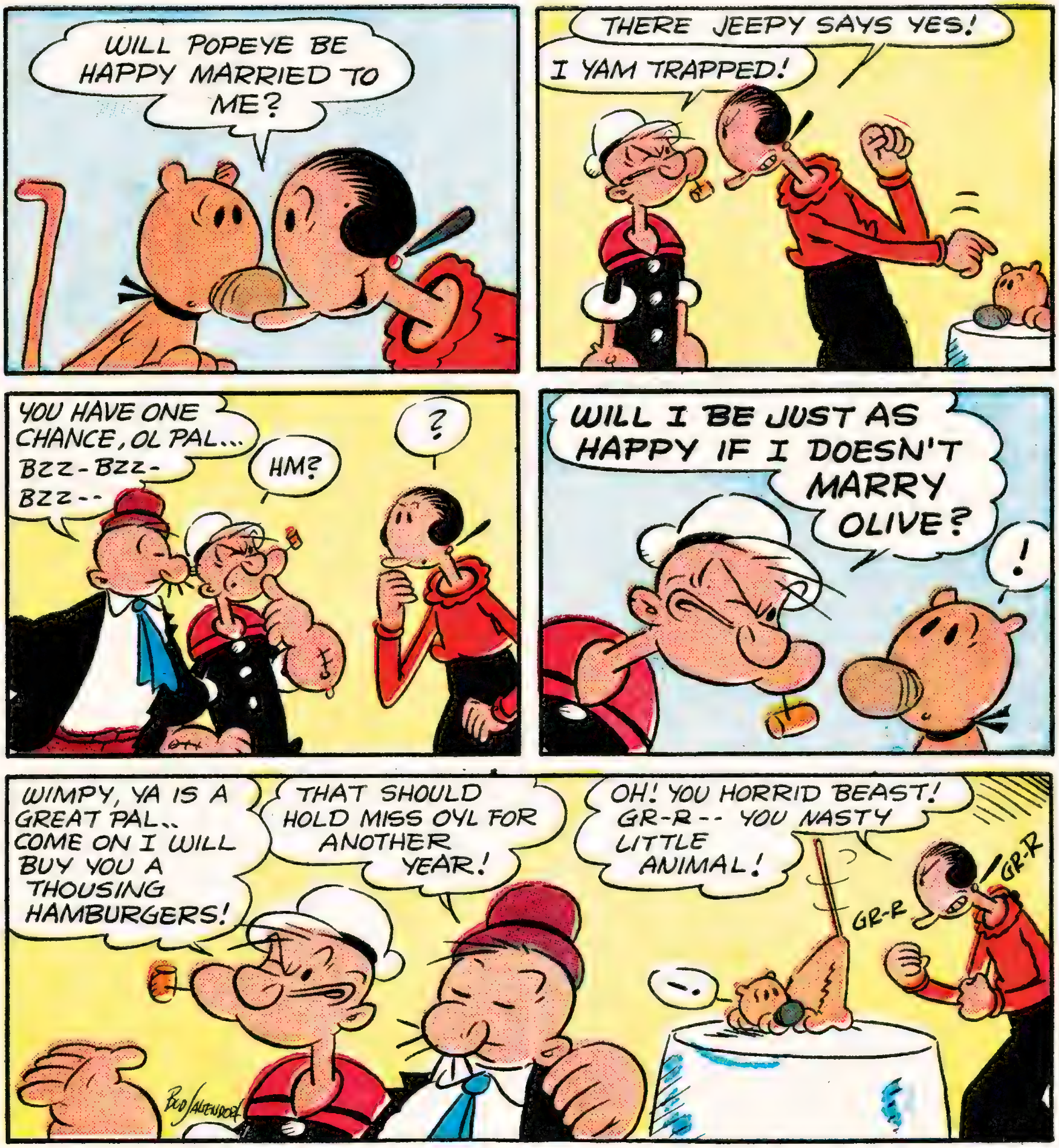

THE NEXT DAY
IS THAT THE JEEP BAIT ?
YEP.. AN ORCHID AND A GLASS OF SPINACH JUICE!
IF ANYTHING WILL CALL HIM THIS WILL!
THERE HE IS, POPEYE!
JEEP!
JEEP!
HE JUST APPEARED ON THE TABLE...
WHEN HE IS IN A HURRY HE TAKES A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE FOURTH DIMENSION! *
*IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE FOURTH DIMENSION IS... ASK YOUR FATHER... HE WILL BE GLAD TO EXPLAIN IT TO YOU...
WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM THE QUESTION ?
ER..(GULP!) I YAM ASKARED TO ASK HIM!
WHAT?
IF THE JEEP SAYS I WILL BE HAPPY MARRIED TO OLIVE I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO GIVE OLIVE A REASON WHY WE SHOULDN'T GET HITCHED!
?
?


ER, EUGENE... ARE YOU READY TO ANSWER A QUESTION?
NO, WIMPY!
?
IF I GO DOWNTOWN WILL I BE ABLE TO MOOCH A FREE HAMBURGER?
?
BAH! HIS TAIL IS DOWN... THE ANSWER IS NO!
WHEEEEEW!! WIMPY... I THOUGHT YOU WERE ASKING HIM MY QUESTION!
VERY WELL!
I SAY, JEEPY... WILL POPEYE BE HAPPY MARRIED TO OLIVE?
HEY?
!
HIS TAIL IS STRAIGHT UP... THE ANSWER IS YES!
PHOOEY! NOW YA HAS DONE IT! NOW WHAT'LL I DO?
?
?
IF OLIVE FINDS OUT WHAT HE ANSWERED I WILL NOT BE ABLE TO GIVE HER A REASON FOR NOT GETTIN' HITCHED!
HM?
....
YOU HAD BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING FAST... MISS OYL IS COMING UP THE GARDEN PATH!
QUICK! HIDE THE JEEP!


IF OLIVE SEES YOU SHE MIGHT ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!
I WILL HIDE YOU IN THE CLOSET!
OH, MY GORSH!
?
?
I MUST HAVE DROPPED HIM!
YOU DIDN'T DROP HIM... HE POPPED BACK INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION!
HUH?
THAT IS TERRIBLE... HE MIGHT POP BACK RIGHT IN FRONT OF OLIVE!
WELL.. HAVE YOU GOT A REASON?
WHY.. HELLO, DEAR OLIVE... HOW BE YA?


SHALL I MAKE AN APPOINTMENT WITH THE PREACHER OR HAVE YOU FIGURED OUT A REASON WHY I SHOULDN'T?
GULP!
? ? ? ? ? ?
WELL?
ER- OLIVE...
YES!
YA IS A DEAR SWEET FEMALE GIRL... YA HAS LOVELY HAIR AN' YER EYES IS FULL OF MOOM-BEAMS AN' SALT WATER SPRAY...
OH!
...YER SKIN IS AS WHITE AS A FRESH WASHED SAIL IN THE MOON-LIGHT AND YOUR TEETH IS LIKE A ROW OF CLAM SHELLS ON A SANDY BEACH--
--I YAM SEASICK WIT' LOVE FOR YOU.. YOU'RE ME OWN LI'L SWEET PATOOTY!
WHEEEee!
THEN YOU **WILL** MARRY ME?
I'M NOT SURE I WOULD BE HAPPY WITH YOU!
HUH?


BUT YOU JUST SAID YOU LOVED ME!
?
NO! NO! NO!!
!
?
?
YOU CAD!
SMACK
BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE... I WASN'T SAYING NO TO YOU!
?
?
WHO'RE YOU KIDDING? THERE'S NOBODY ELSE BUT US!
THAT NO WAS SAID TO ME!
JEEP!
JEEP!
JEEP!
?
?
?
?
EUGENE!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THAT EUGENE THE JEEP WAS HERE?
GR-R!


WILL POPEYE BE HAPPY MARRIED TO ME?
THERE JEEPY SAYS YES!
I YAM TRAPPED!
YOU HAVE ONE CHANCE, OL PAL... BZZ-BZZ-BZZ--
HM?
?
WILL I BE JUST AS HAPPY IF I DOESN'T MARRY OLIVE?
!
WIMPY, YA IS A GREAT PAL.. COME ON I WILL BUY YOU A THOUSING HAMBURGERS!
THAT SHOULD HOLD MISS OYL FOR ANOTHER YEAR!
OH! YOU HORRID BEAST! GR-R-- YOU NASTY LITTLE ANIMAL!
GR-R
GR-R

Harry the great, a big parrot, was the king bird of the whole African continent. For years, all of the millions of birds had considered Harry their king. Whenever there was trouble of any kind it was Harry the feathered creatures turned to for help. Harry's only fault was that he liked to talk. There were rumors that some of the fur-bearing animals called him Ol' Blabber Mouth.

It so happened that Harry's love of talk was his downfall. Being a parrot and very good at learning new languages, he became interested in people talk and decided to learn how to speak it. At that time, he was studying bat whistles but he gave up their study because there were a group of human people traveling through the forest and this was too good a chance to miss.

For six weeks, Harry followed the group of people, learning every word that they said. Finally the people came to the sea and sailed away and Harry returned to his own part of the forest. He was very proud and spent three weeks showing off his people talk to the animals and birds who had time to listen to him.

Several months later terrible news reached the birds of Harry's territory. A group of bird hunters were coming through the forest with nets, catching birds of all kinds to take away to a big bird park in some far-off city.

"This is my chance," Harry muttered to himself. "I'll fly to these people and I'll talk with them."

It took Harry three weeks to reach the hunters. It wasn't that it was such a long trip but good Ol' Blabber Mouth had to stop and talk with every bird and beast he met along the way.

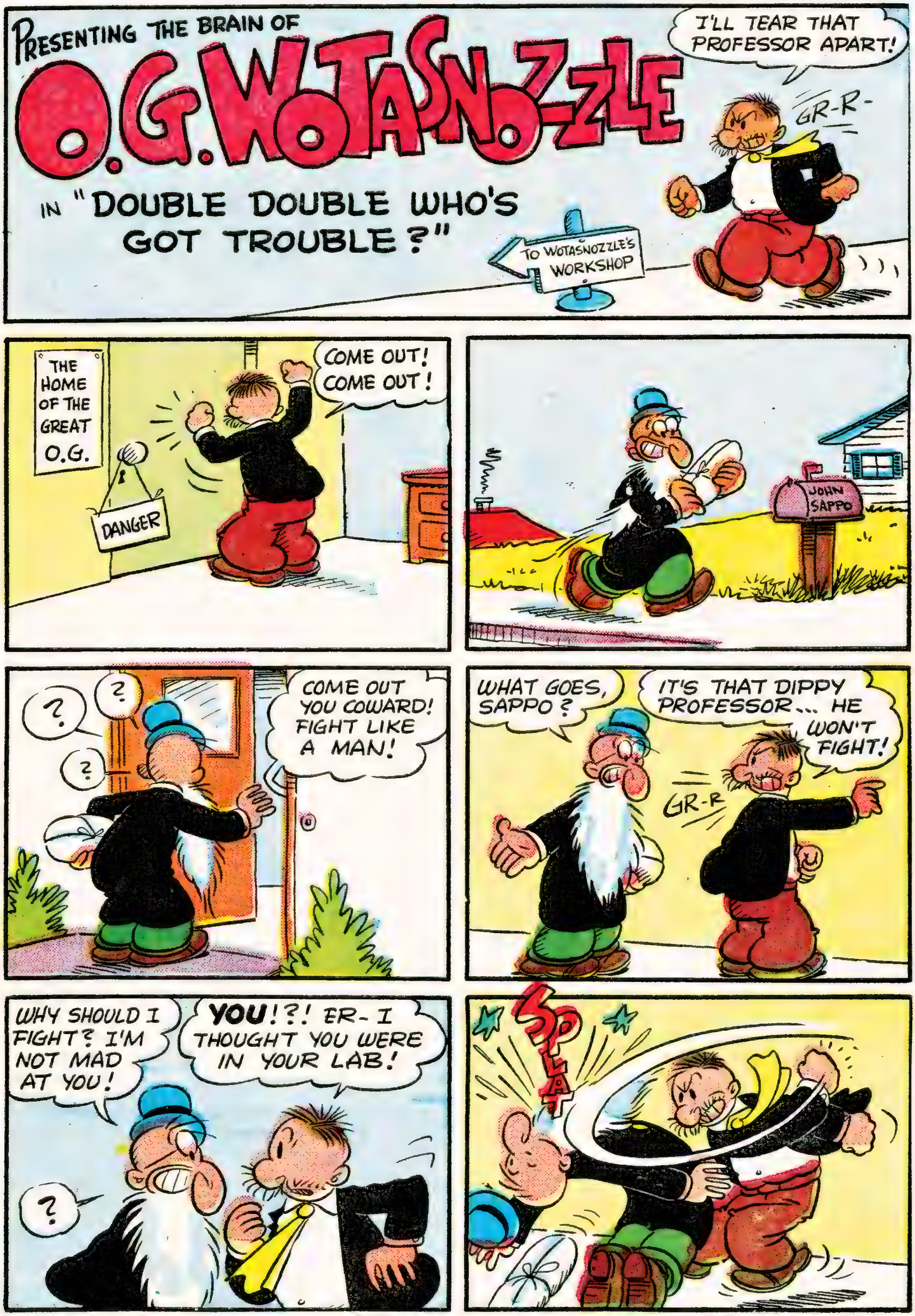
When the king parrot finally did arrive at the bird hunters' camp he flew right down and started talking to them. The hunters were sitting at a long table and it didn't help Harry's introduction any when he misjudged his landing and flew into the middle of the evening's bowl of soup.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Harry started right off from the middle of the soup bowl, "I am here to speak to you tonight on the subject of bird hunting.

"You human people who come into our forest and net us birds are doing a great wrong. I, as king of the feathers, protest this action."

Harry went on and on. He was wonderful. Words flew from his beak like water flowing over a waterfall. He felt so good at the attention that he threw in a few bat whistles to let them know that he had other talents, too.

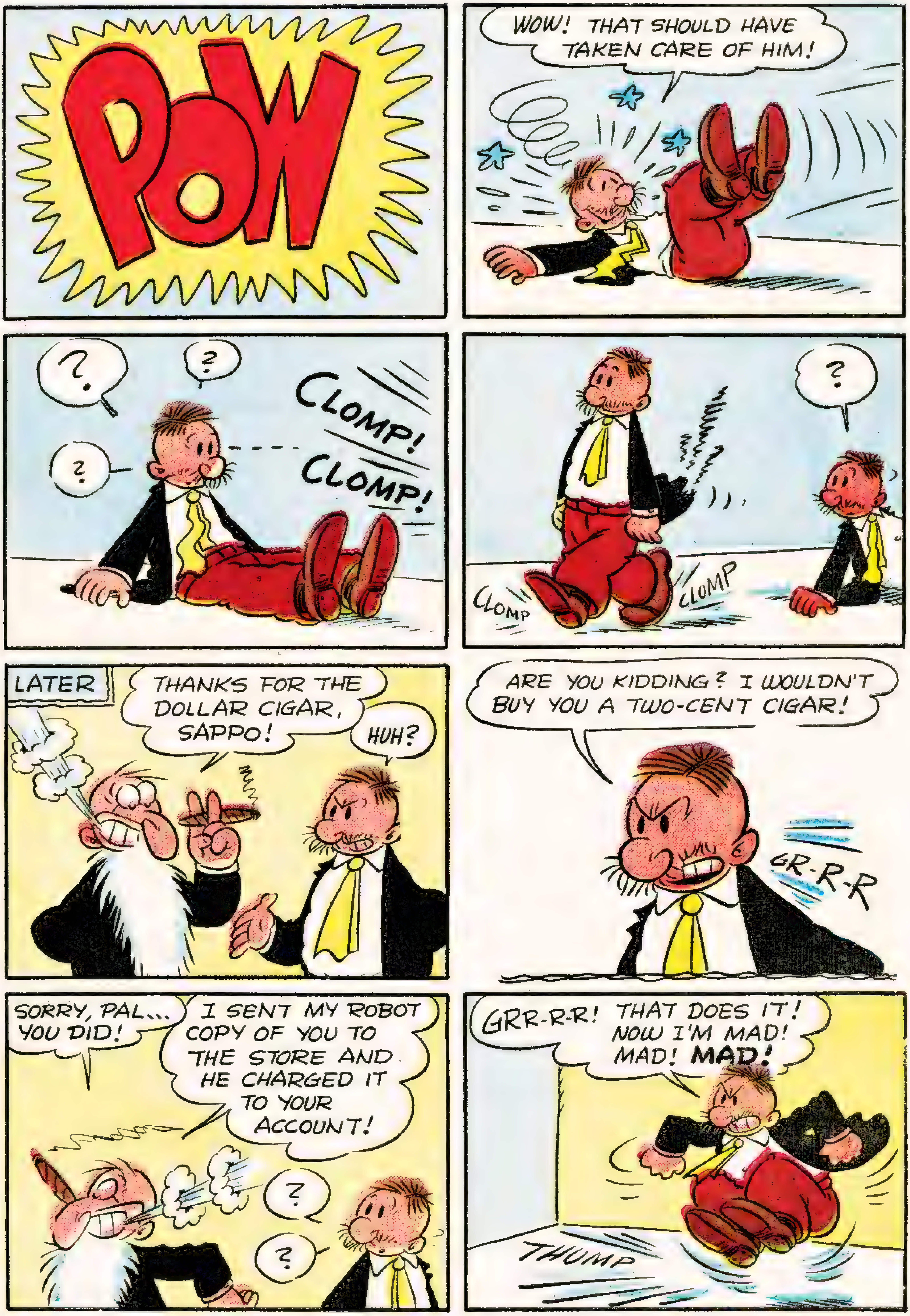
Six months later Harry's friends saw him again. That is, the friends who were unlucky enough to be caught in the big nets of the bird hunters. For good Ol' Blabber Mouth had talked himself right into a private cage. He had become the prized possession of the whole bird hunting expedition. Poor Harry didn't know that the leader of the expedition was the world's greatest professor of bat whistles and when he had heard Harry give some bat whistles he had grabbed him and shoved him into a cage. Every night he kept poor Harry up making bat calls so that he could learn more about that strange language.

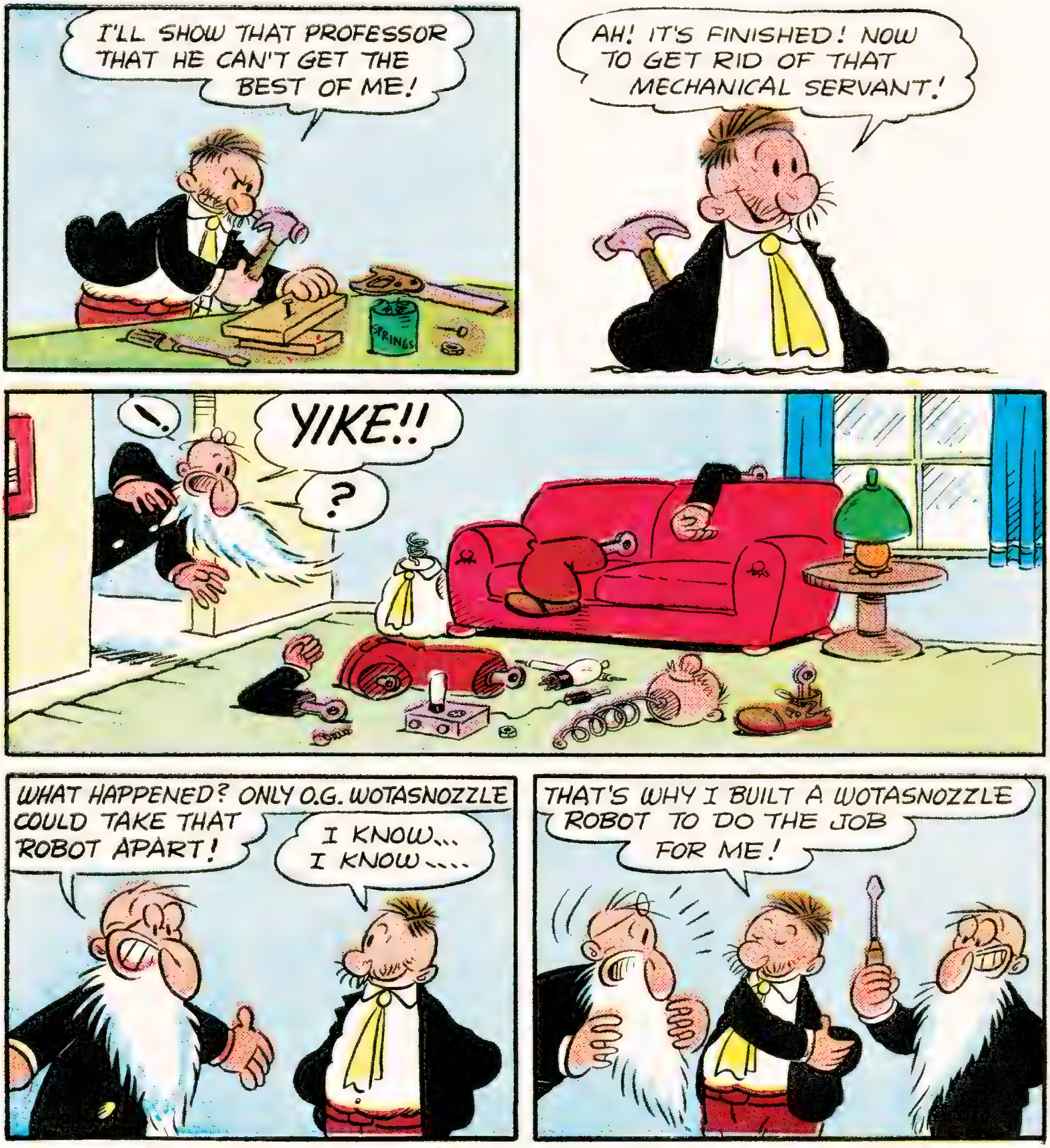

PRESENTING THE BRAIN OF
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
IN "DOUBLE DOUBLE WHO'S GOT TROUBLE?"
I'LL TEAR THAT PROFESSOR APART!
GR-R-
TO WOTASNOZZLE'S WORKSHOP
THE HOME OF THE GREAT O.G.
DANGER
COME OUT! COME OUT!
JOHN SAPPO
COME OUT YOU COWARD! FIGHT LIKE A MAN!
WHAT GOES, SAPPO?
IT'S THAT DIPPY PROFESSOR... HE WON'T FIGHT!
GR-R
WHY SHOULD I FIGHT? I'M NOT MAD AT YOU!
YOU!?! ER-I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN YOUR LAB!
SPLAT

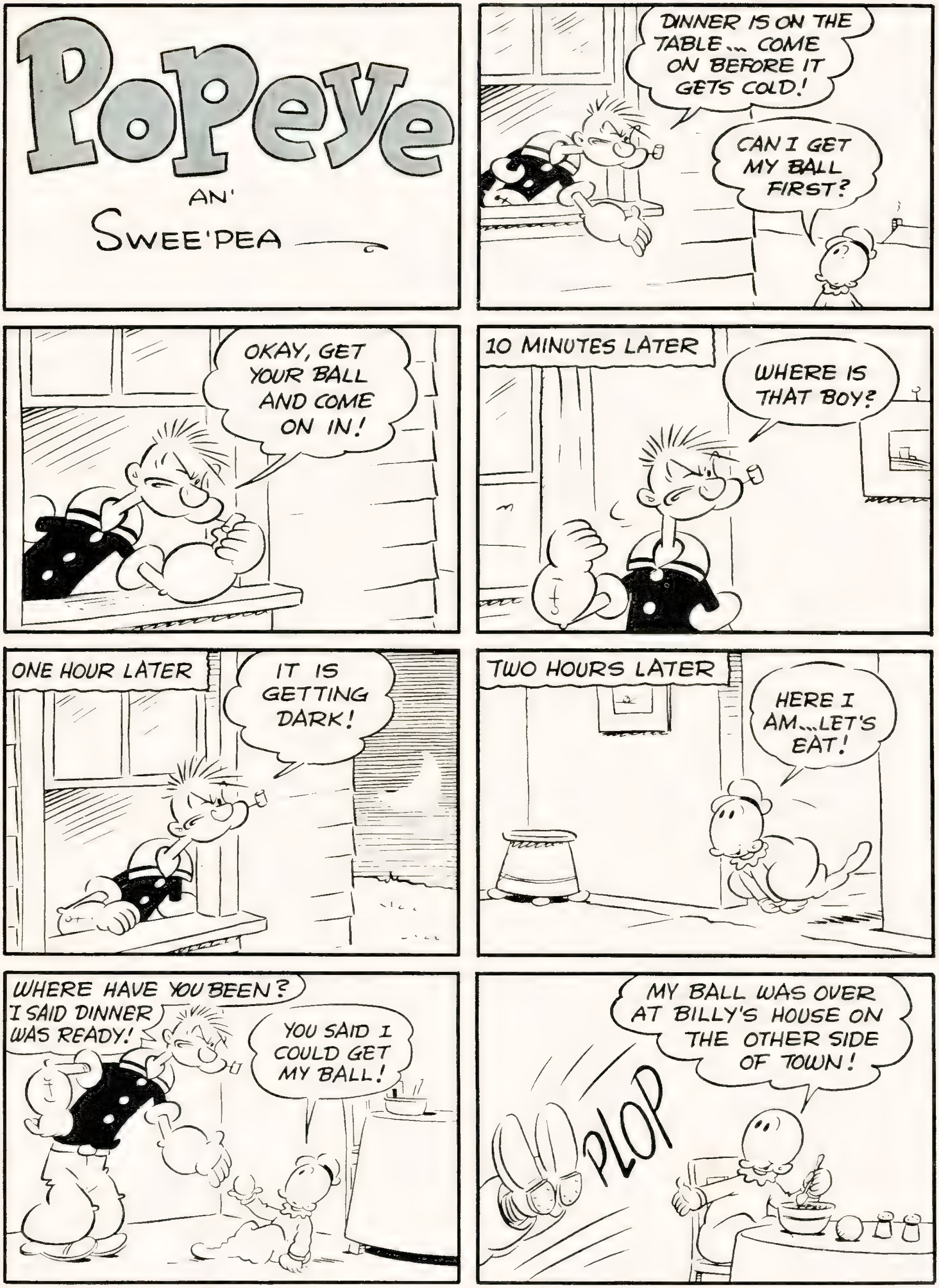
WHAT WAS THAT FOR?
WHERE'S MY PHOTO ALBUM?
OH! I WANTED A PICTURE OF YOU!
OF ME? GOSH!
WHY SHUCKS, IF IT WAS A PICTURE YOU WANTED WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK? I'D HAVE AUTOGRAPHED ONE FOR YOU!
?
?
I'LL GET ONE FOR YOU!
WAIT! I'LL SEND MY SERVANT!
SERVANT? WHERE'D YOU GET A SERVANT?
I MADE ONE TO DO ALL OF MY DIRTY WORK!
?
HEY, SAPPY... BRING MISTER SAPPO'S PHOTO BOOK!
HEH! HEH!
HERE'S FUNNY PICTURE BOOK, MASTER!
CLOMP
CLOMP

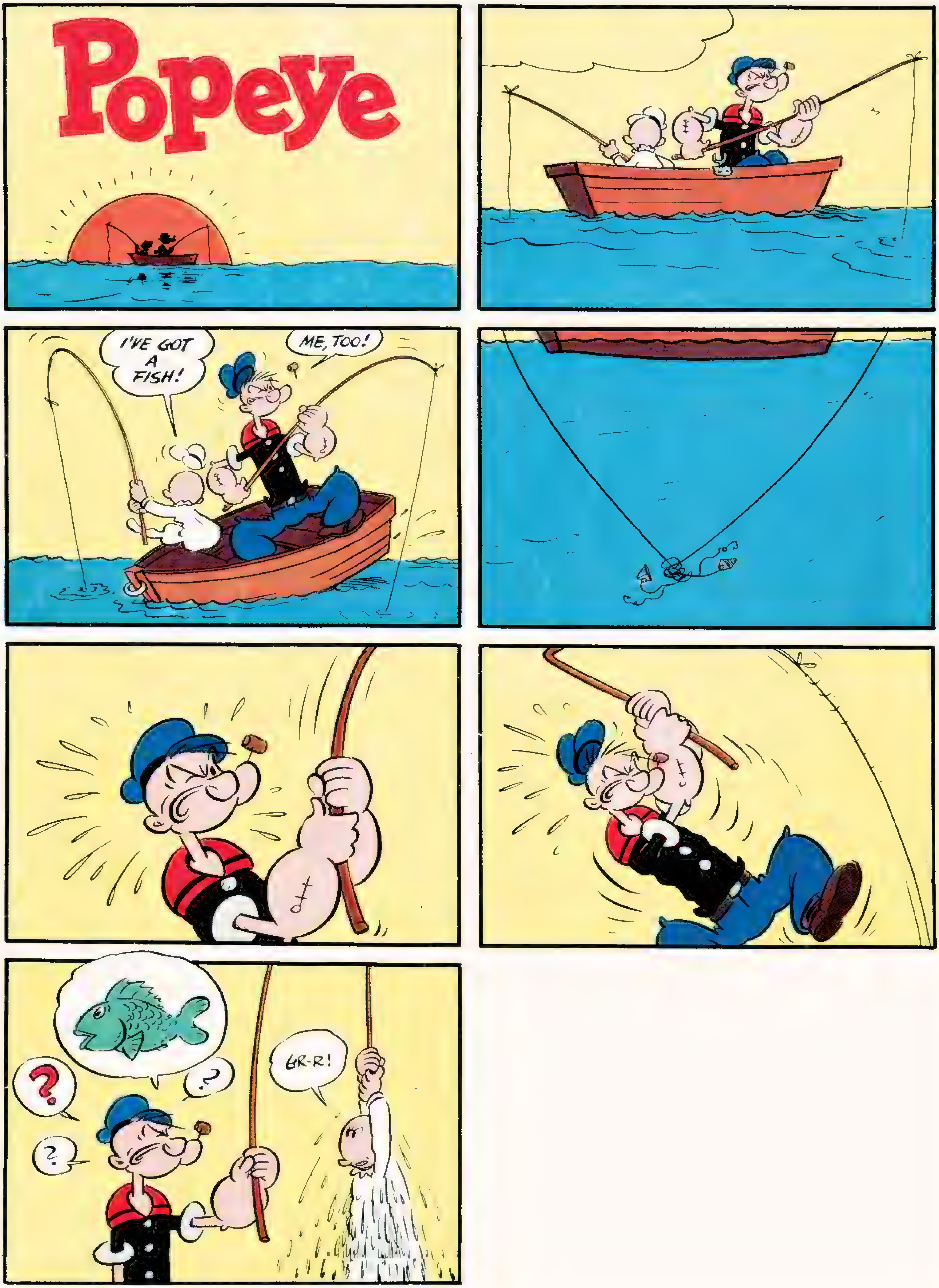
IT'S A ROBOT AND IT LOOKS JUST LIKE ME!
A PERFECT LIKENESS!
SO THAT'S WHY YOU WANTED MY PICTURE!
YEP! I HAD TO HAVE SOMETHING TO COPY!
YOU SHOULD BE PROUD THAT I PICKED YOU AS THE MODEL FOR MY GREAT INVENTION!
?
?
I PICKED YOU BECAUSE YOU WERE THE PERFECT TYPE!
TRUE! SO TRUE!
POLISH MY SHOES AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!
?
WHO'S THE GREATEST BRAIN IN THE WORLD?
!
!
!
YOU ARE, MASTER!
STOP! THAT'S ENOUGH!
I'LL NOT HAVE HIM POLISHING YOUR SHOES! WHAT IF MY FRIENDS SHOULD SEE?
DON'T BE SILLY.... IT'S JUST A ROBOT!

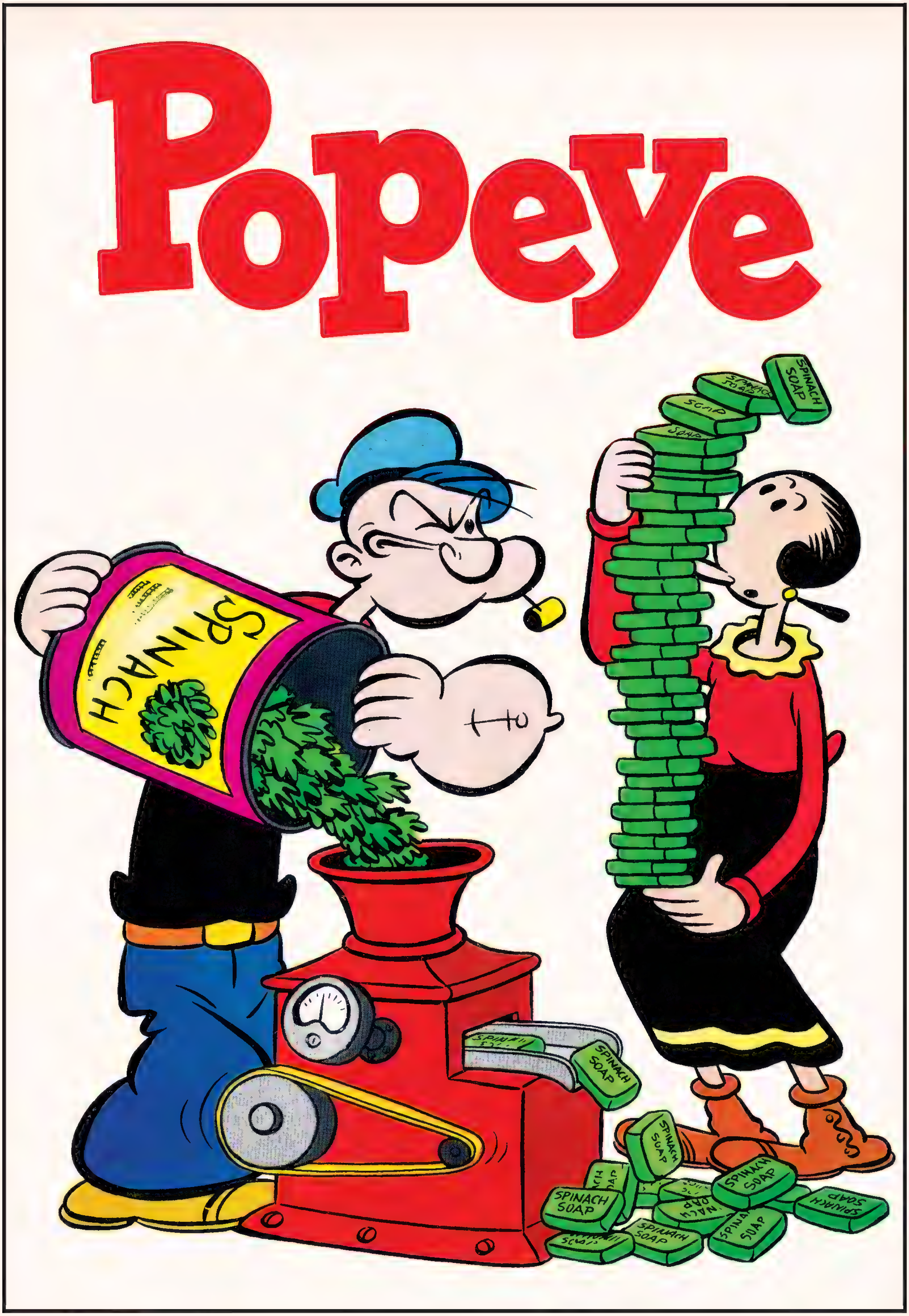
BUT IT LOOKS LIKE ME.... PEOPLE WILL GET THE IDEA THAT I'M YOUR SERVANT!
HEH! HEH!
I'LL SMASH IT!
BAM!!
OOUW! MY POOR FIST! I'VE BUSTED IT!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, SAPPO... MY MECHANICAL SERVANT IS INDESTRUCTIBLE!
GRR-R! I'LL FIND SOME WAY TO RUIN IT!
HEH! HEH!
BIG "BOOM" BRAND DYNAMITE
I'M GLAD I ALWAYS KEEP DYNAMITE IN THE HOUSE!


POW
WOW! THAT SHOULD HAVE TAKEN CARE OF HIM!
?
?
?
CLOMP!
CLOMP!
?
CLOMP
CLOMP
LATER
THANKS FOR THE DOLLAR CIGAR, SAPPO!
HUH?
ARE YOU KIDDING? I WOULDN'T BUY YOU A TWO-CENT CIGAR!
GR-R-R
SORRY, PAL... YOU DID!
I SENT MY ROBOT COPY OF YOU TO THE STORE AND HE CHARGED IT TO YOUR ACCOUNT!
?
?
GRR-R-R! THAT DOES IT! NOW I'M MAD! MAD! MAD!
THUMP


I'LL SHOW THAT PROFESSOR THAT HE CAN'T GET THE BEST OF ME!
SPRINGS
AH! IT'S FINISHED! NOW TO GET RID OF THAT MECHANICAL SERVANT!
!
YIKE!!
?
WHAT HAPPENED? ONLY O.G. WOTASNOZZLE COULD TAKE THAT ROBOT APART!
I KNOW... I KNOW....
THAT'S WHY I BUILT A WOTASNOZZLE ROBOT TO DO THE JOB FOR ME!

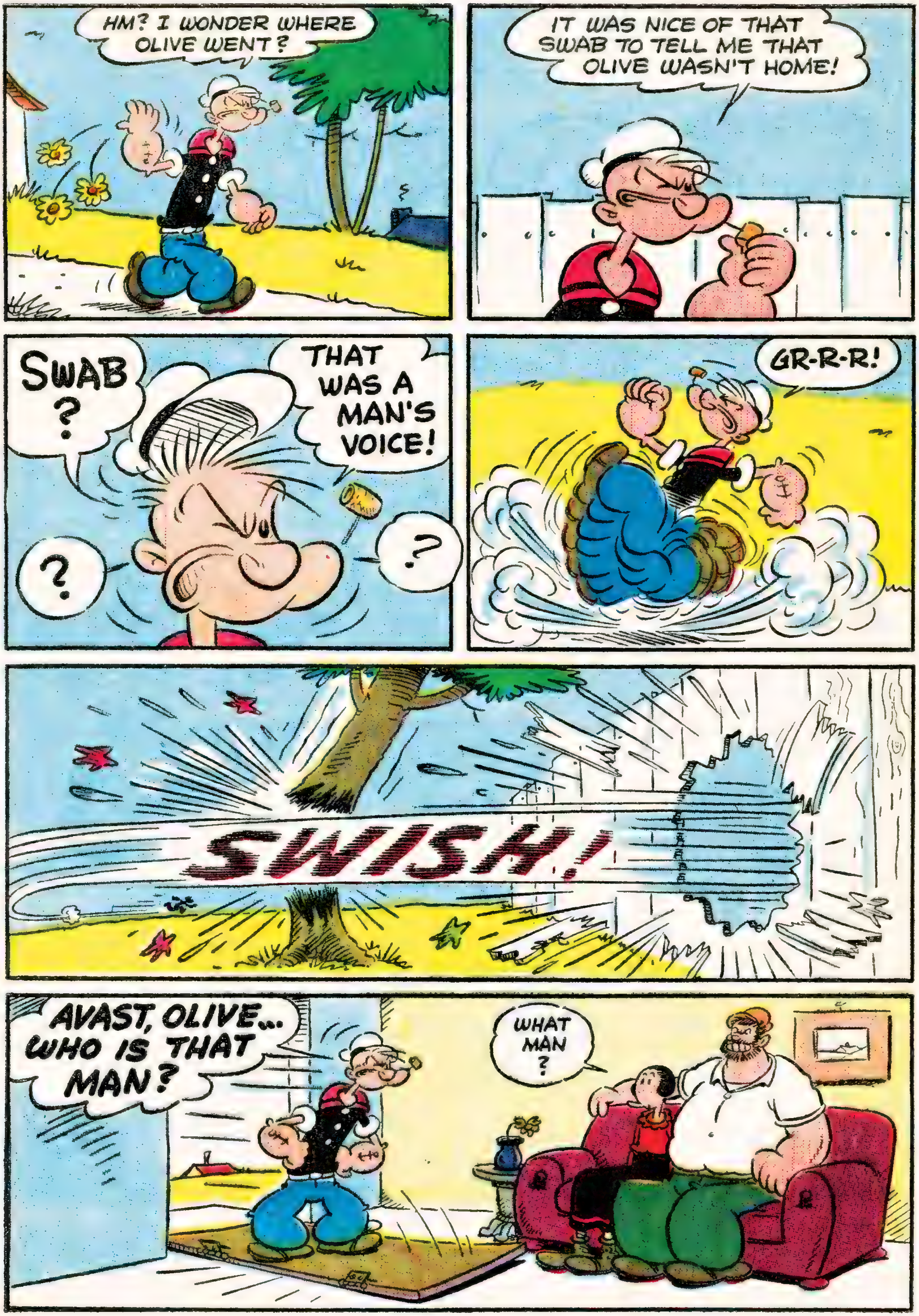

POPEYE
AN' SWEE'PEA
DINNER IS ON THE TABLE... COME ON BEFORE IT GETS COLD!
CAN I GET MY BALL FIRST?
OKAY, GET YOUR BALL AND COME ON IN!
10 MINUTES LATER
WHERE IS THAT BOY?
ONE HOUR LATER
IT IS GETTING DARK!
TWO HOURS LATER
HERE I AM...LET'S EAT!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I SAID DINNER WAS READY!
YOU SAID I COULD GET MY BALL!
MY BALL WAS OVER AT BILLY'S HOUSE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!
PLOP

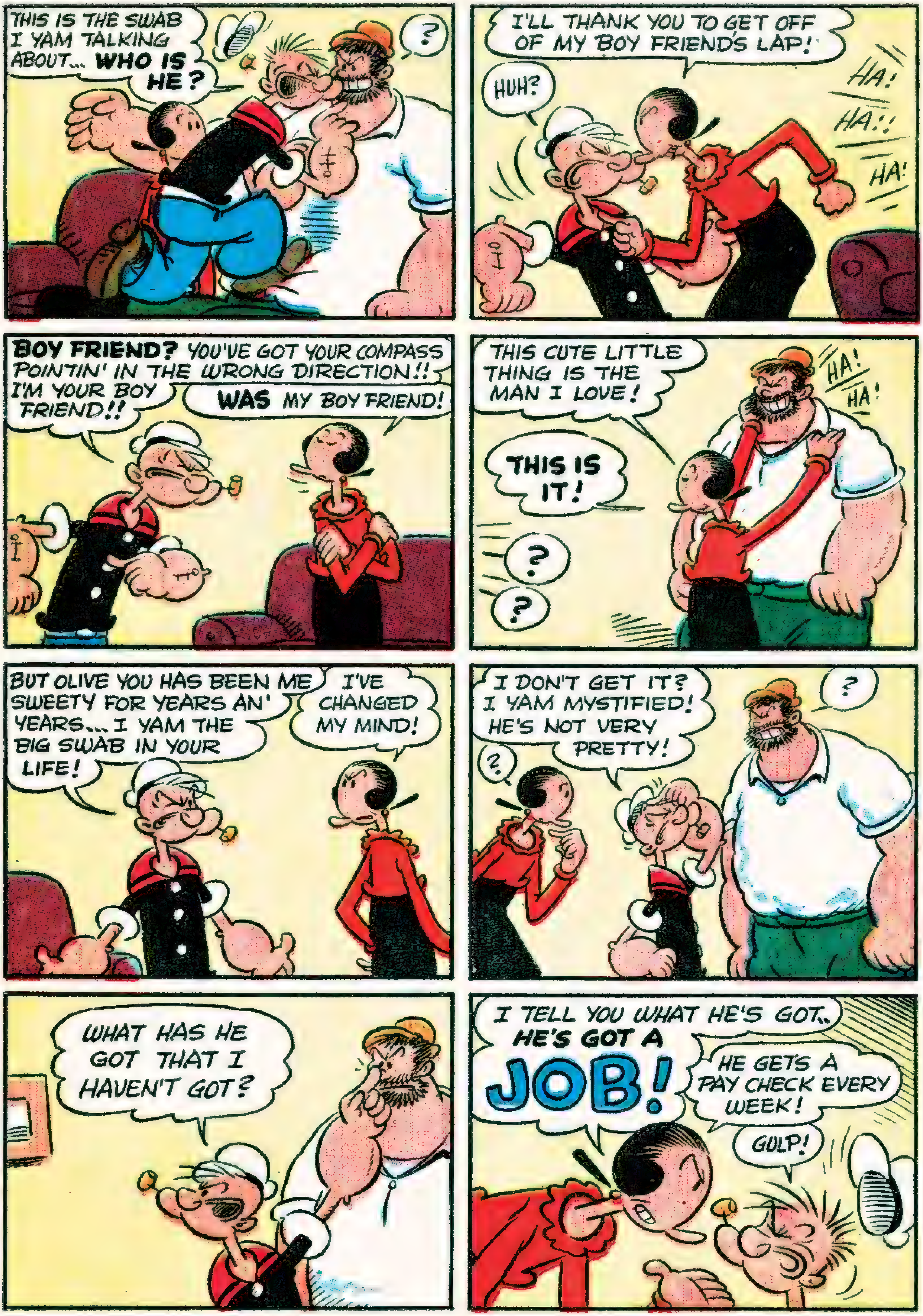

Popeye
I'VE GOT A FISH!
ME, TOO!
GR-R!

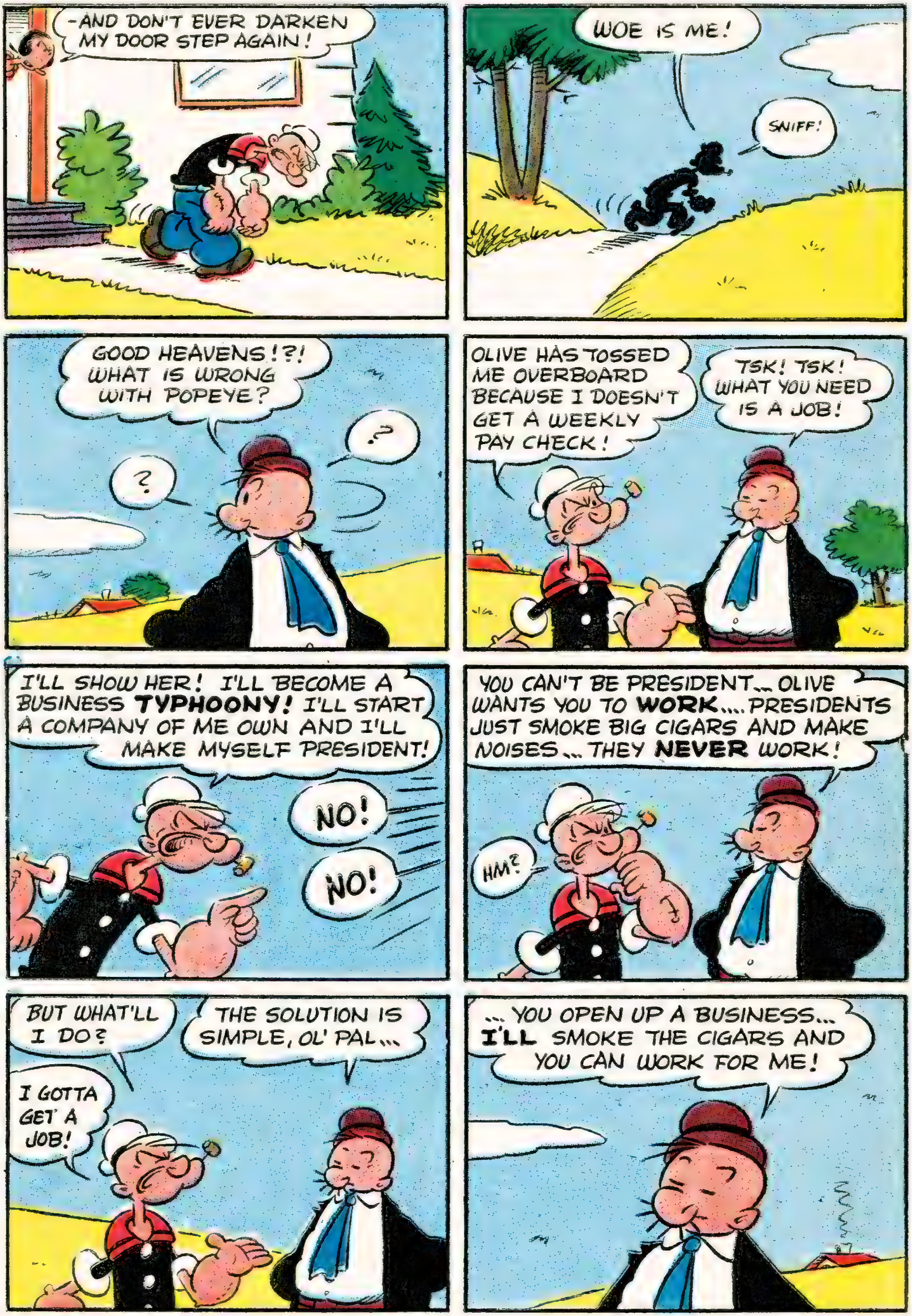


Popeye #41, July-September 1957

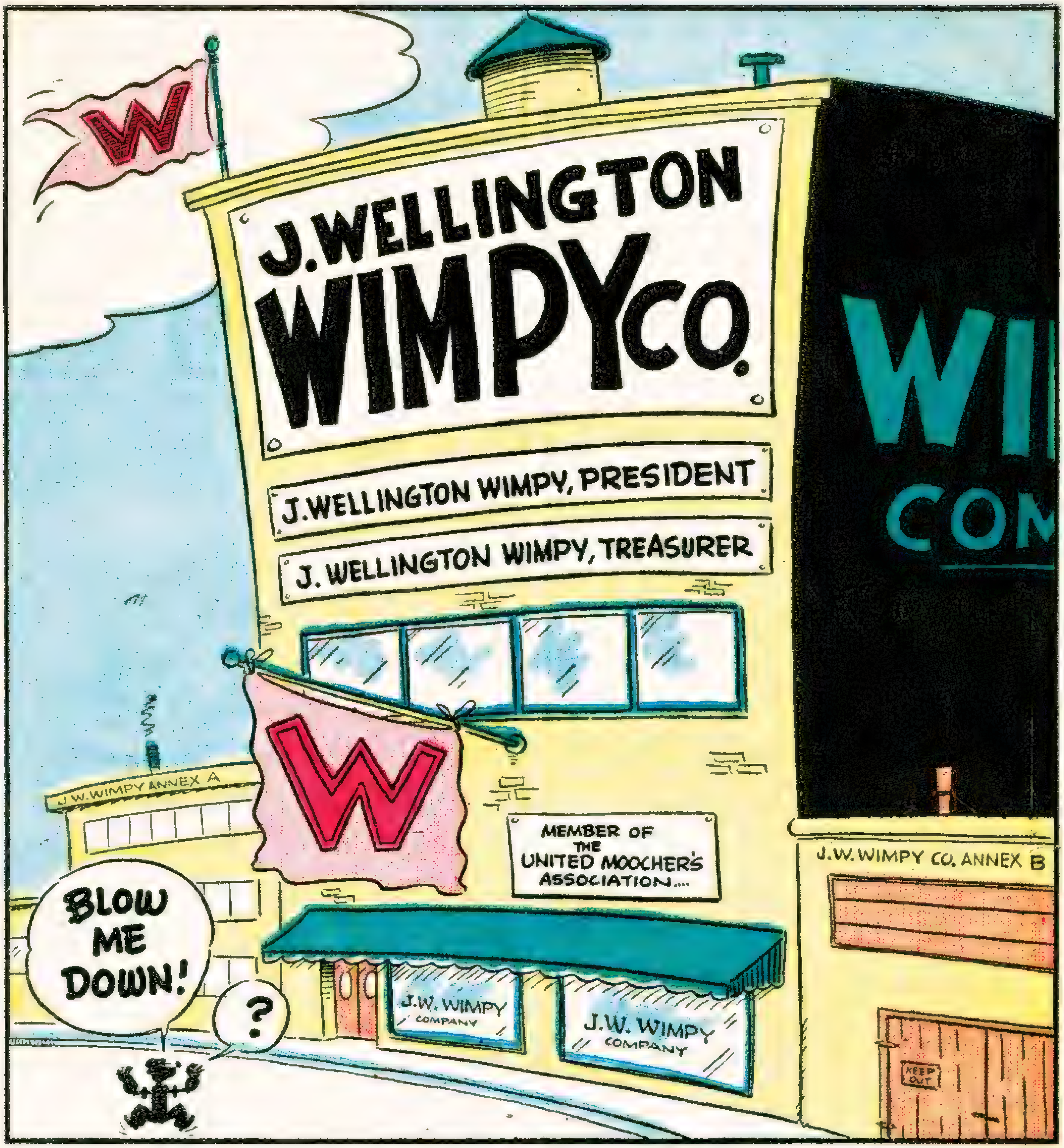
- NOW PLAYING -
POPEYE
THE SAILOR
IN
"SPINACH SOAP!"
I YAM ORF TO SEE ME SWEETY!
LA-DA-DE-DUM!
DEAR SWEET OLIVE.. ALWAYS WAITIN' FOR HER SAILOR MAN!
KNOCK
SCRAM, SAILOR BOY... MISS OYL ISN'T HOME!
GOOD-BY!
?
POPEYE ©41-577

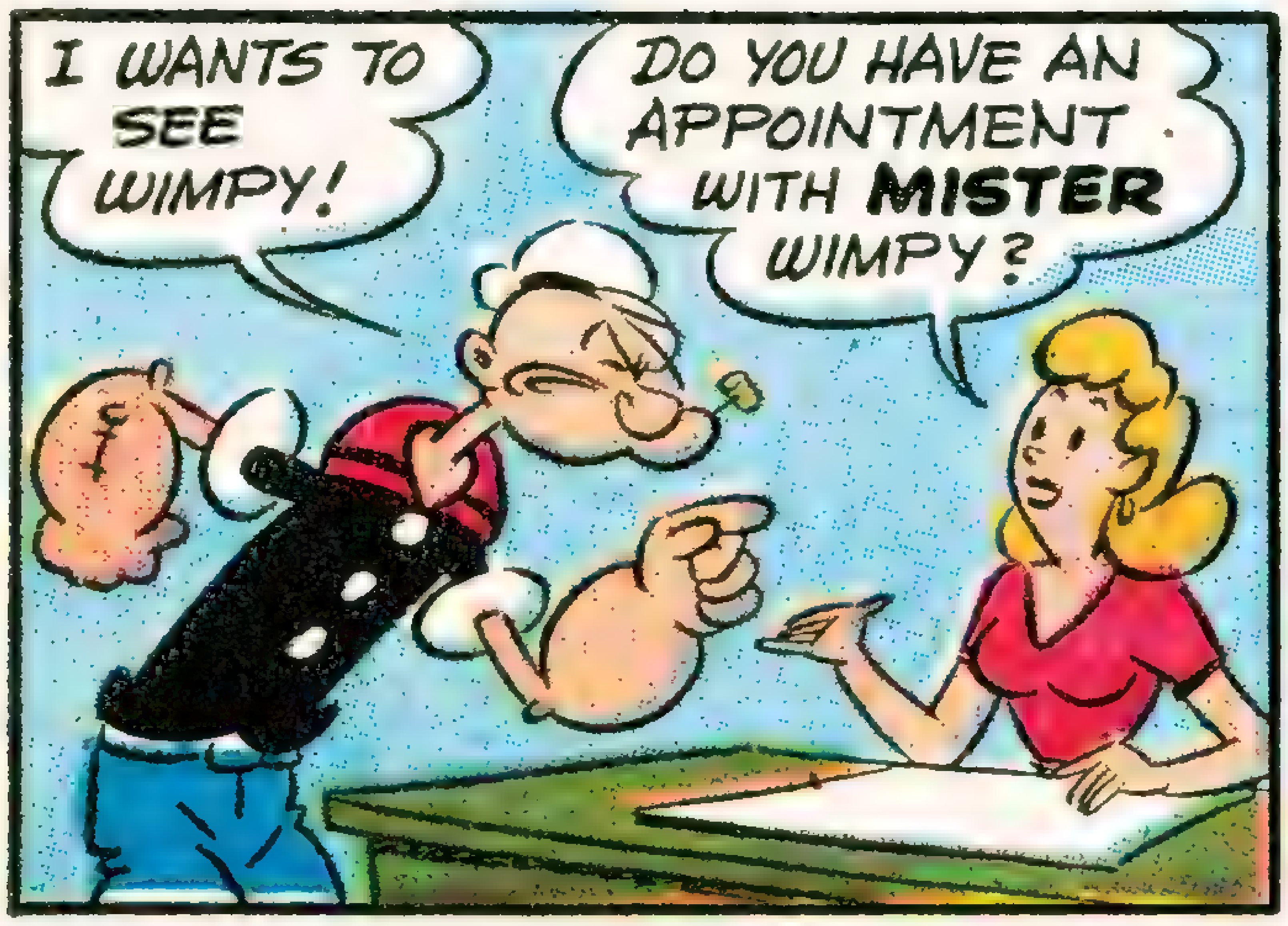

HM? I WONDER WHERE OLIVE WENT?
IT WAS NICE OF THAT SWAB TO TELL ME THAT OLIVE WASN'T HOME!
SWAB ?
THAT WAS A MAN'S VOICE!
?
?
GR-R-R!
SWISH!
AVAST, OLIVE... WHO IS THAT MAN?
WHAT MAN ?

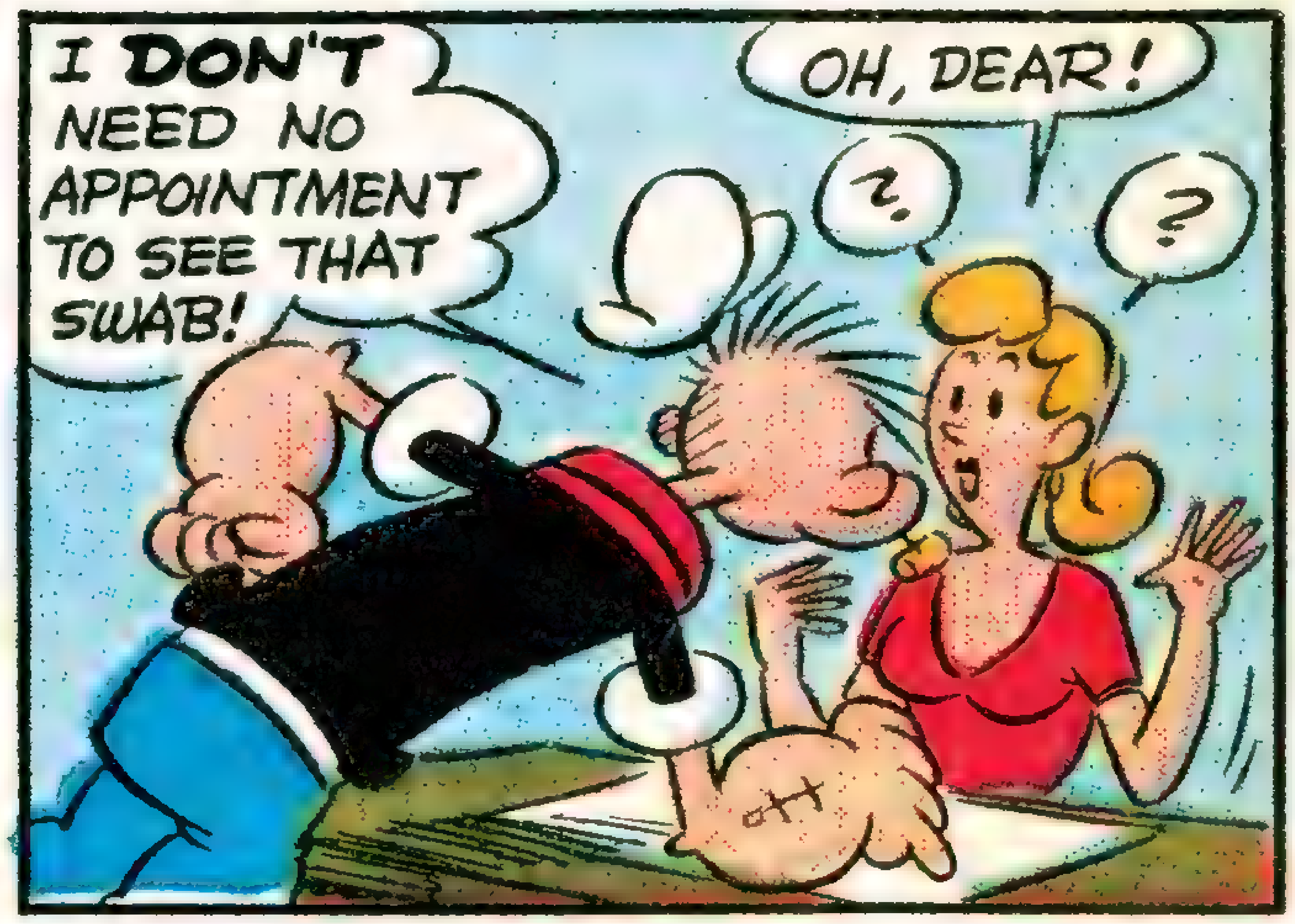

THIS IS THE SWAB I YAM TALKING ABOUT... WHO IS HE?
?
I'LL THANK YOU TO GET OFF OF MY BOY FRIEND'S LAP!
HUH?
HA! HA!! HA!
BOY FRIEND? YOU'VE GOT YOUR COMPASS POINTIN' IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!! I'M YOUR BOY FRIEND!!
WAS MY BOY FRIEND!
THIS CUTE LITTLE THING IS THE MAN I LOVE!
HA! HA!
THIS IS IT!
?
?
BUT OLIVE YOU HAS BEEN ME SWEETY FOR YEARS AN' YEARS... I YAM THE BIG SWAB IN YOUR LIFE!
I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!
I DON'T GET IT? I YAM MYSTIFIED! HE'S NOT VERY PRETTY!
?
?
WHAT HAS HE GOT THAT I HAVEN'T GOT?
I TELL YOU WHAT HE'S GOT... HE'S GOT A JOB!
HE GETS A PAY CHECK EVERY WEEK!
GULP!

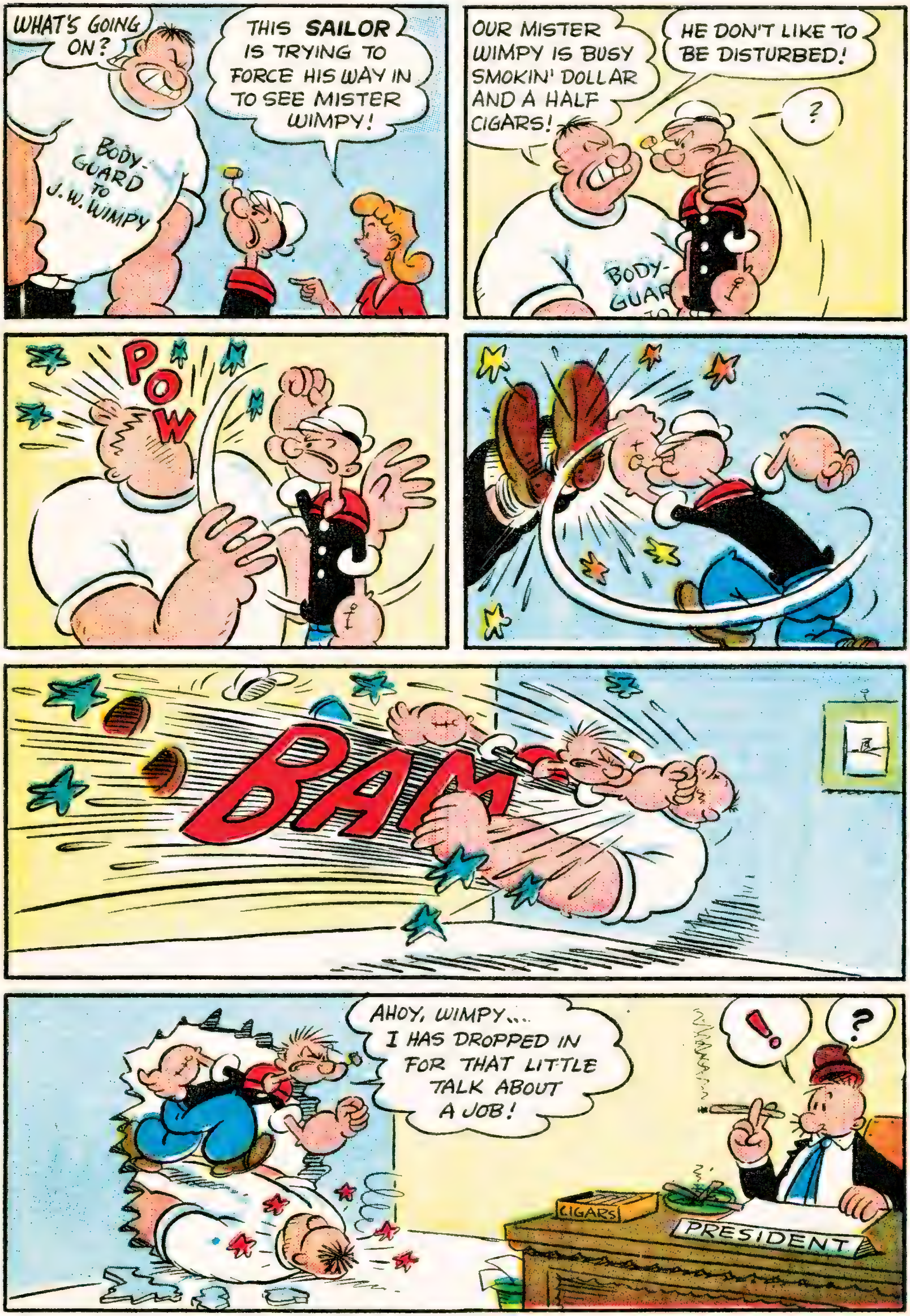

-AND DON'T EVER DARKEN MY DOOR STEP AGAIN!
WOE IS ME!
SNIFF!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT IS WRONG WITH POPEYE?
?
?
OLIVE HAS TOSSED ME OVERBOARD BECAUSE I DOESN'T GET A WEEKLY PAY CHECK!
TSK! TSK! WHAT YOU NEED IS A JOB!
I'LL SHOW HER! I'LL BECOME A BUSINESS TYPHOONY! I'LL START A COMPANY OF ME OWN AND I'LL MAKE MYSELF PRESIDENT!
NO!
NO!
YOU CAN'T BE PRESIDENT... OLIVE WANTS YOU TO WORK.... PRESIDENTS JUST SMOKE BIG CIGARS AND MAKE NOISES... THEY NEVER WORK!
HM?
BUT WHAT'LL I DO?
THE SOLUTION IS SIMPLE, OL' PAL...
I GOTTA GET A JOB!
... YOU OPEN UP A BUSINESS... I'LL SMOKE THE CIGARS AND YOU CAN WORK FOR ME!

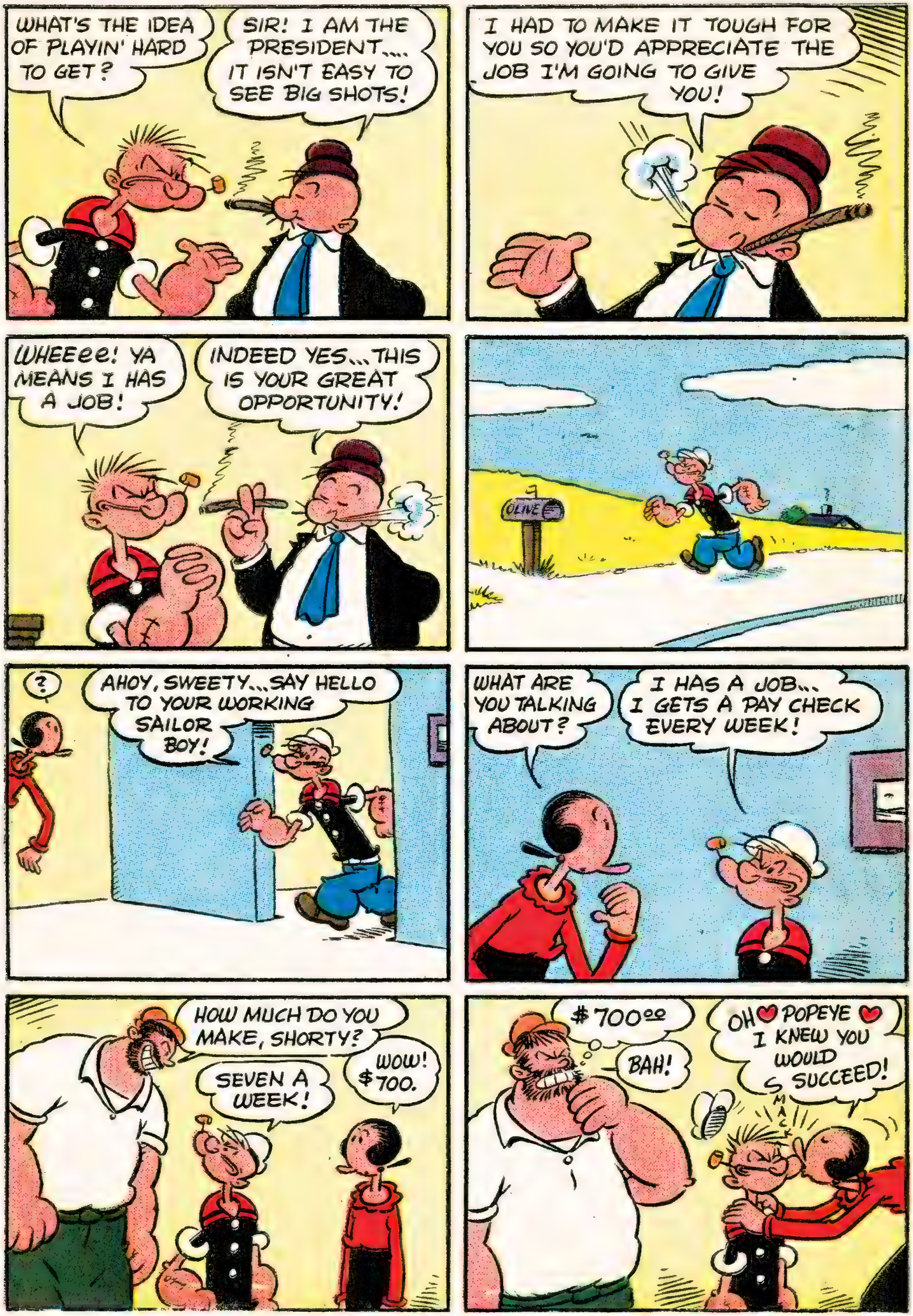
THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, WIMPY!
-ER DO YOU HAVE ANY MONEY?
I HAVE ABOUT A MILLION IN PIRATE GOLD IN MY ATTIC!
HM? THAT SHOULD DO NICELY!
I'LL PUT THE GOLD IN THE BANK SO YOU CAN GET STARTED!
FINE! I'LL GO BUY A BIG BOX OF CIGARS!
ARF! ARF! WIMPY IS SURE A PAL... HE WILL DO ANY-THING FOR ME!
ONE WEEK LATER
I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG? I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM WIMPY ABOUT MY JOB!
AHOY, WIMPY... WHEN DOES I START TO WORK?
STOP IN AT MY OFFICE SOMETIME AND WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT!
SOMETHING IS FISHY!
WHAT'S HE MEAN... WE'LL **TALK** ABOUT IT!?
?
FOR SALE
?
?
YIKE!?

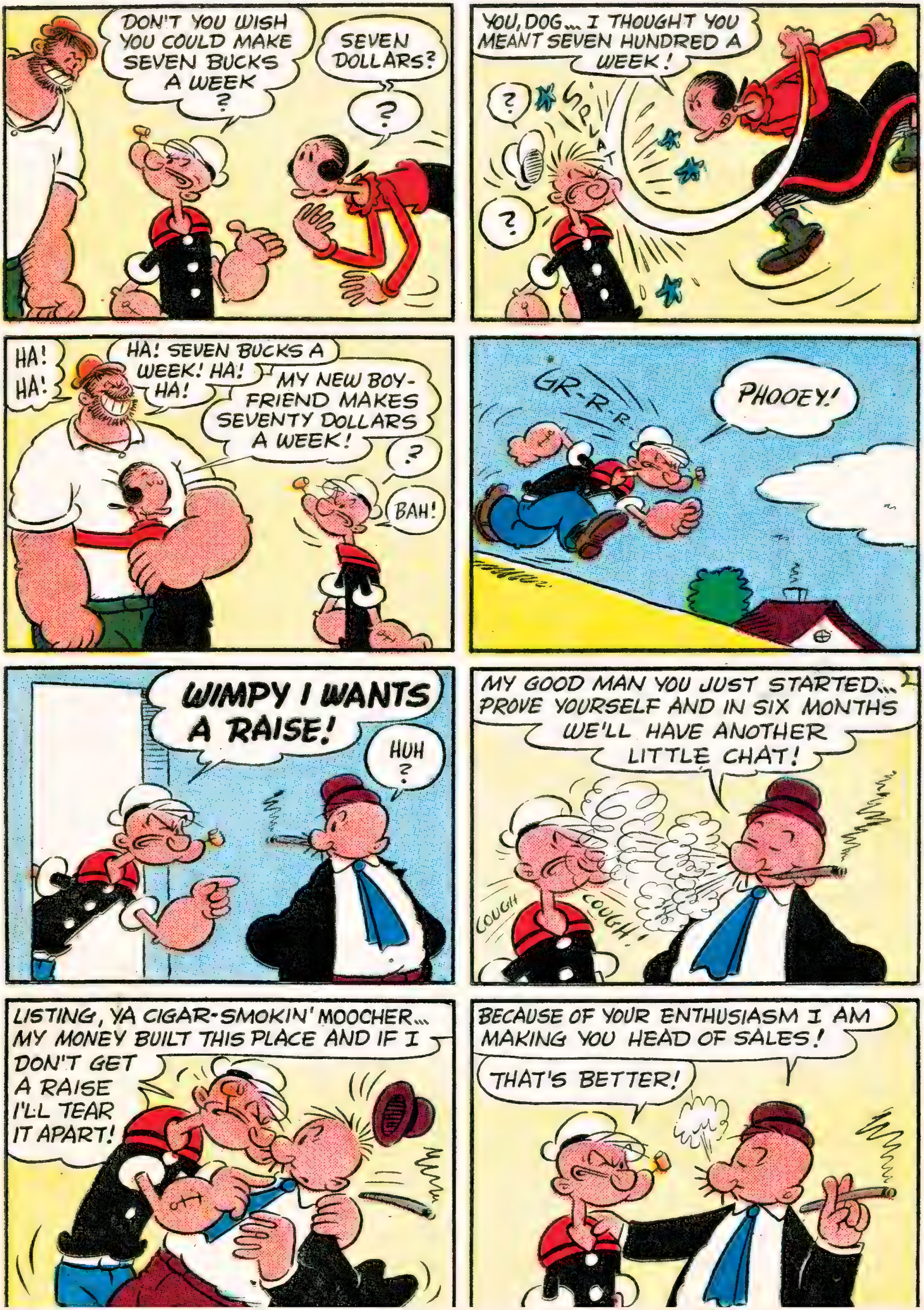

J. WELLINGTON WIMPY CO.
J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, PRESIDENT
J. WELLINGTON WIMPY, TREASURER
MEMBER OF THE UNITED MOOCHER'S ASSOCIATION....
J. W. WIMPY ANNEX A
J. W. WIMPY CO. ANNEX B
J.W. WIMPY COMPANY
J.W. WIMPY COMPANY
BLOW ME DOWN!
?
KEEP OUT


I WANTS TO SEE WIMPY!
DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT WITH **MISTER** WIMPY?

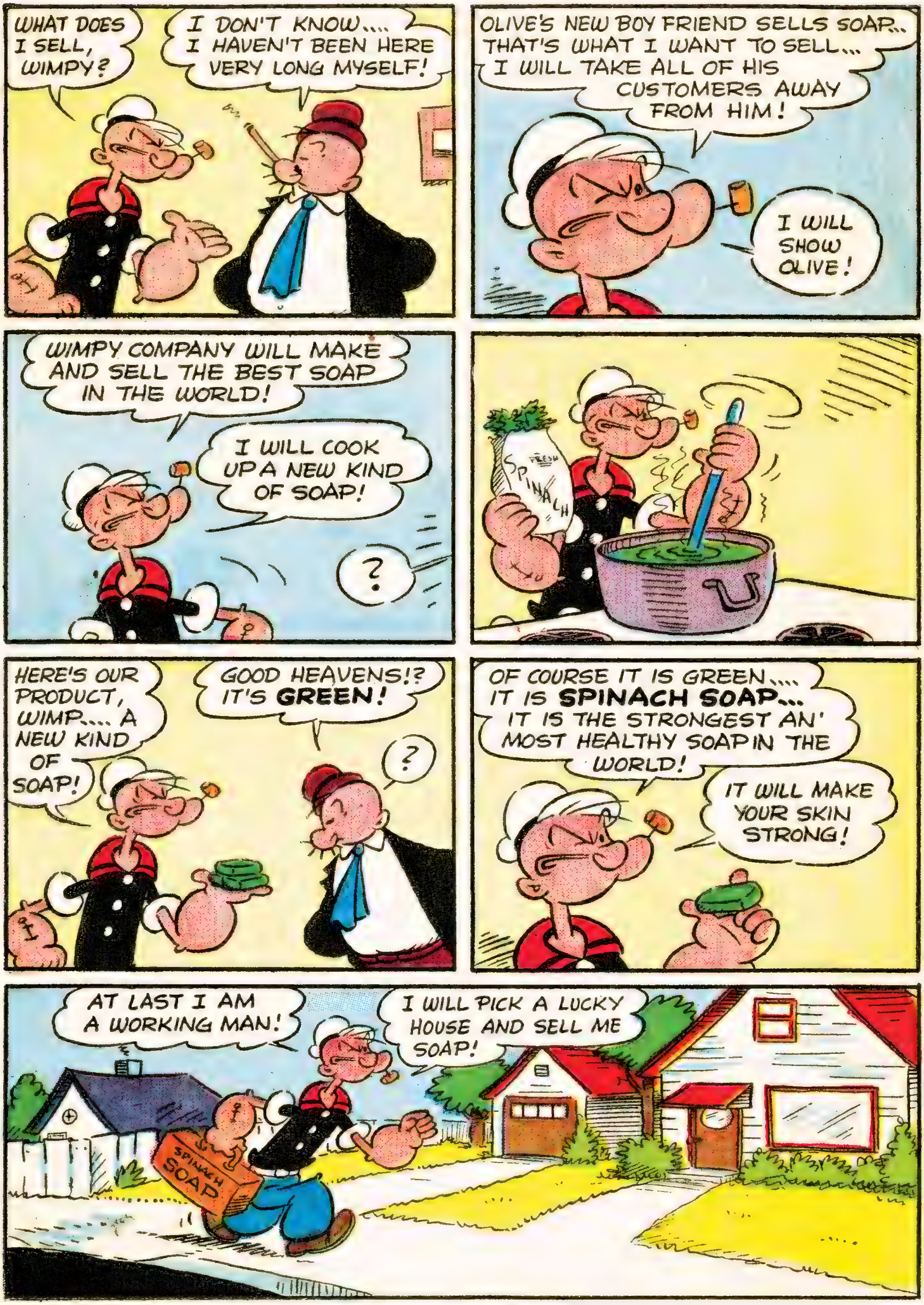

I **DON'T** NEED NO APPOINTMENT TO SEE THAT SWAB!
OH, DEAR!
?
?


WHAT'S GOING ON?
THIS SAILOR IS TRYING TO FORCE HIS WAY IN TO SEE MISTER WIMPY!
BODY-GUARD TO J.W. WIMPY
OUR MISTER WIMPY IS BUSY SMOKIN' DOLLAR AND A HALF CIGARS!
HE DON'T LIKE TO BE DISTURBED!
?
BODY-GUAR
POW
BAM
AHOY, WIMPY... I HAS DROPPED IN FOR THAT LITTLE TALK ABOUT A JOB!
!
?
CIGARS
PRESIDENT

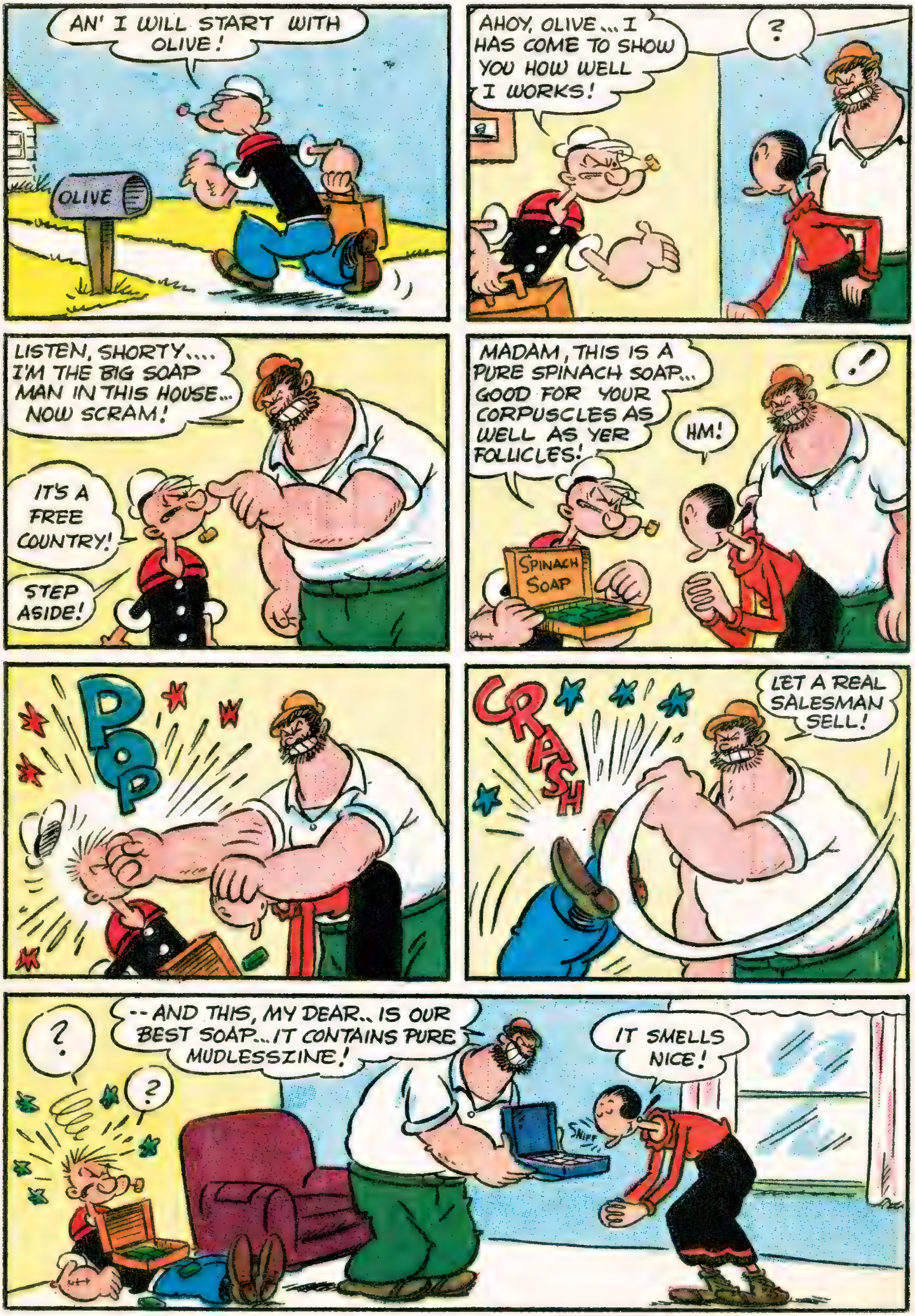

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PLAYIN' HARD TO GET?
SIR! I AM THE PRESIDENT.... IT ISN'T EASY TO SEE BIG SHOTS!
I HAD TO MAKE IT TOUGH FOR YOU SO YOU'D APPRECIATE THE JOB I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU!
WHEEEee! YA MEANS I HAS A JOB!
INDEED YES... THIS IS YOUR GREAT OPPORTUNITY!
OLIVE
?
AHOY, SWEETY... SAY HELLO TO YOUR WORKING SAILOR BOY!
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I HAS A JOB... I GETS A PAY CHECK EVERY WEEK!
HOW MUCH DO YOU MAKE, SHORTY?
SEVEN A WEEK!
WOW! $700.
$700.00
BAH!
OH POPEYE I KNEW YOU WOULD SUCCEED!
SMACK

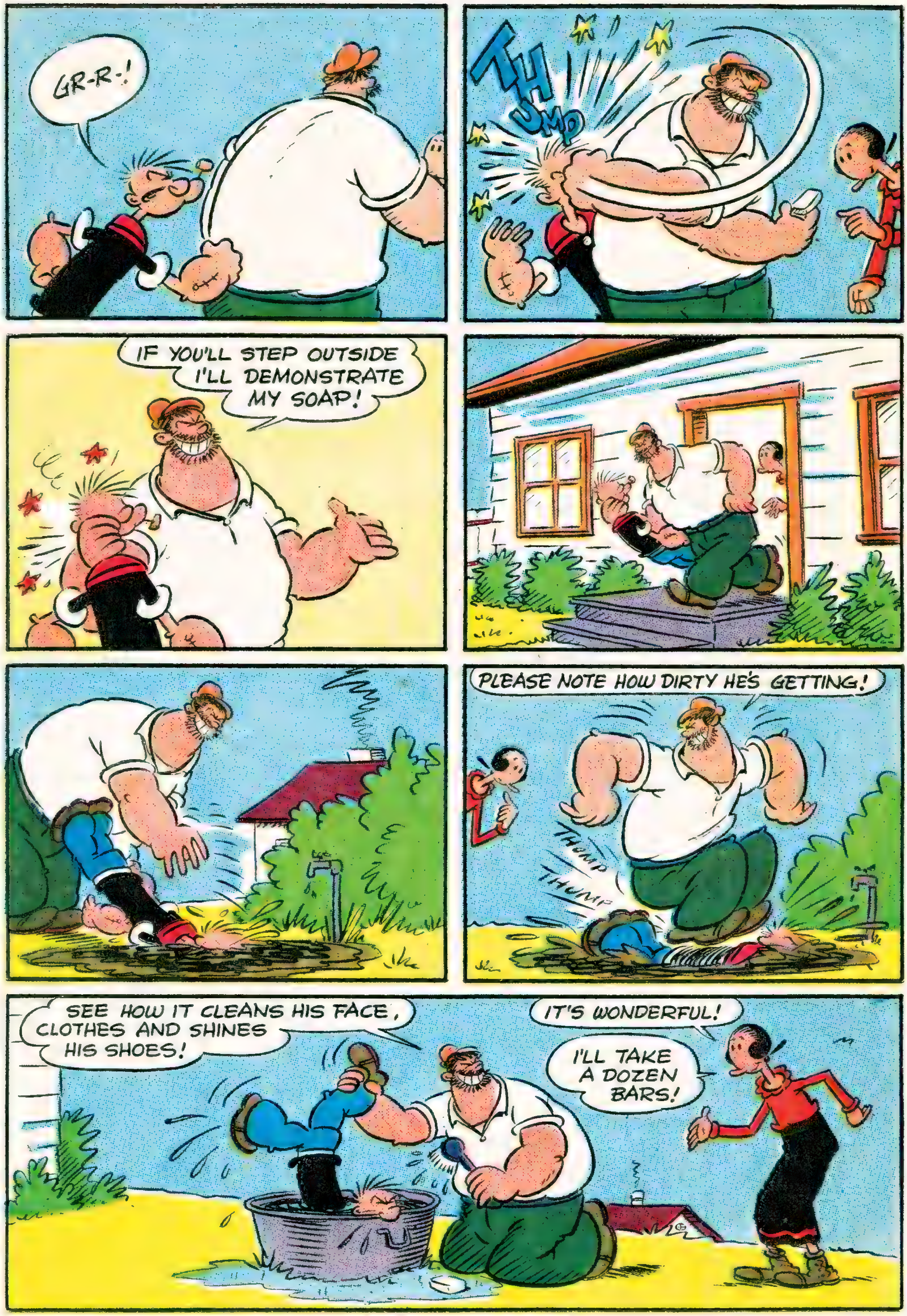


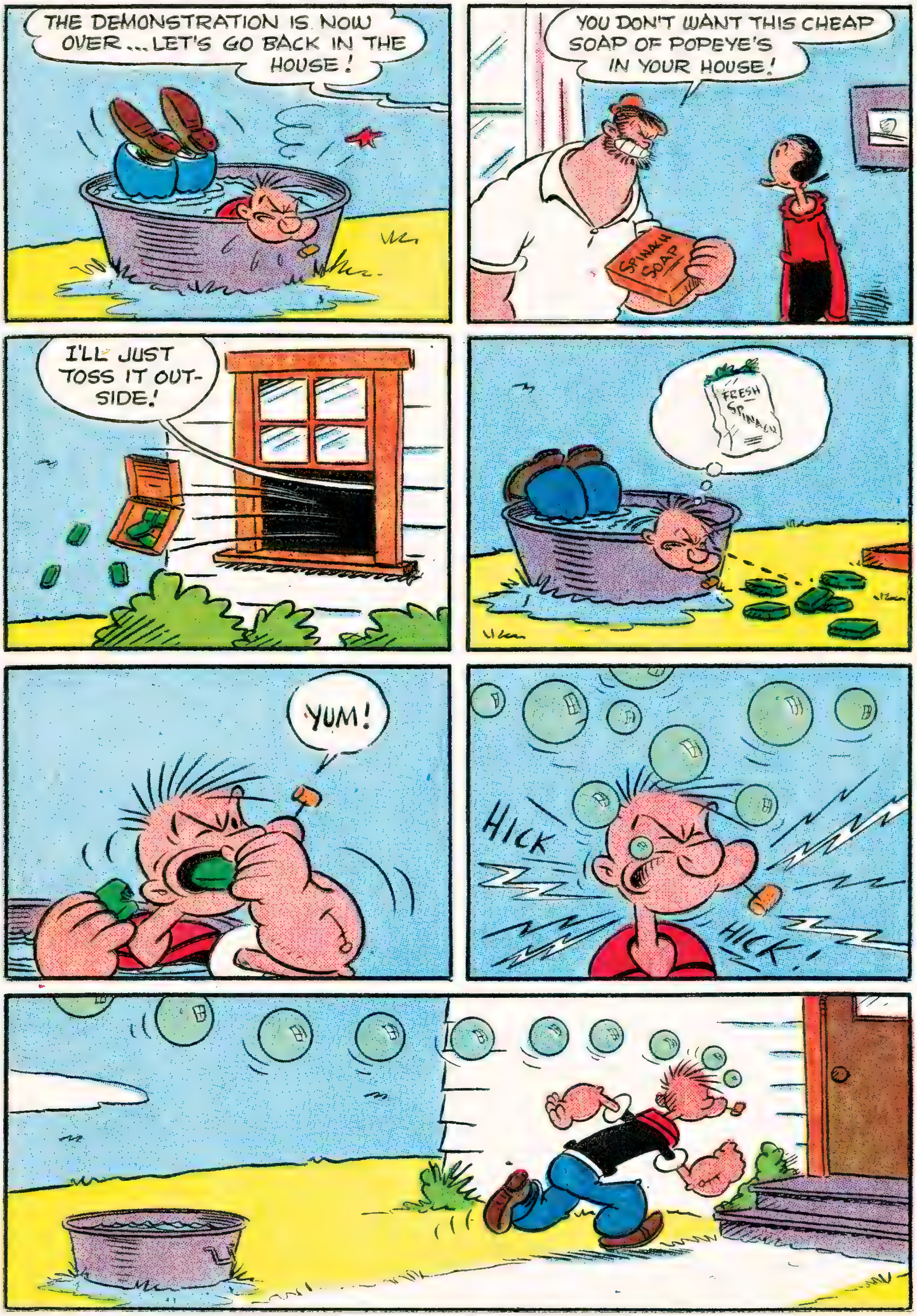
DON'T YOU WISH YOU COULD MAKE SEVEN BUCKS A WEEK ?
SEVEN DOLLARS?
?
YOU, DOG... I THOUGHT YOU MEANT SEVEN HUNDRED A WEEK!
SPLAT
?
?
HA! HA!
HA! SEVEN BUCKS A WEEK! HA! HA!
MY NEW BOY-FRIEND MAKES SEVENTY DOLLARS A WEEK!
?
BAH!
GR-R-R
PHOOEY!
WIMPY I WANTS A RAISE!
HUH ?
MY GOOD MAN YOU JUST STARTED... PROVE YOURSELF AND IN SIX MONTHS WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER LITTLE CHAT!
COUGH
COUGH!
LISTING, YA CIGAR-SMOKIN' MOOCHER... MY MONEY BUILT THIS PLACE AND IF I DON'T GET A RAISE I'LL TEAR IT APART!
BECAUSE OF YOUR ENTHUSIASM I AM MAKING YOU HEAD OF SALES!
THAT'S BETTER!



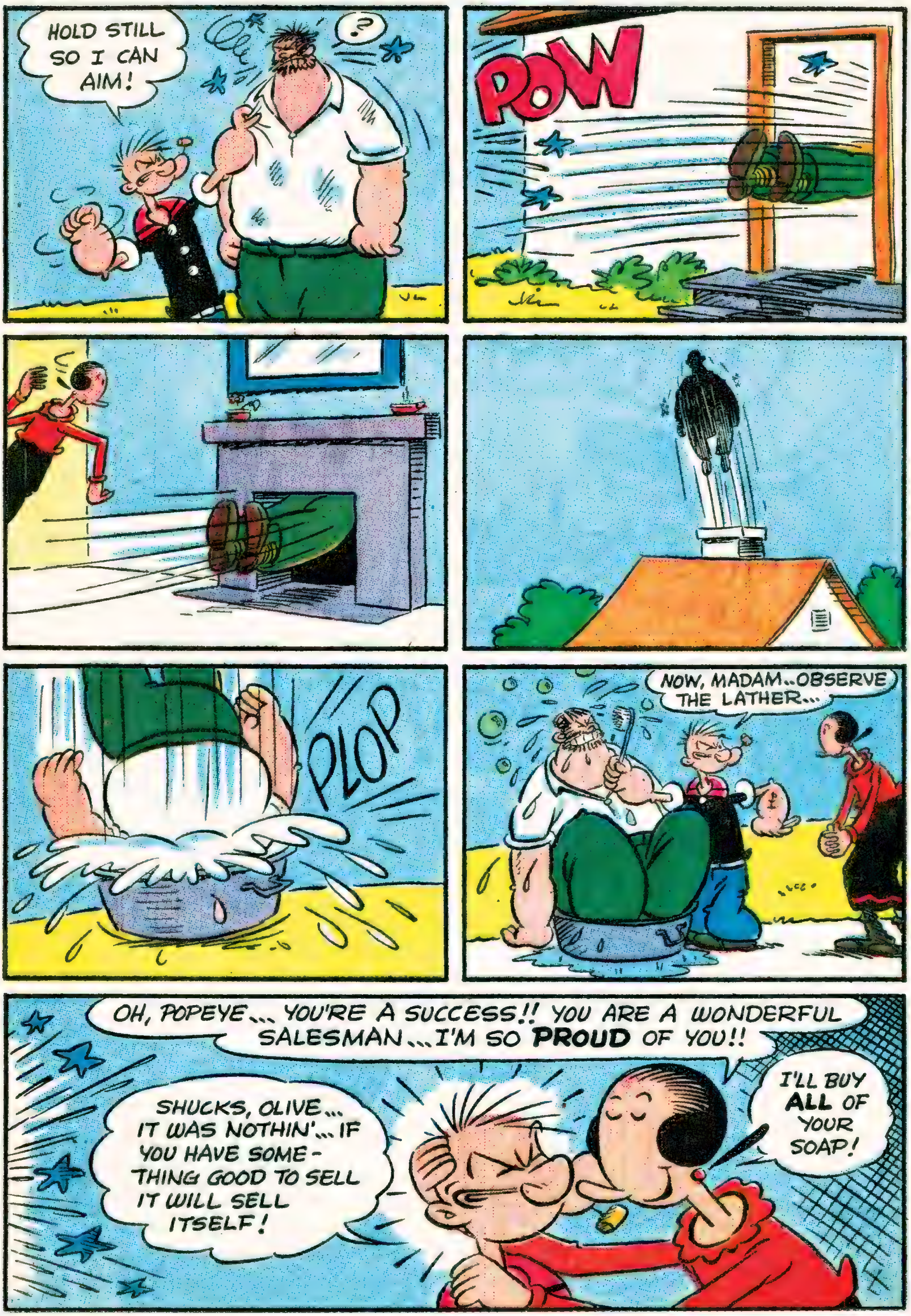
WHAT DOES I SELL, WIMPY?
I DON'T KNOW.... I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE VERY LONG MYSELF!
OLIVE'S NEW BOY FRIEND SELLS SOAP.. THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO SELL... I WILL TAKE ALL OF HIS CUSTOMERS AWAY FROM HIM!
I WILL SHOW OLIVE!
WIMPY COMPANY WILL MAKE AND SELL THE BEST SOAP IN THE WORLD!
I WILL COOK UP A NEW KIND OF SOAP!
?
SPINACH
HERE'S OUR PRODUCT, WIMP.... A NEW KIND OF SOAP!
GOOD HEAVENS!? IT'S **GREEN**!
?
OF COURSE IT IS GREEN.... IT IS **SPINACH SOAP...** IT IS THE STRONGEST AN' MOST HEALTHY SOAP IN THE WORLD!
IT WILL MAKE YOUR SKIN STRONG!
AT LAST I AM A WORKING MAN!
I WILL PICK A LUCKY HOUSE AND SELL ME SOAP!
SPINACH SOAP


AN' I WILL START WITH OLIVE!
OLIVE
AHOY, OLIVE... I HAS COME TO SHOW YOU HOW WELL I WORKS!
?
LISTEN, SHORTY.... I'M THE BIG SOAP MAN IN THIS HOUSE... NOW SCRAM!
IT'S A FREE COUNTRY!
STEP ASIDE!
MADAM, THIS IS A PURE SPINACH SOAP... GOOD FOR YOUR CORPUSCLES AS WELL AS YER FOLLICLES!
HM!
!
SPINACH SOAP
POP
CRASH
LET A REAL SALESMAN SELL!
?
?
--AND THIS, MY DEAR.. IS OUR BEST SOAP...IT CONTAINS PURE MUDLESSZINE!
IT SMELLS NICE!
SNIFF

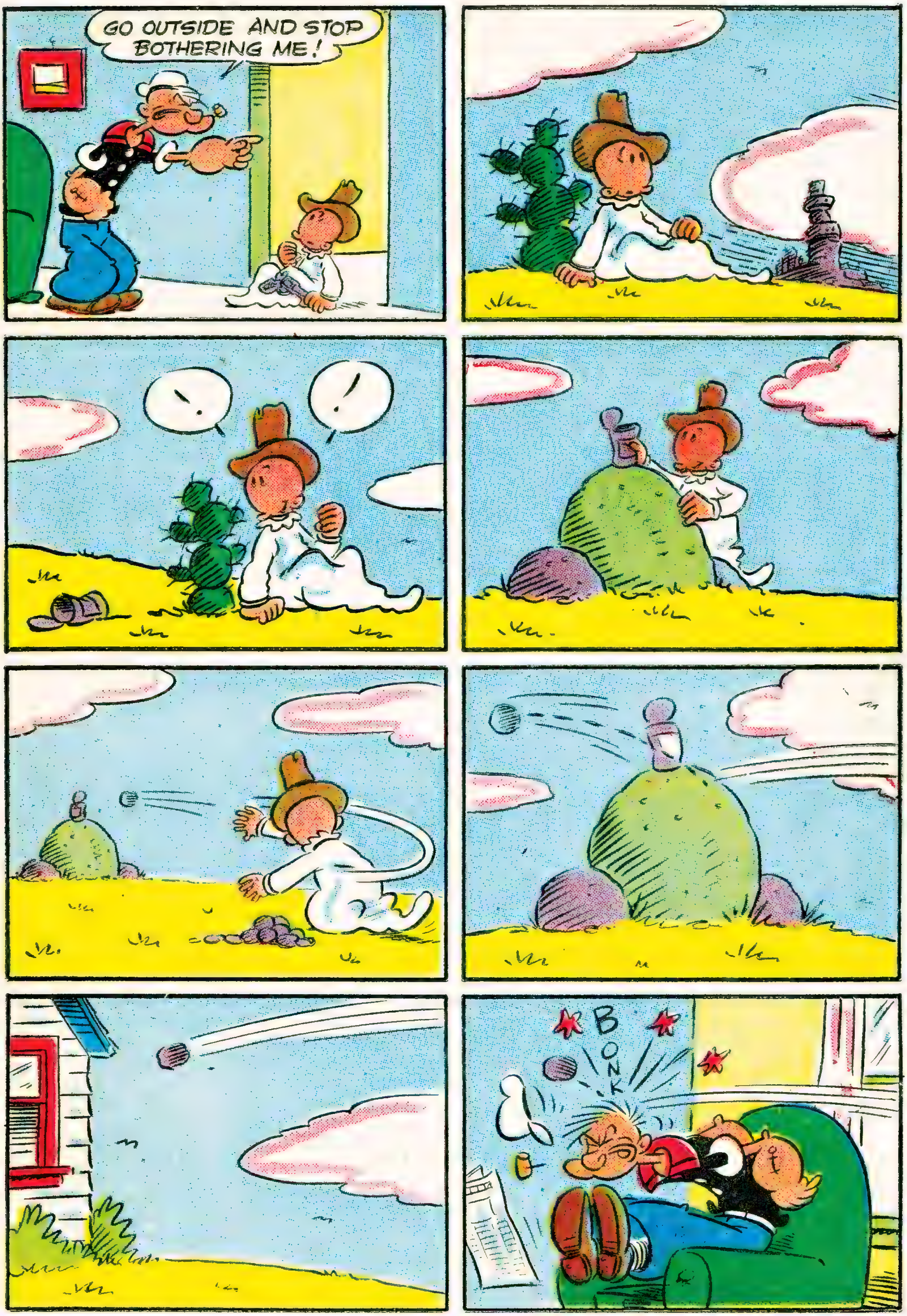

GR-R-!
THUMP
IF YOU'LL STEP OUTSIDE I'LL DEMONSTRATE MY SOAP!
PLEASE NOTE HOW DIRTY HE'S GETTING!
THUMP
THUMP
SEE HOW IT CLEANS HIS FACE, CLOTHES AND SHINES HIS SHOES!
IT'S WONDERFUL!
I'LL TAKE A DOZEN BARS!

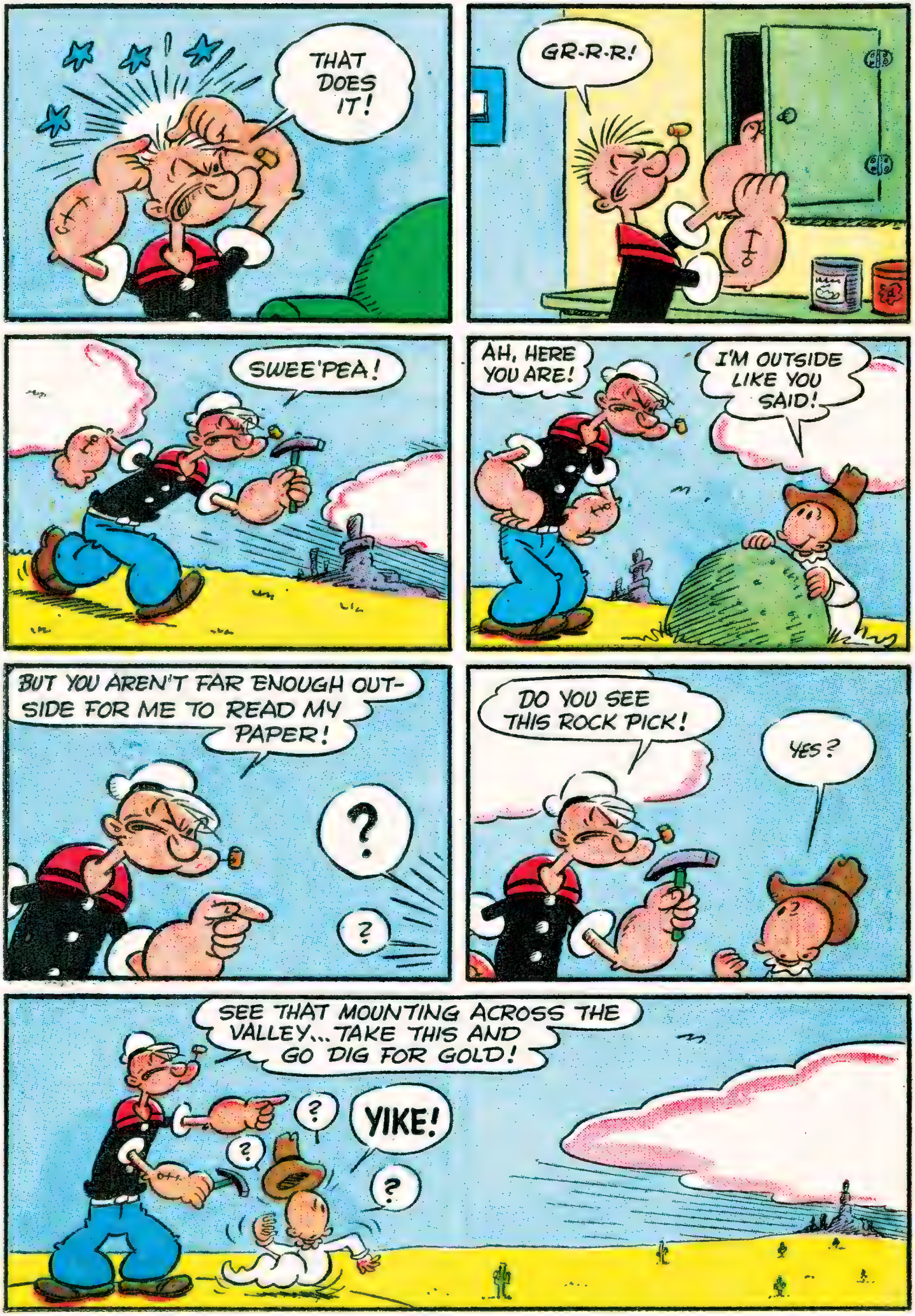

THE DEMONSTRATION IS NOW OVER... LET'S GO BACK IN THE HOUSE!
YOU DON'T WANT THIS CHEAP SOAP OF POPEYE'S IN YOUR HOUSE!
SPINACH SOAP
I'LL JUST TOSS IT OUT-SIDE!
FRESH SPINACH
YUM!
HICK
HICK!

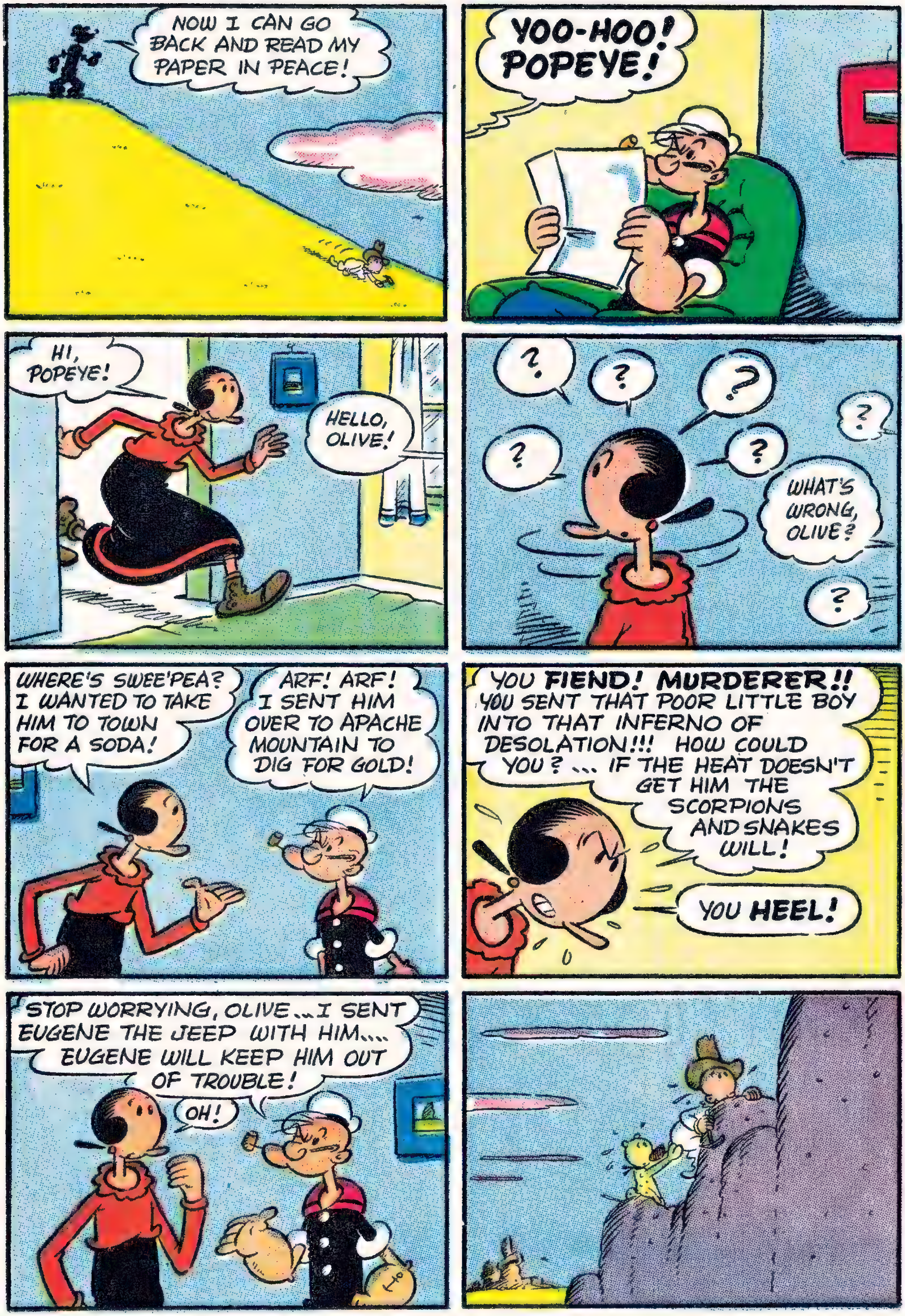
NOW IT IS MY TURN TO DEMONSTRATE!
HUH?
HAVEN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH?
MOVE AWAY FROM THE FIREPLACE, OLIVE!
?
BAM!
PHOOEY! I MISSED THE TUB!

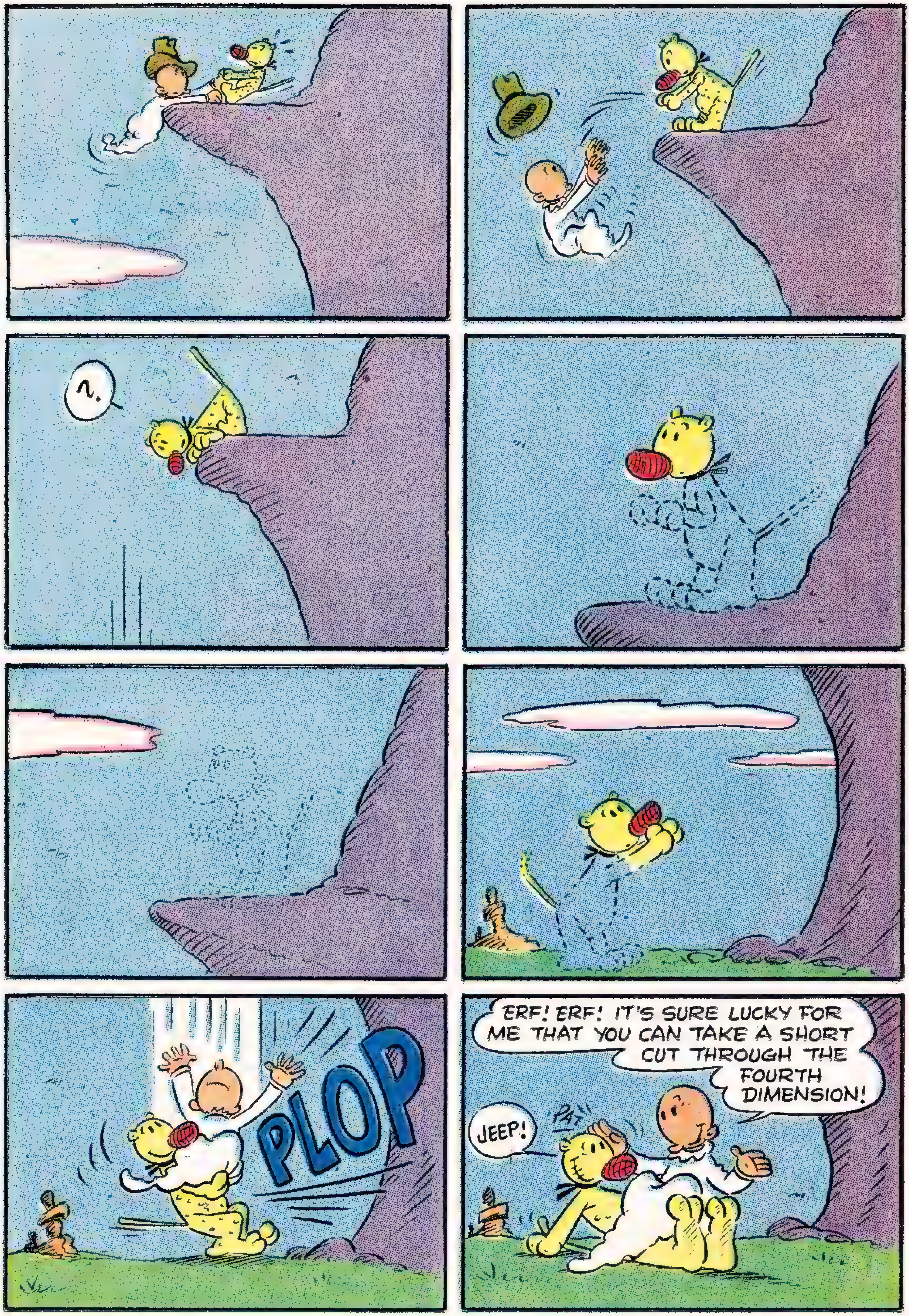

HOLD STILL SO I CAN AIM!
?
POW
PLOP
NOW, MADAM..OBSERVE THE LATHER...
OH, POPEYE... YOU'RE A SUCCESS!! YOU ARE A WONDERFUL SALESMAN...I'M SO PROUD OF YOU!!
SHUCKS, OLIVE... IT WAS NOTHIN'... IF YOU HAVE SOME-THING GOOD TO SELL IT WILL SELL ITSELF!
I'LL BUY ALL OF YOUR SOAP!

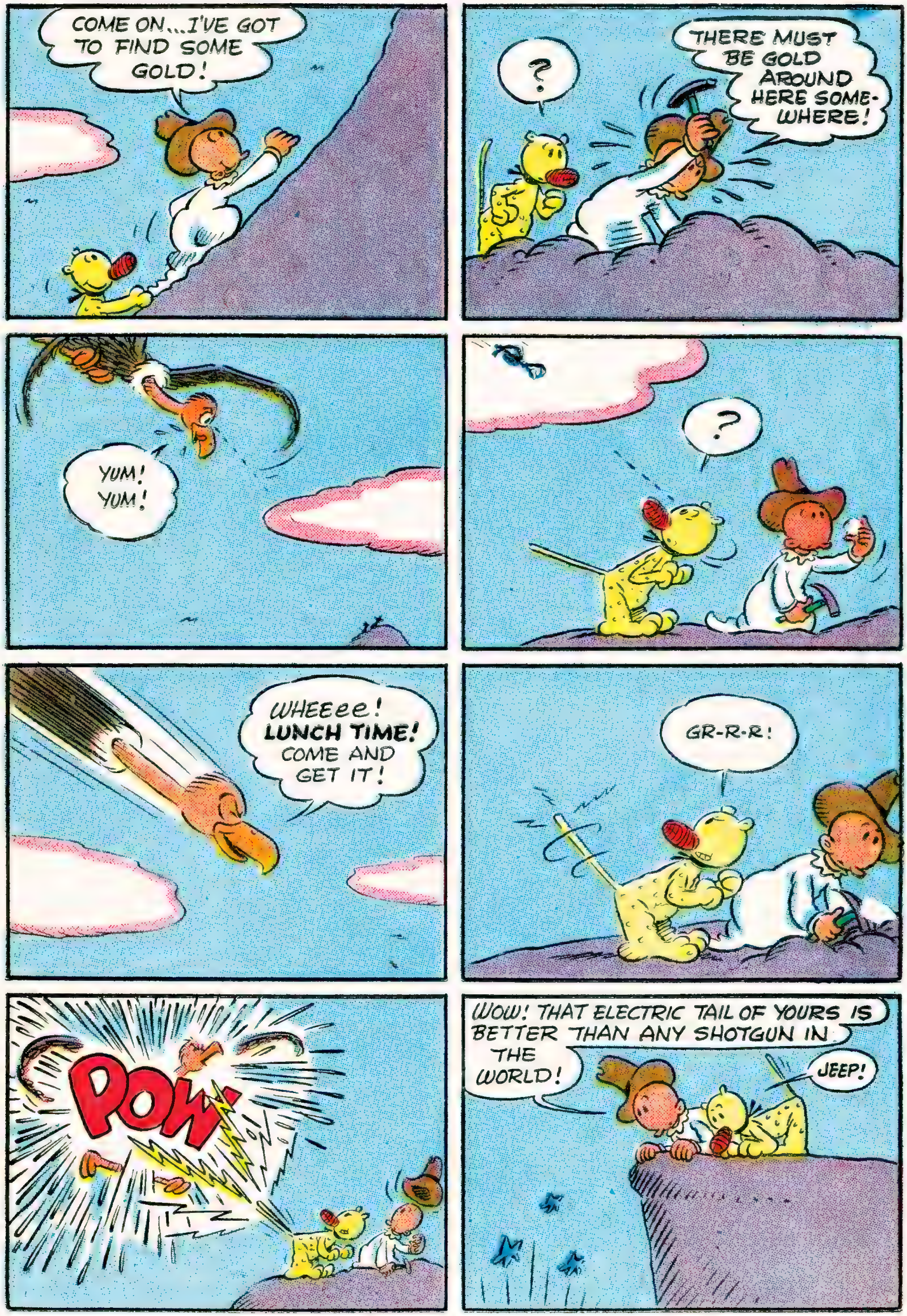
"SUCKER GOLD!"
JEEP!?! AWK!
STARRING POPEYE, SWEE'PEA AND THE JEEP!
BANG! BANG! STICK 'EM UP! BANG! BANG!


GO OUTSIDE AND STOP BOTHERING ME!
!
!
B O N K

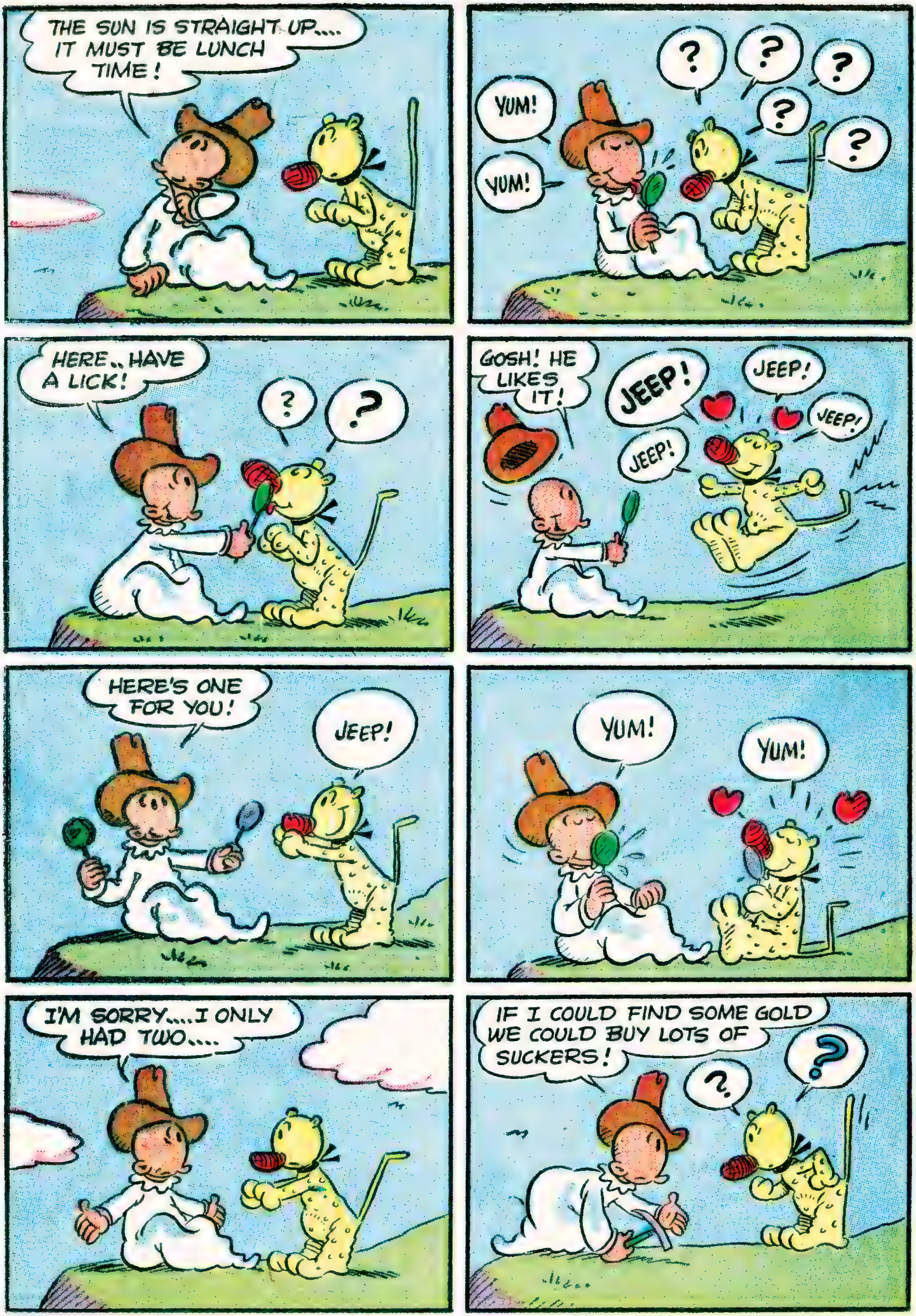

THAT DOES IT!
GR-R-R!
SWEE'PEA!
AH, HERE YOU ARE!
I'M OUTSIDE LIKE YOU SAID!
BUT YOU AREN'T FAR ENOUGH OUT-SIDE FOR ME TO READ MY PAPER!
?
?
DO YOU SEE THIS ROCK PICK!
YES?
SEE THAT MOUNTING ACROSS THE VALLEY...TAKE THIS AND GO DIG FOR GOLD!
?
?
YIKE!
?


NOW I CAN GO BACK AND READ MY PAPER IN PEACE!
YOO-HOO! POPEYE!
HI, POPEYE!
HELLO, OLIVE!
?
WHAT'S WRONG, OLIVE?
WHERE'S SWEE'PEA? I WANTED TO TAKE HIM TO TOWN FOR A SODA!
ARF! ARF! I SENT HIM OVER TO APACHE MOUNTAIN TO DIG FOR GOLD!
YOU **FIEND! MURDERER!!** YOU SENT THAT POOR LITTLE BOY INTO THAT INFERNO OF DESOLATION!!! HOW COULD YOU? ... IF THE HEAT DOESN'T GET HIM THE SCORPIONS AND SNAKES WILL!
YOU **HEEL!**
STOP WORRYING, OLIVE ... I SENT EUGENE THE JEEP WITH HIM.... EUGENE WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE!
OH!


?
PLOP
ERF! ERF! IT'S SURE LUCKY FOR ME THAT YOU CAN TAKE A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE FOURTH DIMENSION!
JEEP!
PAT

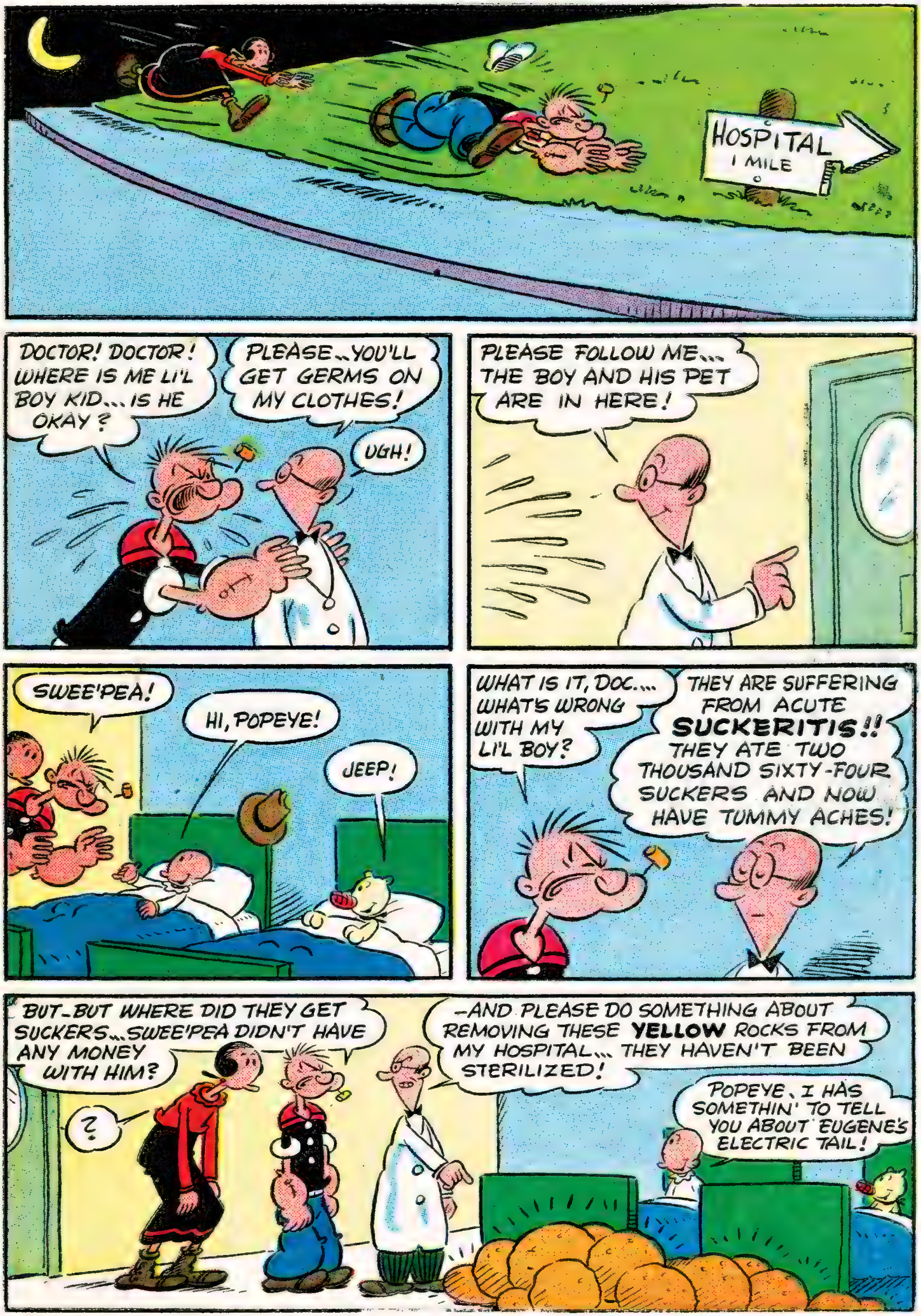


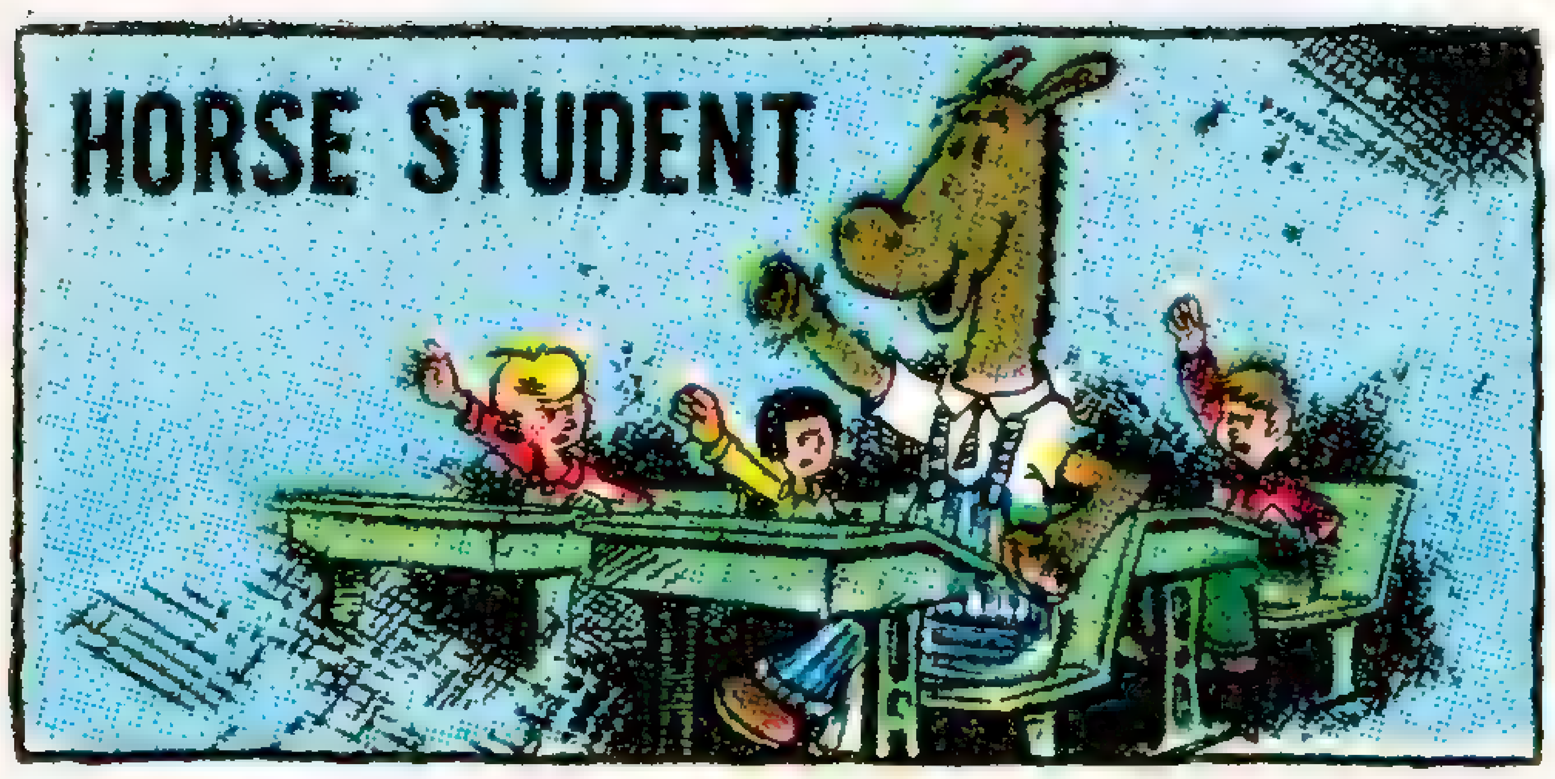
COME ON...I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME GOLD!
?
THERE MUST BE GOLD AROUND HERE SOME-WHERE!
YUM! YUM!
?
WHEEee! LUNCH TIME! COME AND GET IT!
GR-R-R!
POW
WOW! THAT ELECTRIC TAIL OF YOURS IS BETTER THAN ANY SHOTGUN IN THE WORLD!
JEEP!


THE SUN IS STRAIGHT UP.... IT MUST BE LUNCH TIME!
YUM!
YUM!
?
?
?
?
?
HERE.. HAVE A LICK!
?
?
GOSH! HE LIKES IT!
JEEP!
JEEP!
JEEP!
JEEP!
HERE'S ONE FOR YOU!
JEEP!
YUM!
YUM!
I'M SORRY....I ONLY HAD TWO....
IF I COULD FIND SOME GOLD WE COULD BUY LOTS OF SUCKERS!
?
?

?
HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
JEEP!
?
WHA--TH--? HIS TAIL IS STUCK IN THE GROUND!
JEEP!
WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHY ARE YOU POINTING TO THE HOLE YOUR TAIL MADE?
JEEP!
?
?
JEEP!
JEEP!
JEEP!
JEEP!
JEEP!
!
GOLD!

WOW!! REAL GOLD! YOUR TAIL IS A GOLD DETECTOR!
MEANWHILE... BACK AT THE RANCH!
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME SWEE'PEA CAME HOME?
YEAH... HE'S BEEN GONE FOR HOURS!
IT WILL BE DARK SOON!
IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO THAT BOY IT WILL BE YOUR FAULT!
WOE! I YAM A WORRIED SAILOR MAN...(SNIFF).... WHERE IS ME WANDERING BOY?
POOR SWEE'PEA!
SNIFF!
WAA!! IT IS AFTER MIDNIGHT! ME LITTLE SHEEP IS STILL LORST!
BR-R-R
HELLO-HELLO.... YAS... THIS IS POPEYE!!
SWEE'PEA AN' EUGENE ARE IN THE HORSHPITAL!
PLOP


HOSPITAL
1 MILE
DOCTOR! DOCTOR! WHERE IS ME LI'L BOY KID... IS HE OKAY?
PLEASE...YOU'LL GET GERMS ON MY CLOTHES!
UGH!
PLEASE FOLLOW ME... THE BOY AND HIS PET ARE IN HERE!
SWEE'PEA!
HI, POPEYE!
JEEP!
WHAT IS IT, DOC.... WHAT'S WRONG WITH MY LI'L BOY?
THEY ARE SUFFERING FROM ACUTE **SUCKERITIS!!** THEY ATE TWO THOUSAND SIXTY-FOUR SUCKERS AND NOW HAVE TUMMY ACHES!
BUT-BUT WHERE DID THEY GET SUCKERS...SWEE'PEA DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY WITH HIM?
-AND PLEASE DO SOMETHING ABOUT REMOVING THESE **YELLOW** ROCKS FROM MY HOSPITAL... THEY HAVEN'T BEEN STERILIZED!
?
POPEYE, I HAS SOMETHIN' TO TELL YOU ABOUT EUGENE'S ELECTRIC TAIL!



While some of us don't particularly care for or look forward to the opening of school, there are others who, realizing its worth, can hardly wait for the clang of the opening day bell. Bradley was just one of these education seeking students and the commotion he caused on that first day of school is still talked about in the little red building.

It was a clear warm day in September. When Miss Tweet opened the door and rang the bell to call the children away from their summer vacations her attention was concentrated on counting the shining faces as they entered the schoolhouse. She counted each and every one of them because she was anxious to know exactly how many children she was going to have in her class that year.

Twenty-six, twenty-seven, she counted and then when she came to twenty-eight she dropped her bell and let out a great shriek. The twenty-eighth student wasn't a people child like the others. The twenty-eighth student was a full-sized plow horse all dressed up in people clothes and loaded down with pencils, paper and a brand-new notebook.

The first thing that Miss Tweet did after the shock of having a horse enter her schoolroom was to call for a meeting of the all-powerful school board. The members of the school board ran the town's schools and Miss Tweet wanted a ruling from them about a horse being in her schoolroom.

"But he signed his name," Miss Tweet explained to the school board, "I had to let him in."

If the horse had been an ordinary horse who counted by pounding his hoof on the floor the problem would have been simple. But this was no common horse, this horse was more like a people than most people. He was a good student. He worked hard and he was getting the best grades in school.

Try as they could the school board couldn't find a single rule, and they had thousands, that covered a horse going to school. The farmer who owned the horse paid taxes and was willing that the horse take time off for an education, so there was nothing they could work on from that end. In desperation they gave up and told Miss Tweet that she would have to let the horse come to her class.

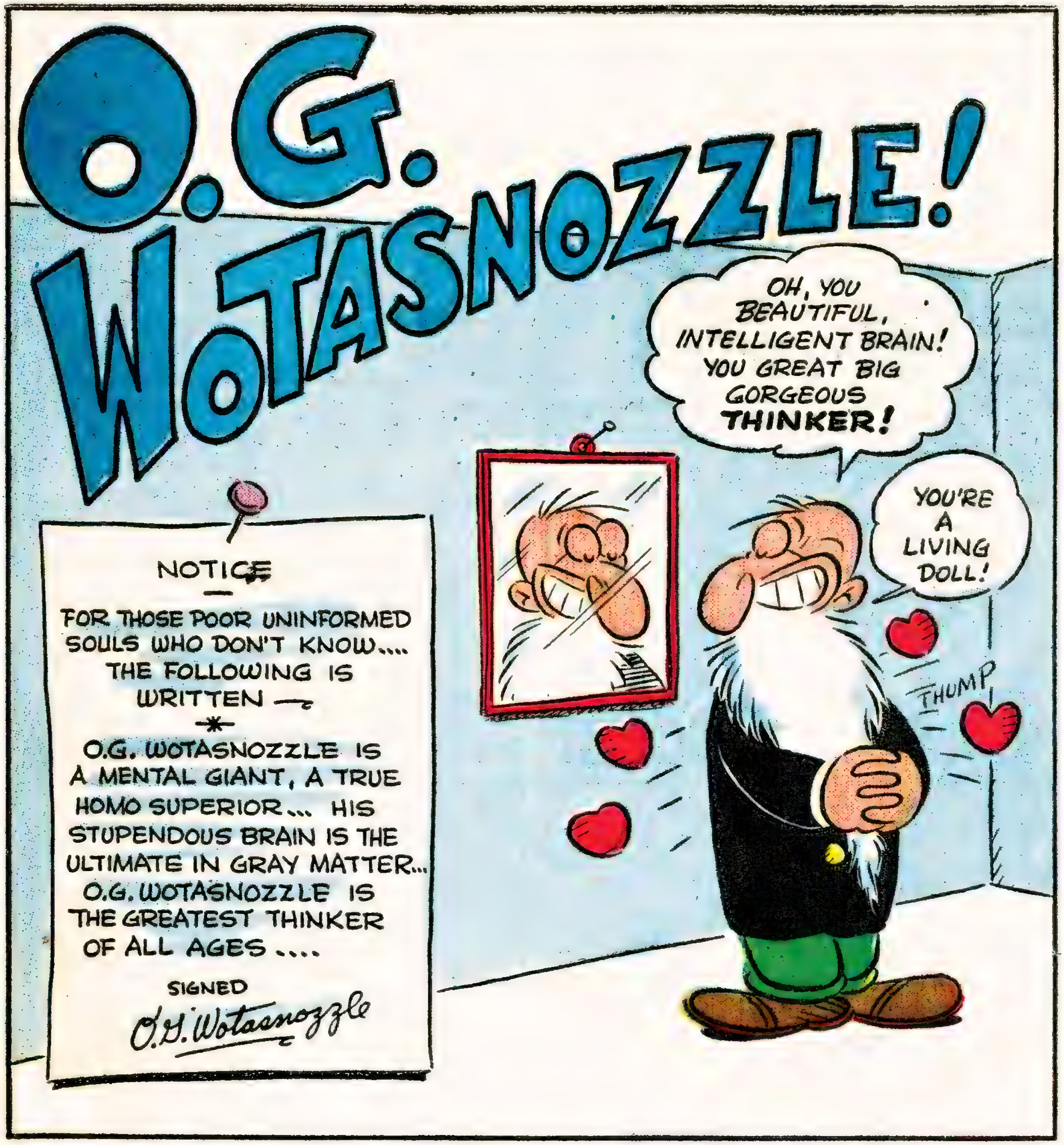
Bradley, the horse, was a good student and everything would have been O.K. if the newspapers hadn't heard about it and told the rest of the country that there was a school-going horse. People by the thousands began to arrive in the small town to get a look at the student horse. The classroom was always full of visitors. It got so bad that Miss Tweet didn't have a spare moment in the school day to do any teaching. She had to spend all of her time showing visitors the horse.

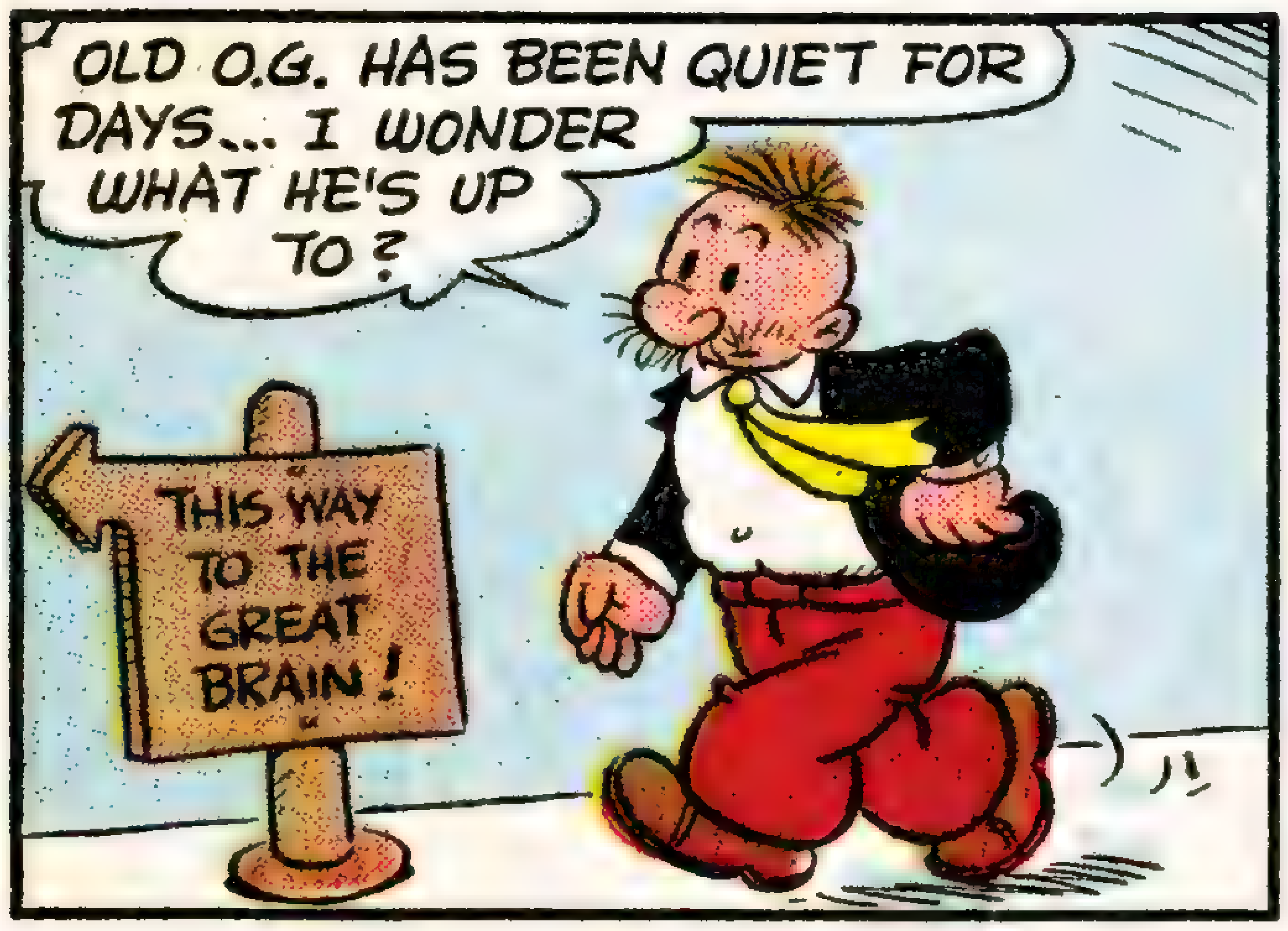
Things kept getting worse and worse. The children were learning nothing. Something would just have to be done. AND THEN BRADLEY WAS EXPELLED FROM SCHOOL.

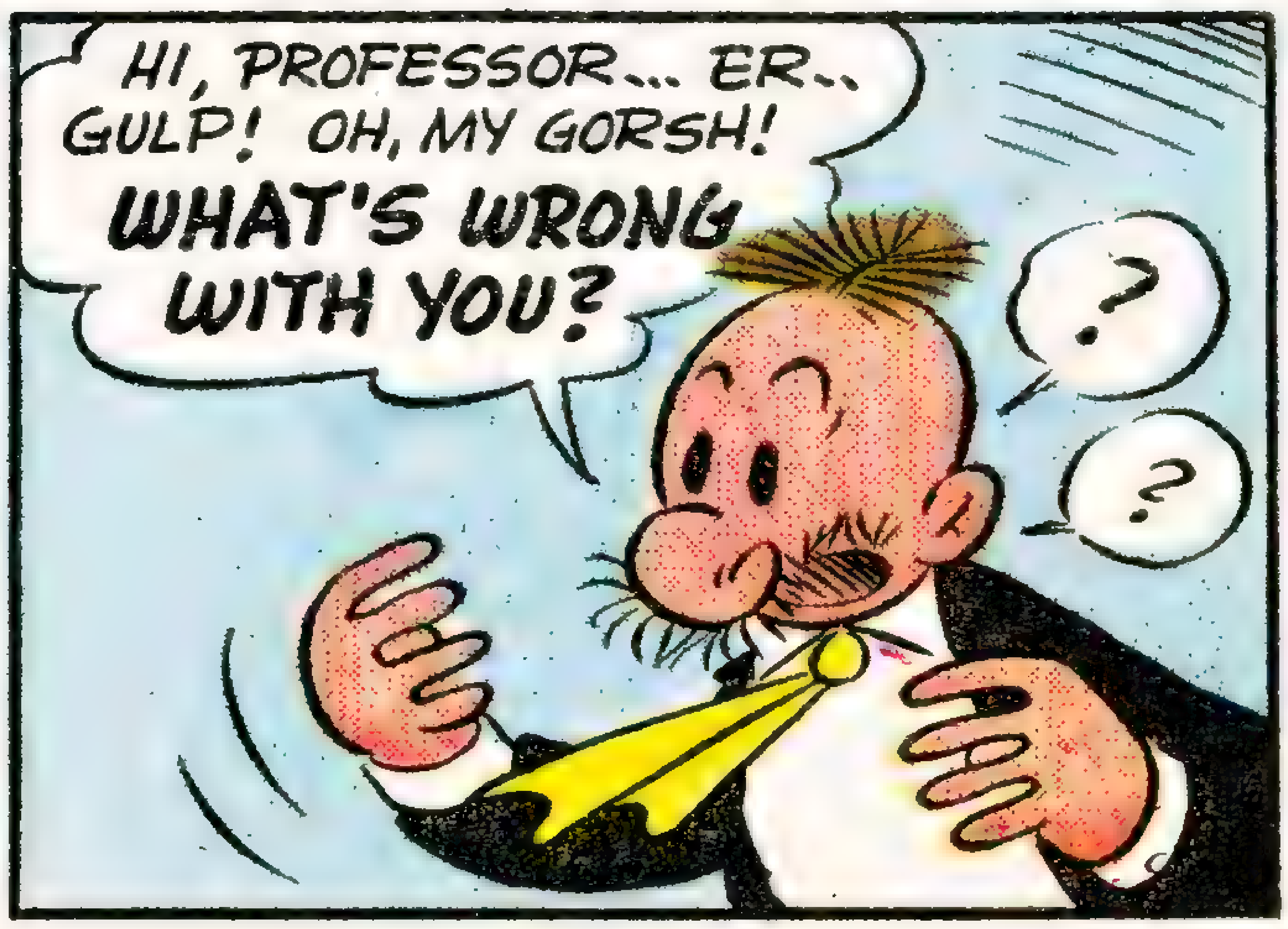
All the school board wanted was just one little rule that would let them get rid of the horse and finally their chance came. Bradley proved that he was more of a horse than a student. BRADLEY ATE THE TEACHER'S APPLE, and there was a nice big fat rule against eating teachers' apples. Bradley had a front row seat and one day another student brought the teacher a big red apple and placed it on her desk, right in front of Bradley. It must be said for the horse that he fought it, but in the end he had to reach out and grab the apple and eat it.

The little school quickly returned to normal with the horse gone and the classroom became like all of the other classrooms without horses in them.

What, you ask, happened to Bradley? Miss Tweet missed the smart horse and married the farmer who owned him and she is now teaching Bradley in her own little home.


O.G. WOTASNOZZLE!
NOTICE
FOR THOSE POOR UNINFORMED SOULS WHO DON'T KNOW.... THE FOLLOWING IS WRITTEN —
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE IS A MENTAL GIANT, A TRUE HOMO SUPERIOR... HIS STUPENDOUS BRAIN IS THE ULTIMATE IN GRAY MATTER... O.G. WOTASNOZZLE IS THE GREATEST THINKER OF ALL AGES....
SIGNED
O.G. Wotasnozzle
OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL, INTELLIGENT BRAIN! YOU GREAT BIG GORGEOUS THINKER!
YOU'RE A LIVING DOLL!
THUMP


OLD O.G. HAS BEEN QUIET FOR DAYS... I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO?
THIS WAY TO THE GREAT BRAIN!

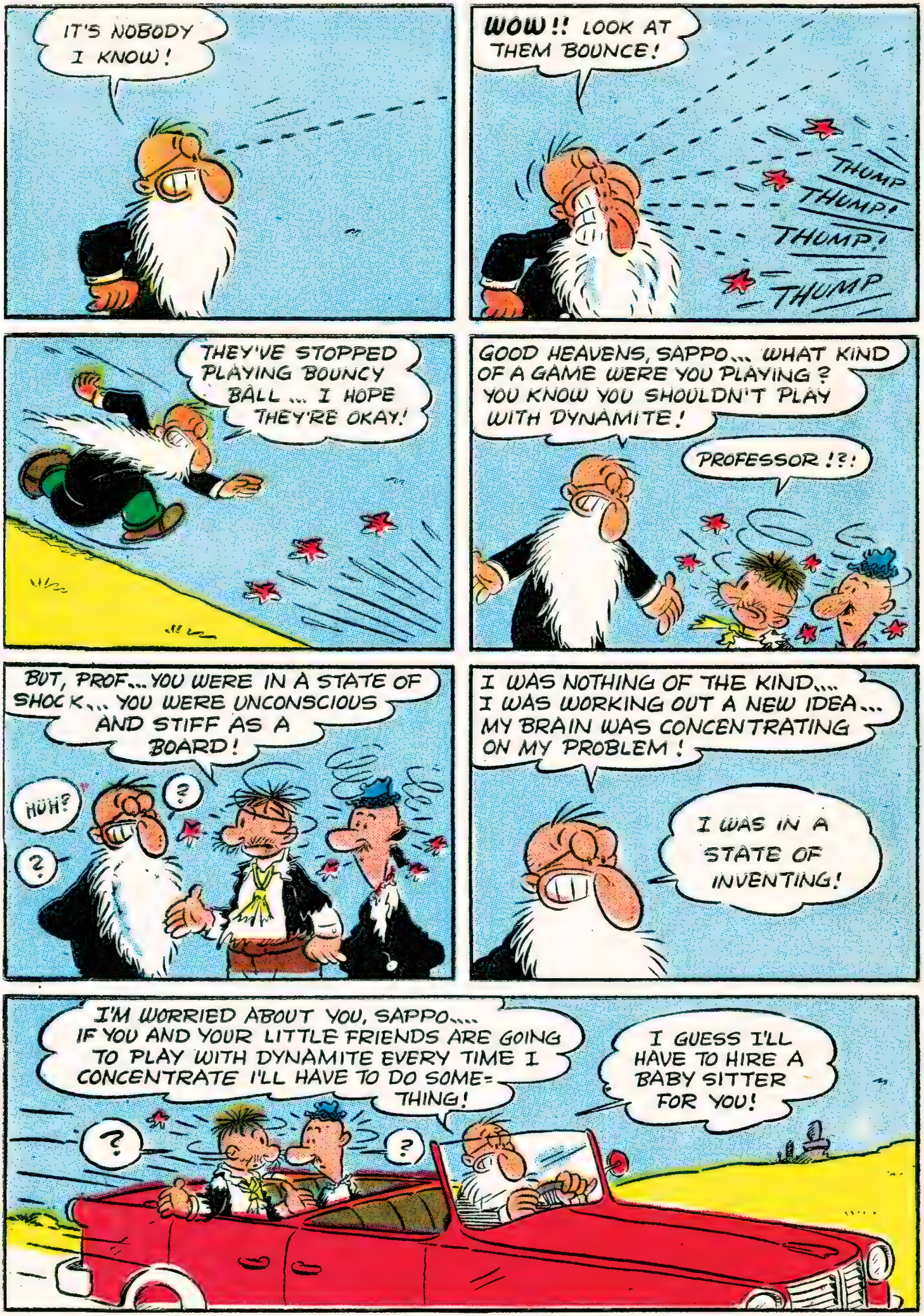

HI, PROFESSOR... ER.. GULP! OH, MY GORSH! WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?
?
?

SPEAK TO ME, PROFESSOR!
HE DOESN'T EVEN HEAR ME!
THAT'S RIGHT, DOCTOR... HE'S STIFF AND FROZEN IN ONE POSITION.... PLEASE COME RIGHT OVER!
HM?
YES!
HM?
NO!
MAYBE!
HM?
HM?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, DOC.?
DO YOU HAVE A HAMMER?
SURE... I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!
YOU'RE TESTING?
YES, HIS REFLEXES!
BONG!
BONG!
THUD!
OUCH!
HM?
TSK!
YEP!
NO!
HM?
OH, MY!
WELL?
?
?
YOUR FRIEND IS INDEED IN A STATE OF SHOCK! WE'LL HAVE TO WAKE HIM UP TO FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED IT!
BUT HOW?

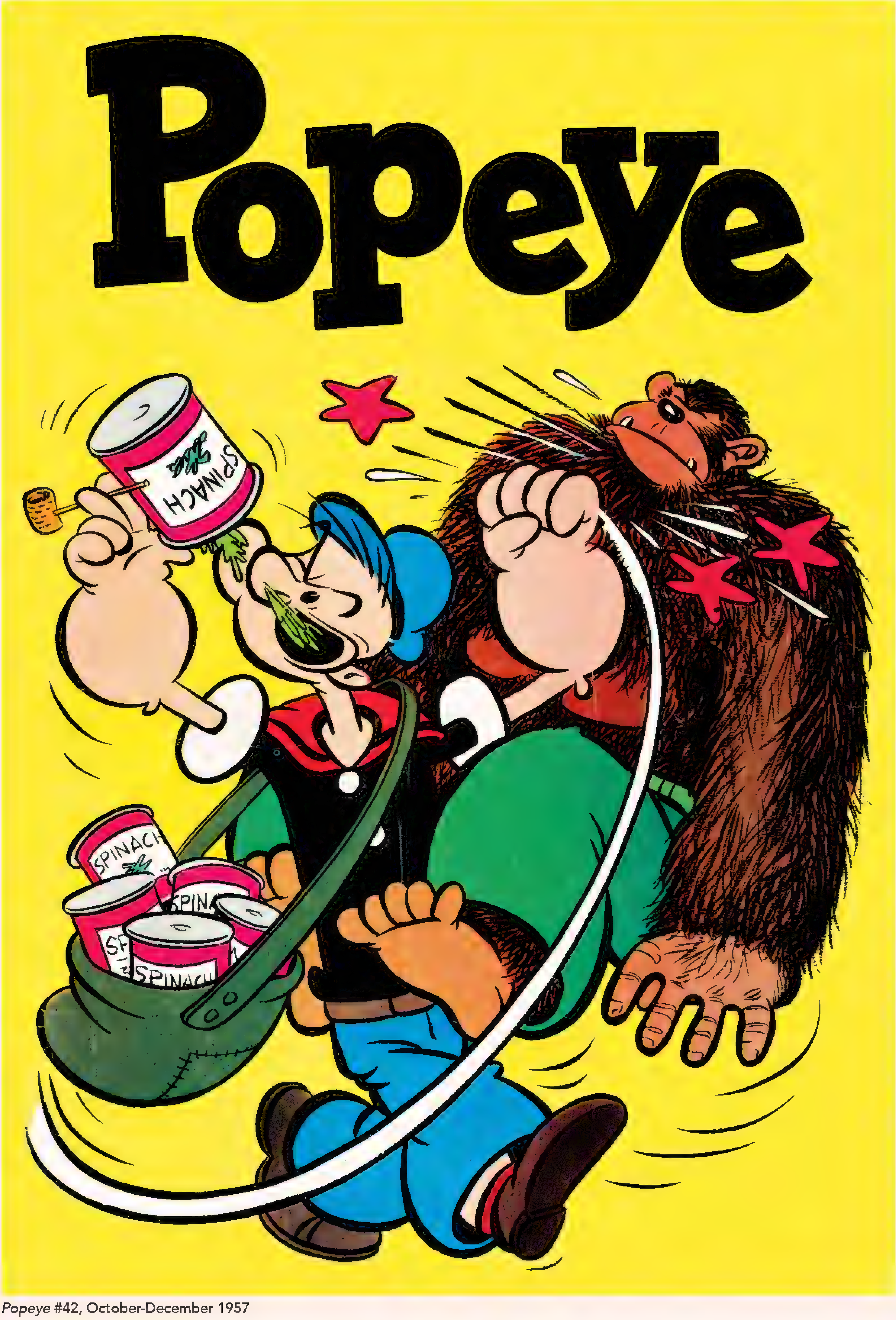
DO YOU HAVE ANY DYNAMITE ?
SURE! I ALWAYS KEEP A FEW STICKS AROUND THE HOUSE!
THIS SHOULD SNAP HIM OUT OF IT!
?
?
NO! NO! DON'T!
OF ALL THE DUMB THINGS! YOU VACUUM-HEADED PILL PUSHER... WHY DON'T YOU USE A LITTLE COMMON SENSE!
YOU CAN'T LIGHT THAT DYNAMITE!
WHY NOT ?
IT WOULD RUIN MY HOUSE... THE BLAST OF THAT BOOM STICK WOULD RIP THIS PLACE TO PIECES!!
I GUESS I JUST WASN'T THINKING!

HOW'S THIS!
FINE! IT WON'T HURT THE HOUSE OUT HERE!
WHA--TH--?
I'LL PUT A STOP TO THIS!
WELL FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!
IT CAN'T BE!
OH, DEAR!
TWEET! TWEET! STOP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
?
TWEET!
SHAME ON YOU BOYS! YOU CAN'T LIGHT THIS THING!
BUT I'M A DOCTOR!
?
I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU ARE ... CITY ORDINANCE NUMBER 946B SAYS YOU CAN'T SHOOT FIREWORKS WITHIN THE CITY LIMITS!
!
?
THIS SHOULD BE FAR ENOUGH!
YEAH ... THERE'S NOTHING TO HURT OUT HERE!
ARE YOU READY?
OKAY.. LIGHT IT!

SHE'S LIT! TAKE COVER!
GOOD HEAVENS!?! WHAT AM I DOING OUT HERE IN THE DESERT?
BOING!
WHA-TH--?
?
WHAT'S THAT SPUTTERING?
YIKE! IT'S DYNAMITE!
?
?
BOOM
GOOD HEAVENS! THAT LOOKS LIKE SAPPO!
I WONDER WHO THAT STRANGER IS WITH HIM?

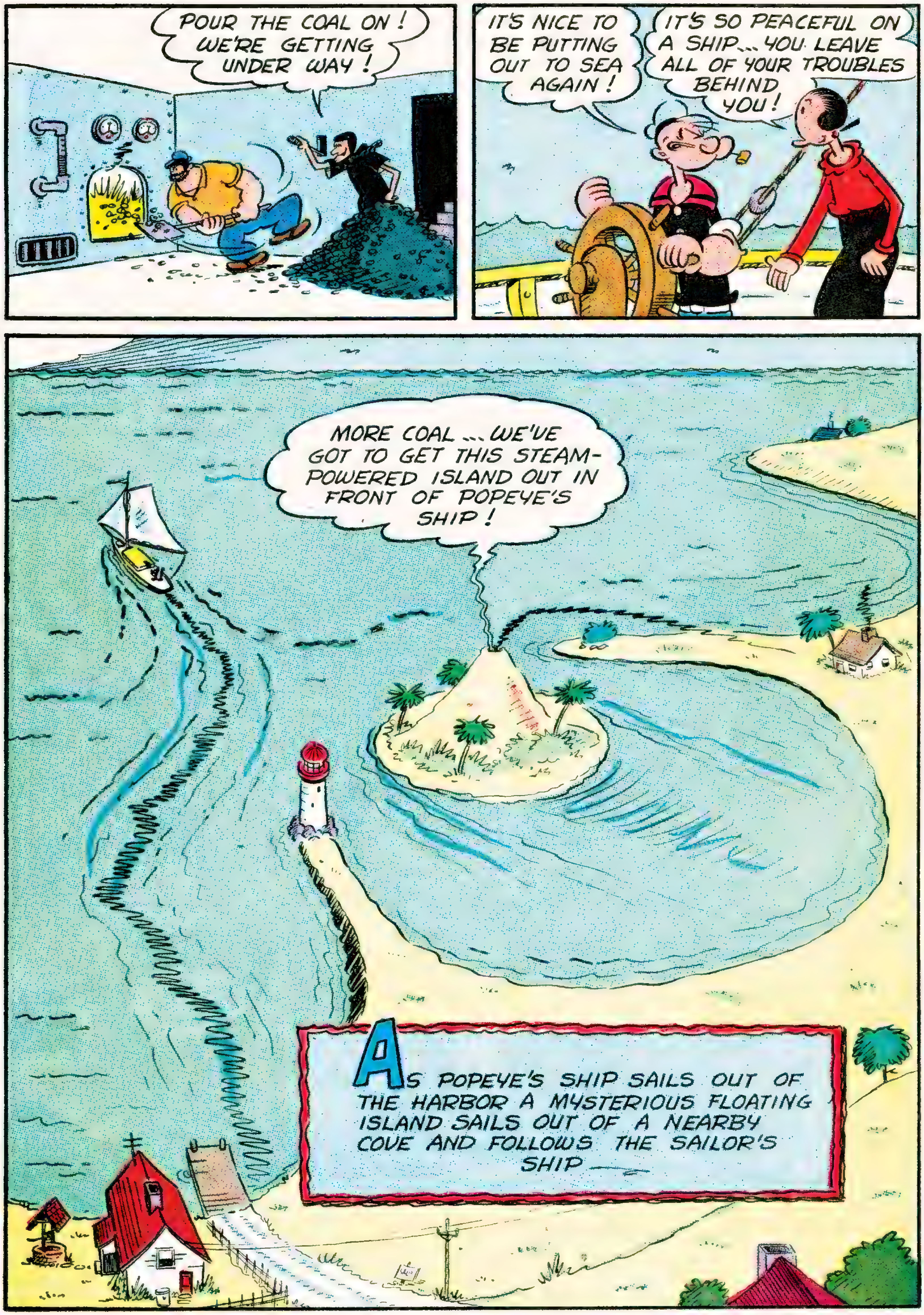

IT'S NOBODY I KNOW!
WOW!! LOOK AT THEM BOUNCE!
THUMP
THUMP!
THUMP!
THUMP
THEY'VE STOPPED PLAYING BOUNCY BALL ... I HOPE THEY'RE OKAY!
GOOD HEAVENS, SAPPO... WHAT KIND OF A GAME WERE YOU PLAYING? YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DYNAMITE!
PROFESSOR!?!
BUT, PROF... YOU WERE IN A STATE OF SHOCK... YOU WERE UNCONSCIOUS AND STIFF AS A BOARD!
HUH?
?
?
I WAS NOTHING OF THE KIND... I WAS WORKING OUT A NEW IDEA... MY BRAIN WAS CONCENTRATING ON MY PROBLEM!
I WAS IN A STATE OF INVENTING!
I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOU, SAPPO... IF YOU AND YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS ARE GOING TO PLAY WITH DYNAMITE EVERY TIME I CONCENTRATE I'LL HAVE TO DO SOME-THING!
I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO HIRE A BABY SITTER FOR YOU!
?
?

Popeye
Home Haircut Kit
LA-DA-DE DA!
SNIP
?
?
?
LA-DA-DE-DA!
SLAP
SLAP
Home Shoe Shine Kit

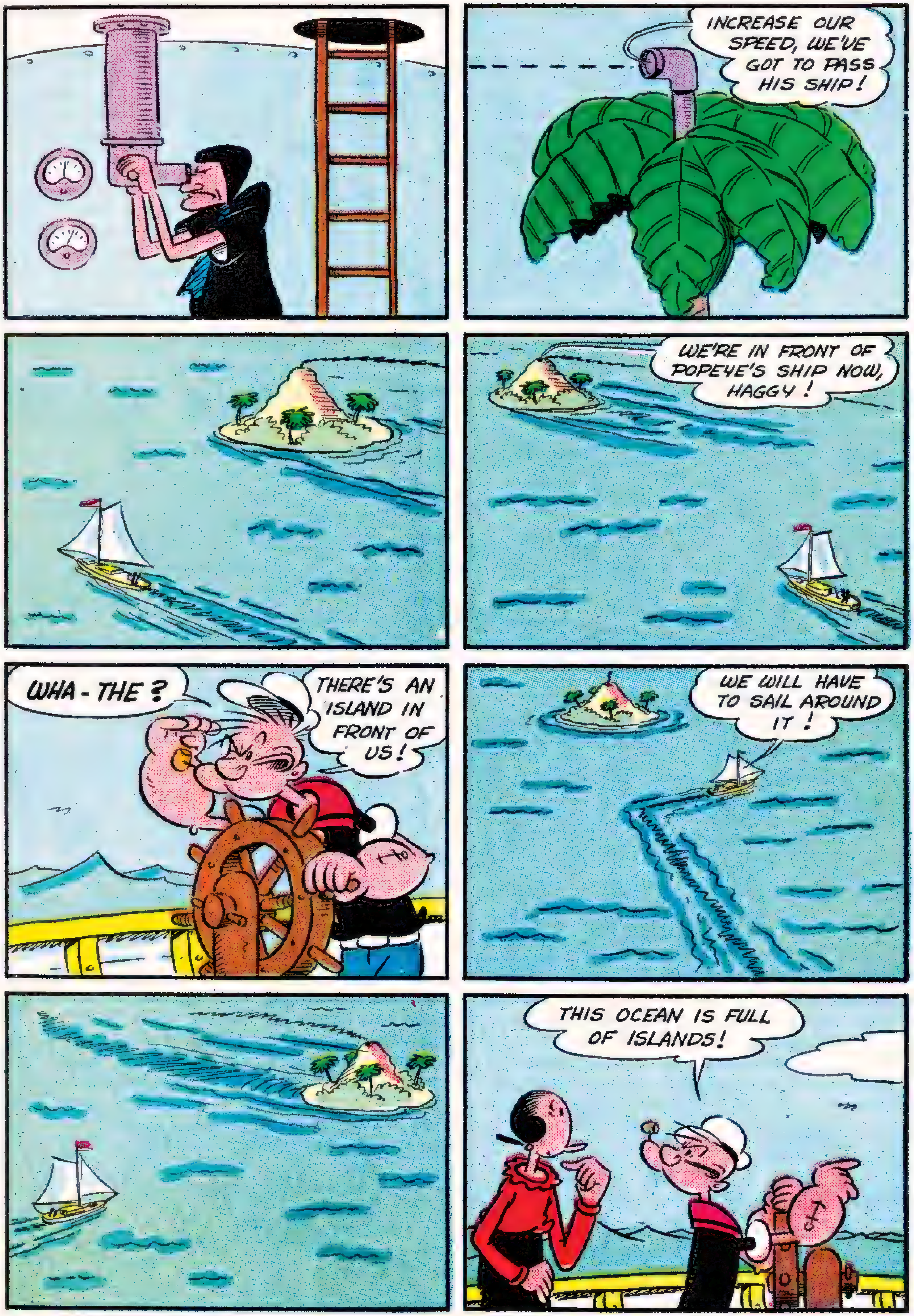


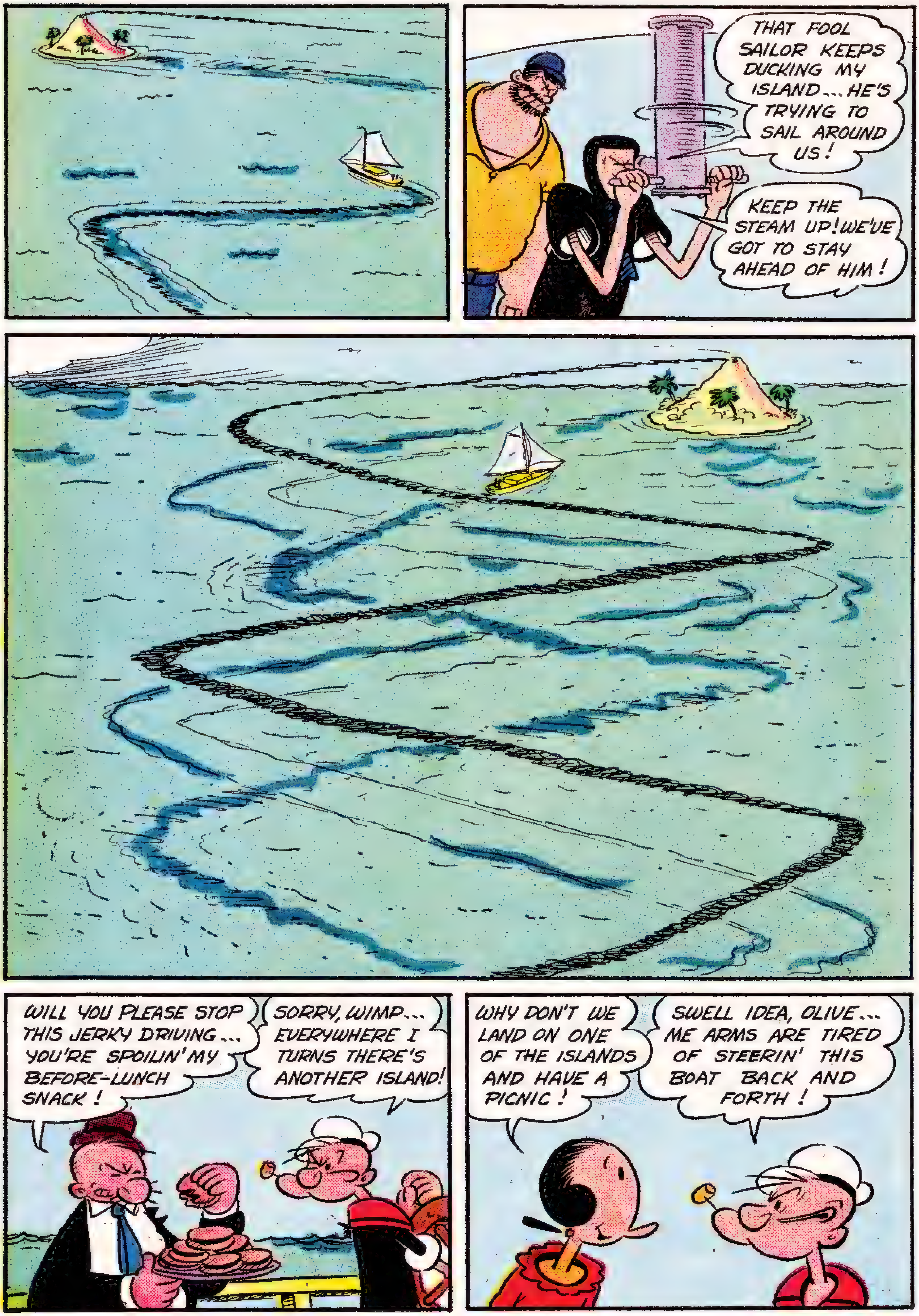
Popeye #42, October-December 1957

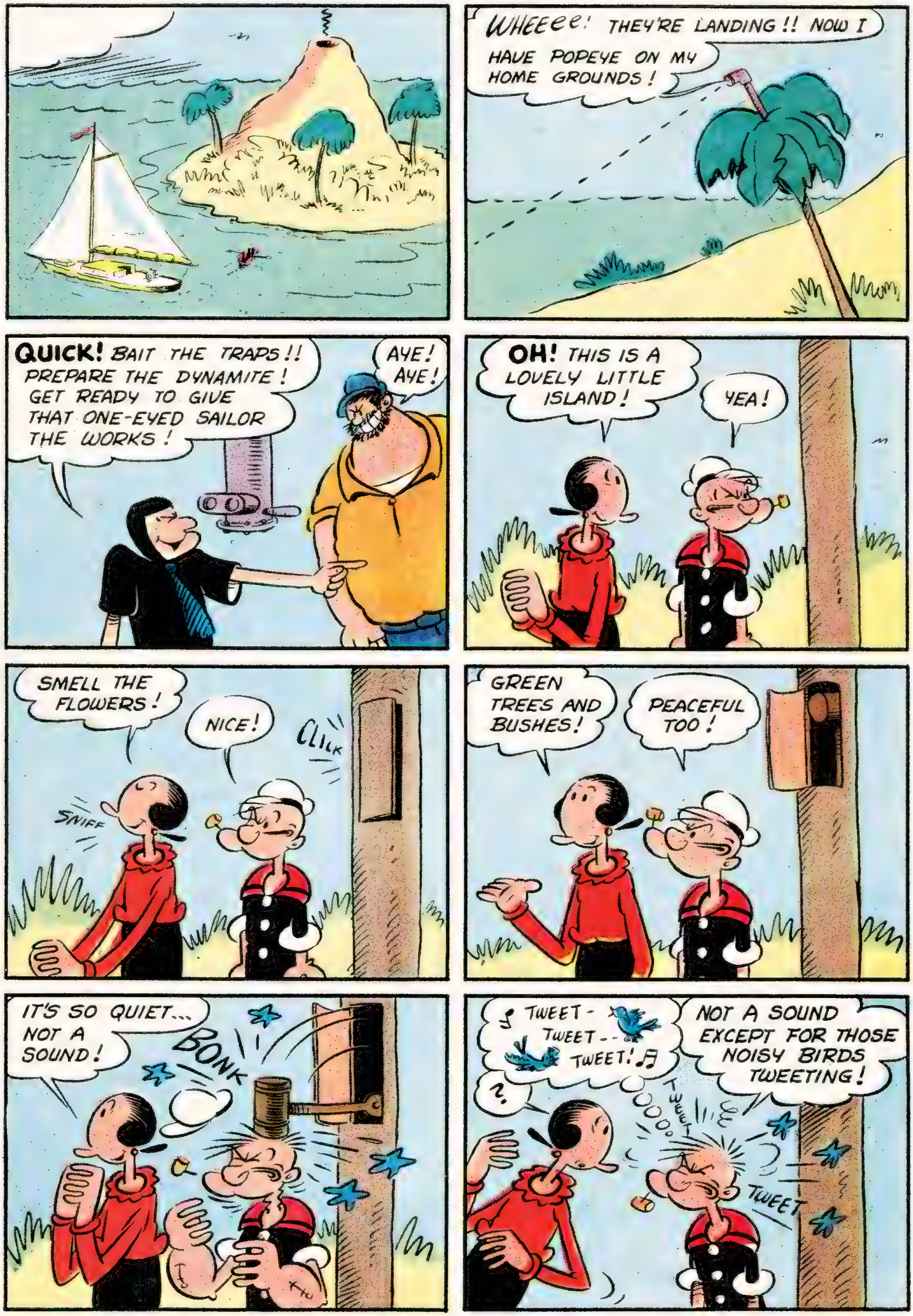
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS—
POPEYE
THE SAILOR
ON
"TRAP ISLAND!"
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR POPEYE TO SAIL!
HA! HA! I ALMOST FEEL SORRY FOR HIM!
HEH! HEH!
PRIVATE ISLAND — WELCOME
HAGGY, POPEYE IS ABOUT TO SAIL OUT OF THE HARBOR!
SWELL! LET'S GET BELOW AND FIRE UP THE BOILERS!
THIS TIME WE'LL GET POPEYE GOOD!
HE'S A DEAD COOKIE THIS TIME!

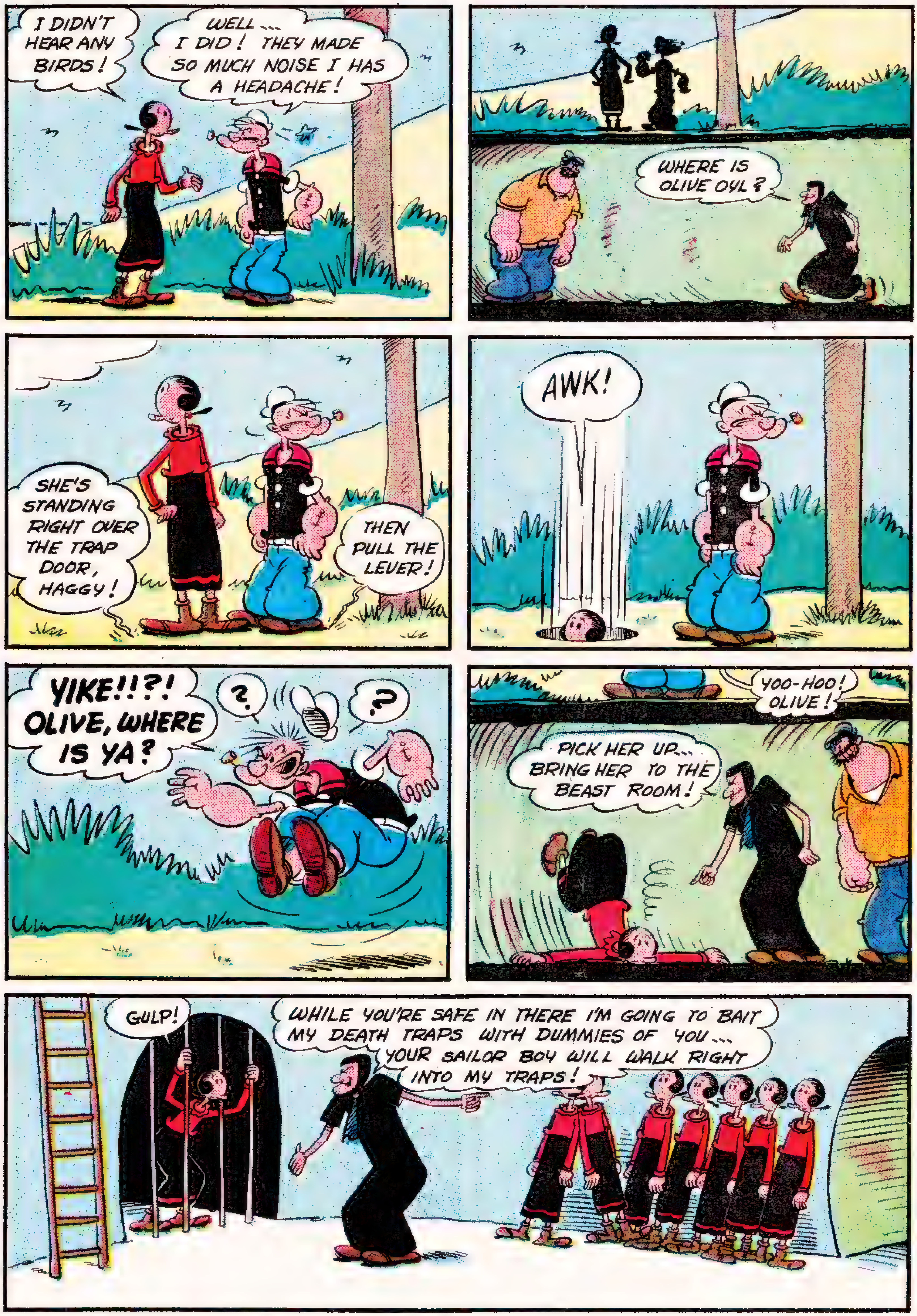


POUR THE COAL ON! WE'RE GETTING UNDER WAY!
IT'S NICE TO BE PUTTING OUT TO SEA AGAIN!
IT'S SO PEACEFUL ON A SHIP... YOU LEAVE ALL OF YOUR TROUBLES BEHIND YOU!
MORE COAL ... WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS STEAM-POWERED ISLAND OUT IN FRONT OF POPEYE'S SHIP!
AS POPEYE'S SHIP SAILS OUT OF THE HARBOR A MYSTERIOUS FLOATING ISLAND SAILS OUT OF A NEARBY COVE AND FOLLOWS THE SAILOR'S SHIP —

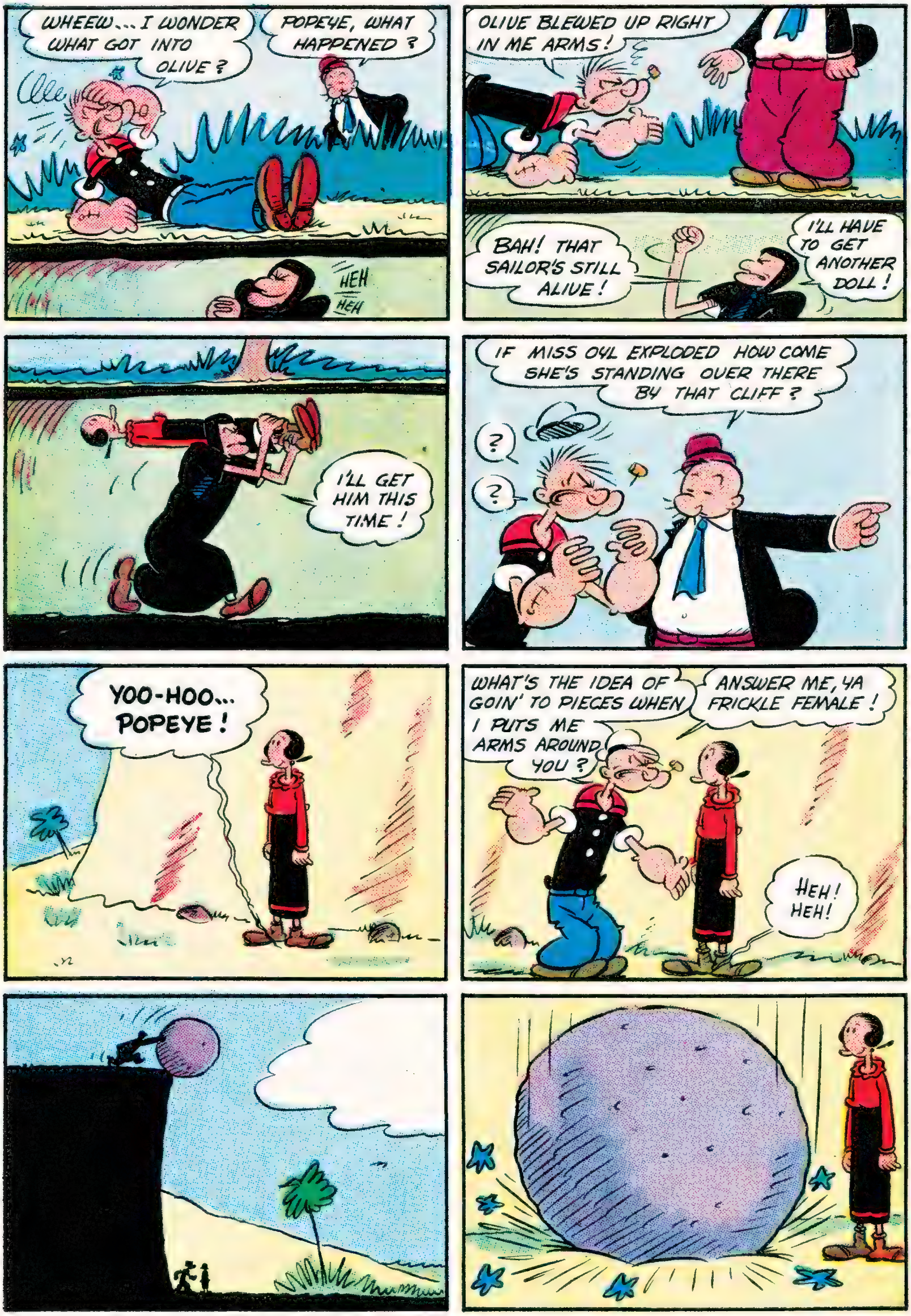

INCREASE OUR SPEED, WE'VE GOT TO PASS HIS SHIP!
WE'RE IN FRONT OF POPEYE'S SHIP NOW, HAGGY!
WHA-THE?
THERE'S AN ISLAND IN FRONT OF US!
WE WILL HAVE TO SAIL AROUND IT!
THIS OCEAN IS FULL OF ISLANDS!

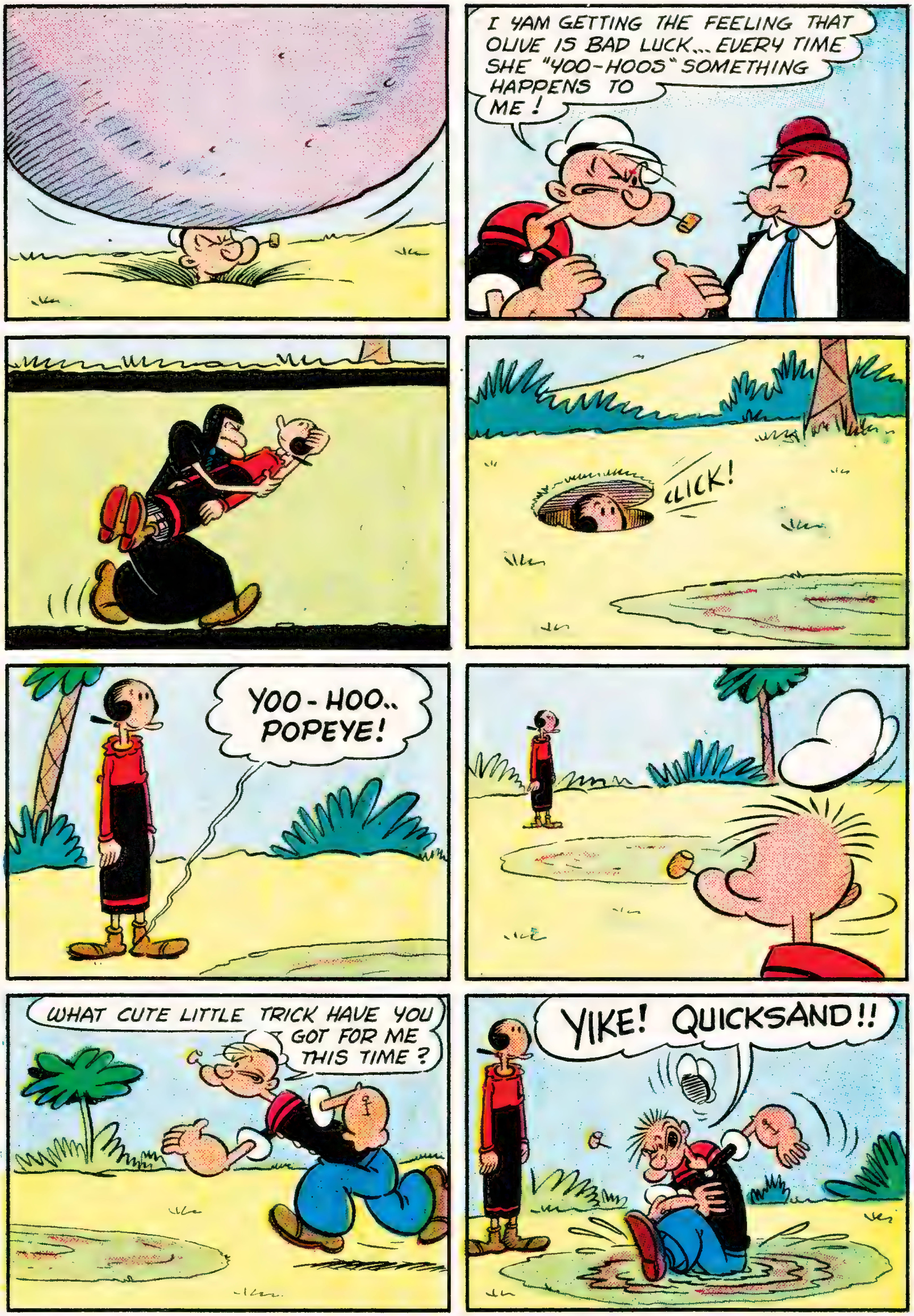

THAT FOOL SAILOR KEEPS DUCKING MY ISLAND... HE'S TRYING TO SAIL AROUND US!
KEEP THE STEAM UP! WE'VE GOT TO STAY AHEAD OF HIM!
WILL YOU PLEASE STOP THIS JERKY DRIVING... YOU'RE SPOILIN' MY BEFORE-LUNCH SNACK!
SORRY, WIMP... EVERYWHERE I TURNS THERE'S ANOTHER ISLAND!
WHY DON'T WE LAND ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AND HAVE A PICNIC!
SWELL IDEA, OLIVE... ME ARMS ARE TIRED OF STEERIN' THIS BOAT BACK AND FORTH!

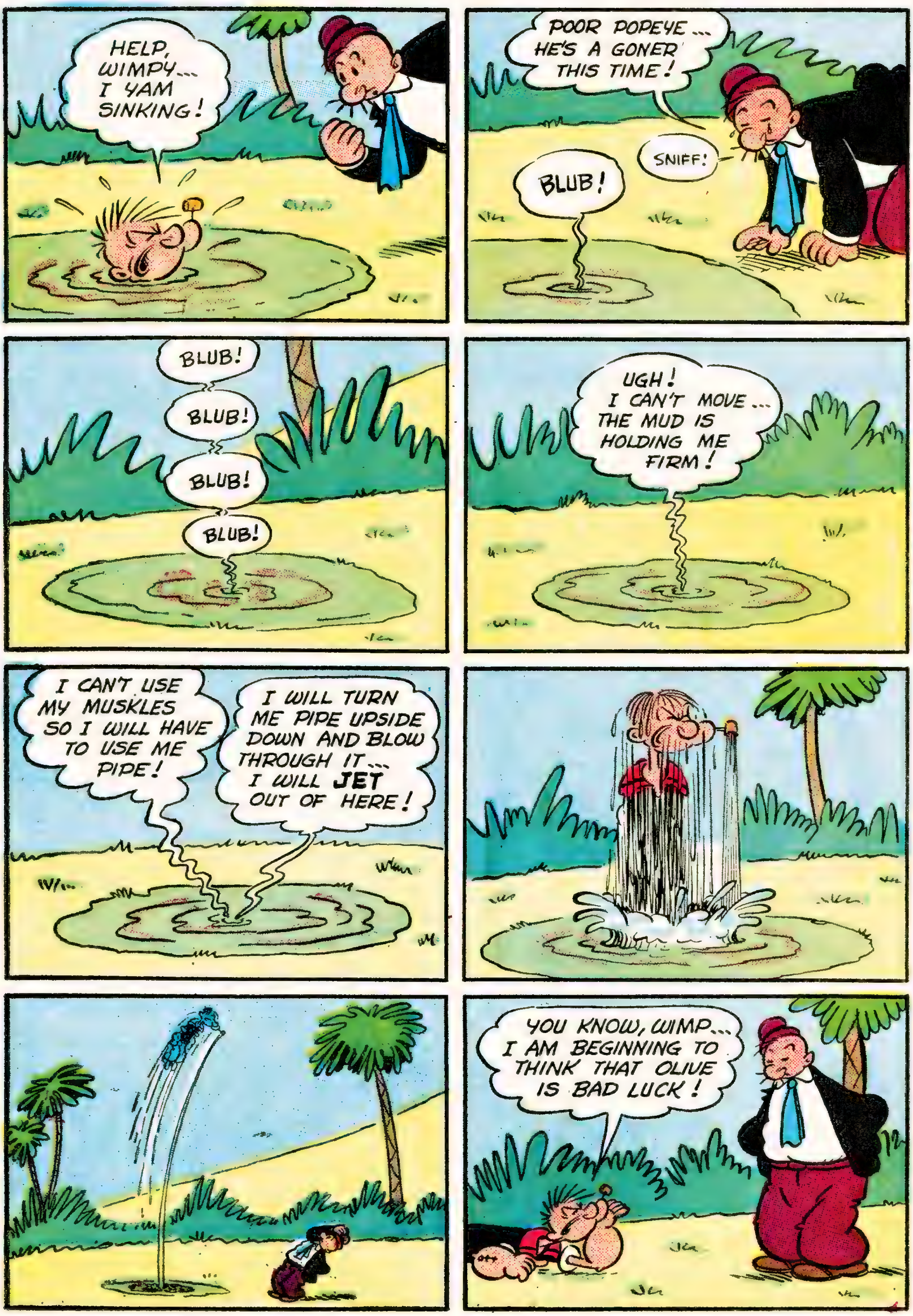

WHEEEEE! THEY'RE LANDING!! NOW I HAVE POPEYE ON MY HOME GROUNDS!
QUICK! BAIT THE TRAPS!! PREPARE THE DYNAMITE! GET READY TO GIVE THAT ONE-EYED SAILOR THE WORKS!
AYE! AYE!
OH! THIS IS A LOVELY LITTLE ISLAND!
YEA!
SMELL THE FLOWERS!
SNIFF
NICE!
CLICK
GREEN TREES AND BUSHES!
PEACEFUL TOO!
IT'S SO QUIET... NOT A SOUND!
BONK
TWEET - TWEET - - TWEET!
?
NOT A SOUND EXCEPT FOR THOSE NOISY BIRDS TWEETING!
TWEET
TWEET


I DIDN'T HEAR ANY BIRDS!
WELL... I DID! THEY MADE SO MUCH NOISE I HAS A HEADACHE!
WHERE IS OLIVE OYL?
SHE'S STANDING RIGHT OVER THE TRAP DOOR, HAGGY!
THEN PULL THE LEVER!
AWK!
YIKE!!?! OLIVE, WHERE IS YA?
?
?
YOO-HOO! OLIVE!
PICK HER UP... BRING HER TO THE BEAST ROOM!
GULP!
WHILE YOU'RE SAFE IN THERE I'M GOING TO BAIT MY DEATH TRAPS WITH DUMMIES OF YOU... YOUR SAILOR BOY WILL WALK RIGHT INTO MY TRAPS!

HAVE YOU SEEN OLIVE, WIMPY ?
NO - I THOUGHT SHE WAS WITH YOU !
SHE'S DISAPPEARED... WE'LL HAVE TO FIND HER... YOU GO THAT WAY AND I'LL GO THIS WAY !
YOO-HOO-OLIVE!
YOO-HOO! OLIVE!
HEH! HEH! POPEYE WILL GET A BANG OUT OF THIS OLIVE!
YOO-HOO... POPEYE... HERE I AM!
?
OLIVE, SWEETIE !! IS YA OKAY ? I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU !
BOOM!

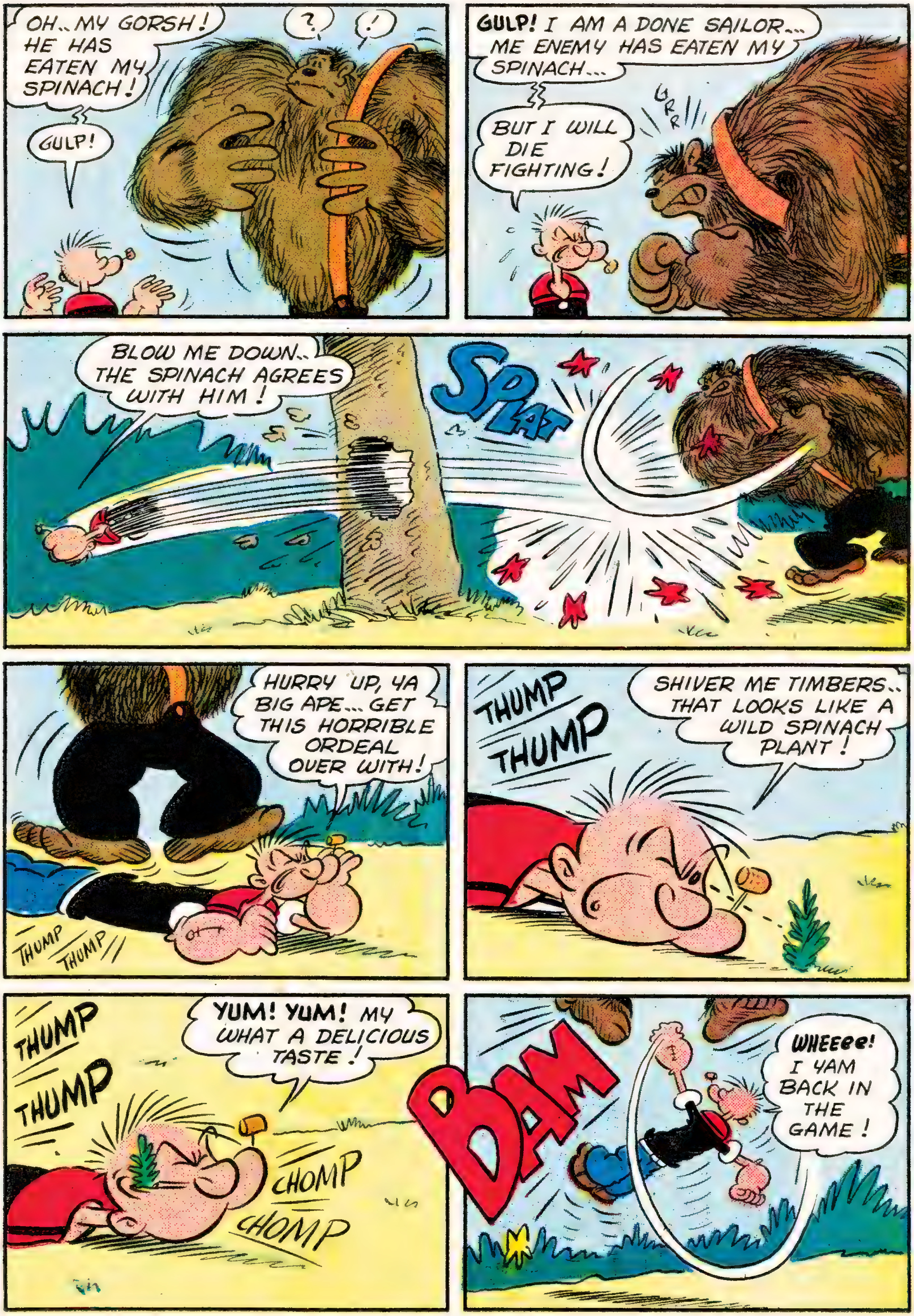

WHEEW... I WONDER WHAT GOT INTO OLIVE?
POPEYE, WHAT HAPPENED?
HEH HEH
OLIVE BLEWED UP RIGHT IN ME ARMS!
BAH! THAT SAILOR'S STILL ALIVE!
I'LL HAVE TO GET ANOTHER DOLL!
I'LL GET HIM THIS TIME!
IF MISS OYL EXPLODED HOW COME SHE'S STANDING OVER THERE BY THAT CLIFF?
?
?
YOO-HOO... POPEYE!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF GOIN' TO PIECES WHEN I PUTS ME ARMS AROUND YOU?
ANSWER ME, YA FRICKLE FEMALE!
HEH! HEH!

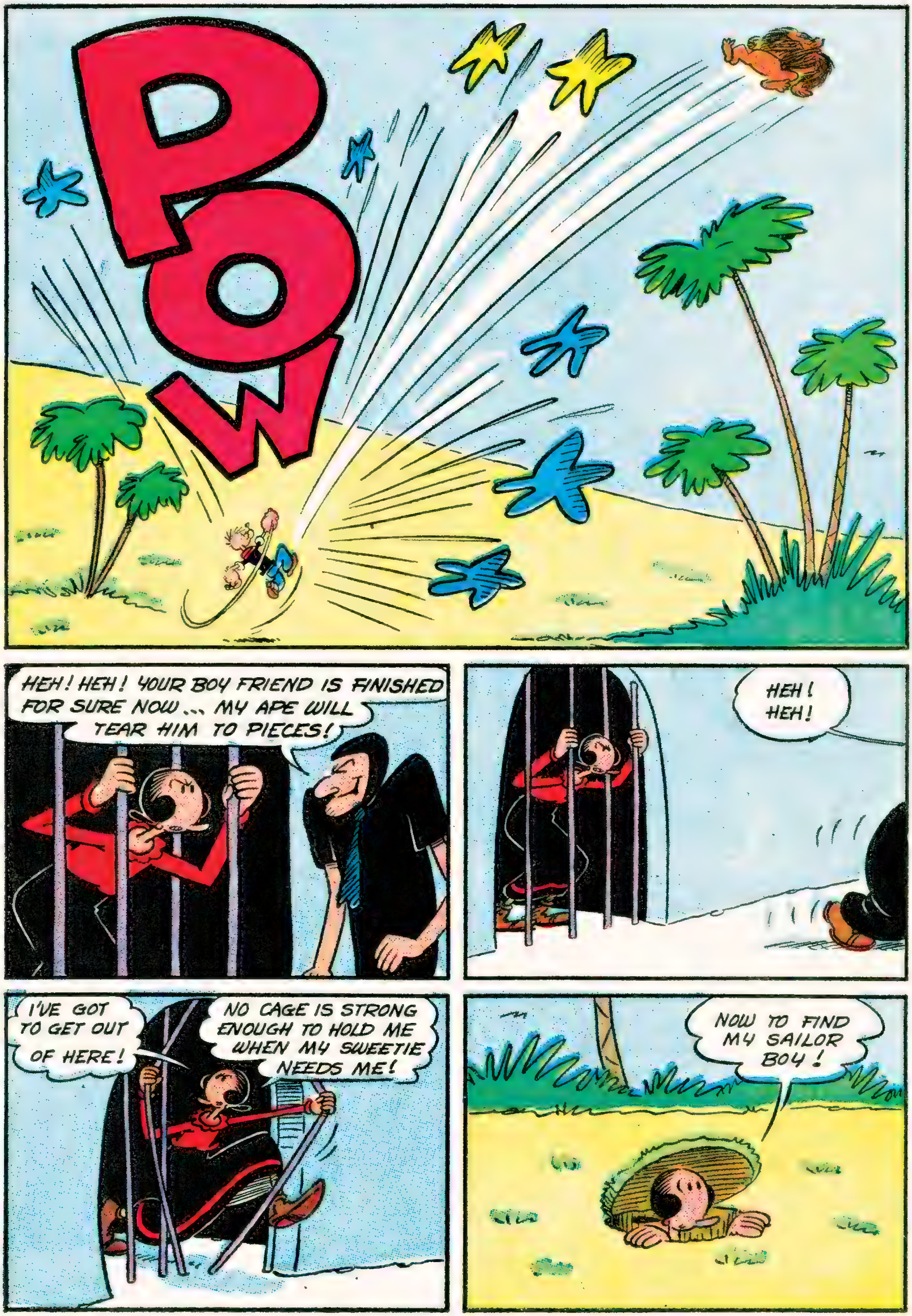

I YAM GETTING THE FEELING THAT OLIVE IS BAD LUCK... EVERY TIME SHE "YOO-HOOS" SOMETHING HAPPENS TO ME!
CLICK!
YOO-HOO.. POPEYE!
WHAT CUTE LITTLE TRICK HAVE YOU GOT FOR ME THIS TIME?
YIKE! QUICKSAND!!


HELP, WIMPY... I YAM SINKING!
POOR POPEYE... HE'S A GONER THIS TIME!
SNIFF!
BLUB!
BLUB!
BLUB!
BLUB!
BLUB!
UGH! I CAN'T MOVE... THE MUD IS HOLDING ME FIRM!
I CAN'T USE MY MUSKLES SO I WILL HAVE TO USE ME PIPE!
I WILL TURN ME PIPE UPSIDE DOWN AND BLOW THROUGH IT... I WILL JET OUT OF HERE!
YOU KNOW, WIMP... I AM BEGINNING TO THINK THAT OLIVE IS BAD LUCK!

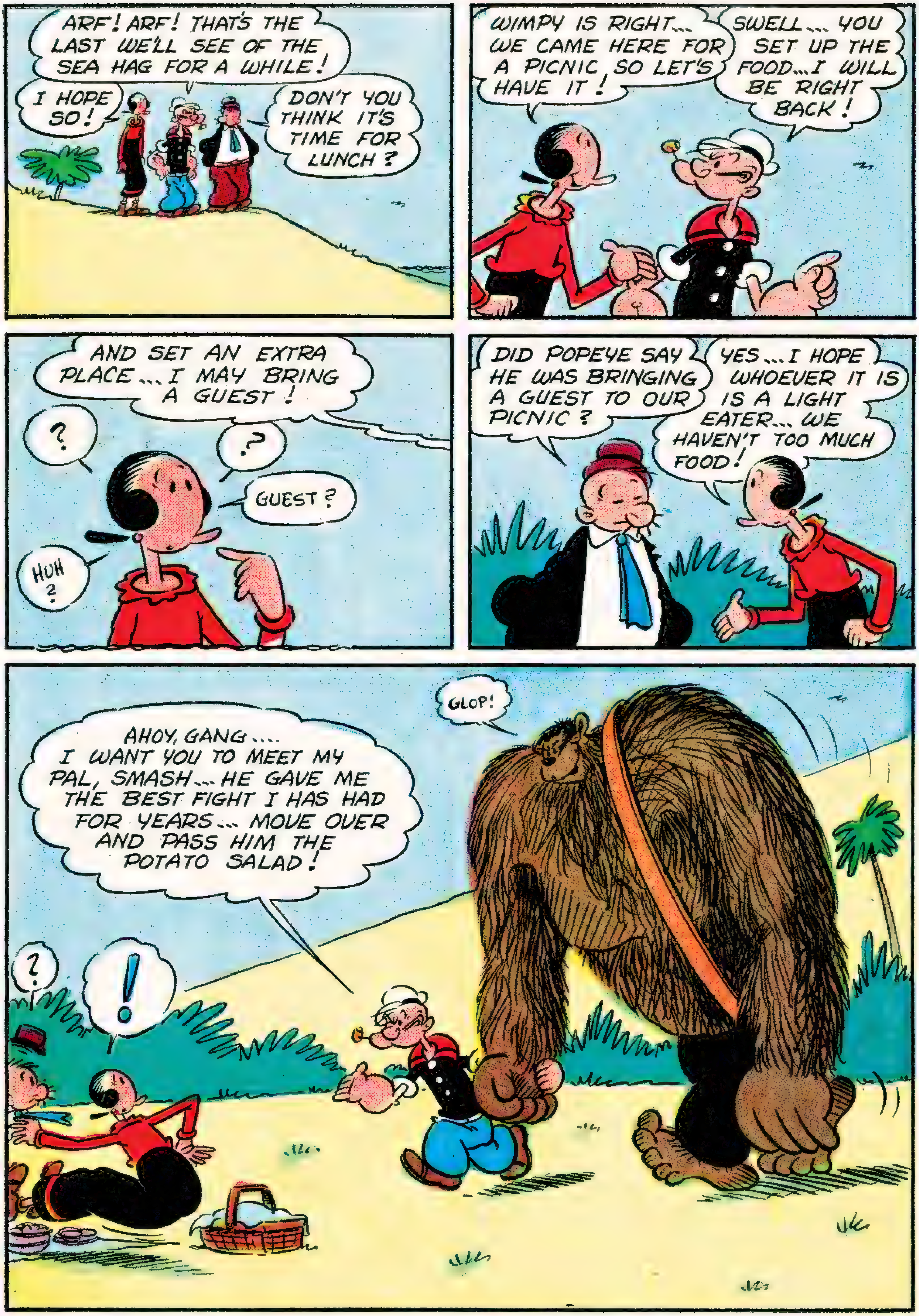
THAT LUCKY SAILOR HAS ESCAPED OUT OF EVERY TRAP... IT'S TIME FOR OPERATION "SMASH"!
YOU'RE GOING TO USE ?
YES-I'M GOING TO USE IT!
AS MUCH AS I HATE POPEYE I HATE TO DO THIS TO HIM!
IT'S NO WAY FOR A HUMAN TO COME TO THE END OF THE TRAIL!
DANGER
KEEP OUT
BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO GET SENTIMENTAL... I'VE TRAINED IT TO HATE ONE-EYED SAILORS AND I'M GOING TO USE IT! TAKE SMASH UP TO THE SURFACE AND TURN HIM LOOSE ON POPEYE!
GR-R
?
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE BEING UNFAIR TO MISS OYL WHEN YOU BLAME HER FOR YOUR MISFORTUNE?
EVERY TIME I GETS NEAR HER SOMETHIN' HAPPENS!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?... YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'D SEEN A WILD GORILLA!
CLOMP
CLOMP
?
!

HELLO!
I LIKES AMINALS!
NICE MONKEY!
DON'T BE AFRAID OF ME...I WON'T HURT YOU!
NICE MONKEY! NICE MONKEY! NICE MONKEY!
GR-R
WE IS PLAYING CATCH AN, I YAM THE BALL!
?
OH! NOW WE IS PLAYIN' PATTY-CAKE!
SPLAT
BLOW ME DOWN!! I THINKS IT IS NOW TIME TO PLAY EAT THE SPINACH AND HIT THE MONKEY!
?
AH!
SPINACH
YIKE!! THERE GOES ME SPINACH!
BAM
WHA' TH--?
GULP
PLOP

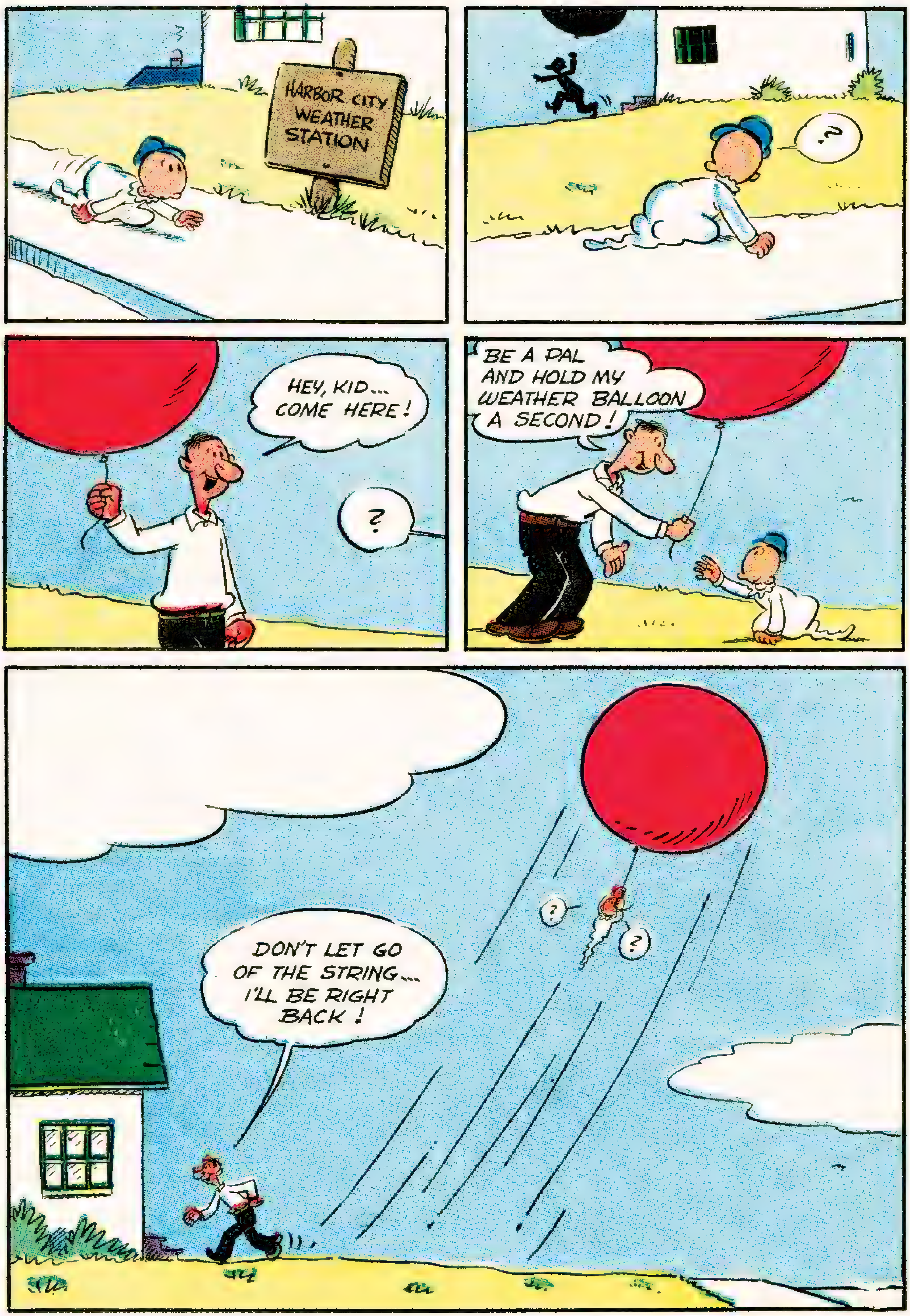

OH.. MY GORSH! HE HAS EATEN MY SPINACH!
GULP!
?
!
GULP! I AM A DONE SAILOR... ME ENEMY HAS EATEN MY SPINACH...
BUT I WILL DIE FIGHTING!
BLOW ME DOWN.. THE SPINACH AGREES WITH HIM!
SPLAT
HURRY UP, YA BIG APE... GET THIS HORRIBLE ORDEAL OVER WITH!
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
SHIVER ME TIMBERS.. THAT LOOKS LIKE A WILD SPINACH PLANT!
THUMP
THUMP
YUM! YUM! MY WHAT A DELICIOUS TASTE!
CHOMP
CHOMP
BAM
WHEEEE! I YAM BACK IN THE GAME!

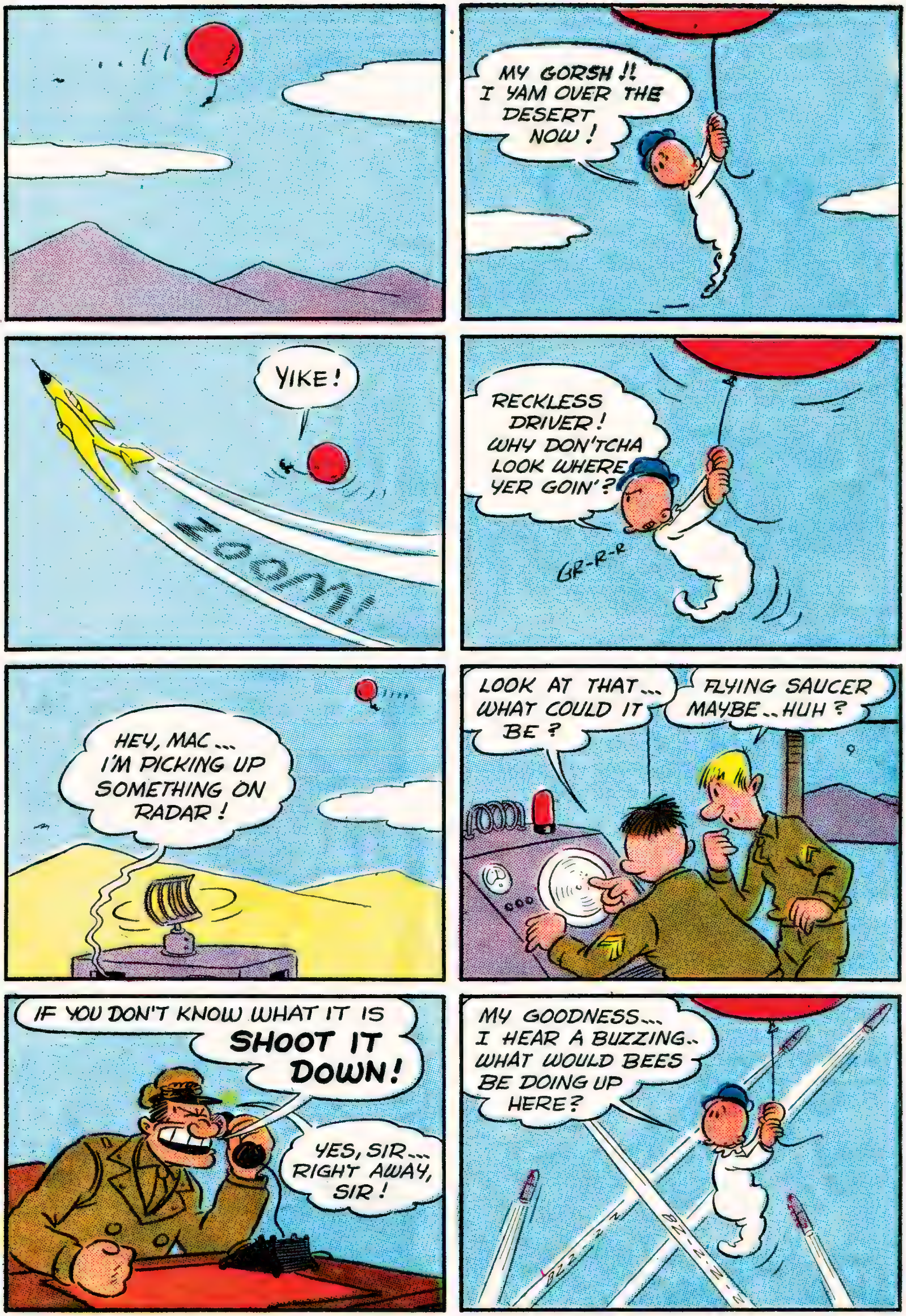

POW
HEH! HEH! YOUR BOY FRIEND IS FINISHED FOR SURE NOW ... MY APE WILL TEAR HIM TO PIECES!
HEH! HEH!
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
NO CAGE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO HOLD ME WHEN MY SWEETIE NEEDS ME!
NOW TO FIND MY SAILOR BOY!

AH-THERE HE IS!
YOO-HOO, POPEYE!
OH-OH... THERE'S OLIVE AGAIN... UP TO HER OLD TRICKS!
LISTEN, YA FRICKLE FEMALE... I WANTS NO MORE OF YER GAMES... NOW STAY AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL GIVE YA ME TWISTER SOCK!
?
?
?
?
HOLD IT, POPEYE... LOOK WHAT I FOUND... THOSE OTHER OLIVES WERE DOLLS!
?
?
HAGGY... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'VE COME FOR POPEYE'S BODY... I KNOW MY APE KILLED HIM AND I WANT TO SEE THE PIECES!
SO YOU'RE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS!! WELL... I'M NOT READY FOR MY FUNERAL YET.. BUT IF YOU DON'T GET OUT OF HERE WE MIGHT ARRANGE ONE FOR YOU!
AWK!
I YAM SORRY, OLIVE... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN IT WASN'T YOU!
WHEEEEE!! LOOK AT OL' HAGGY GO!
ROW, MAN, ROW!! GET ME OUT OF HERE QUICK!

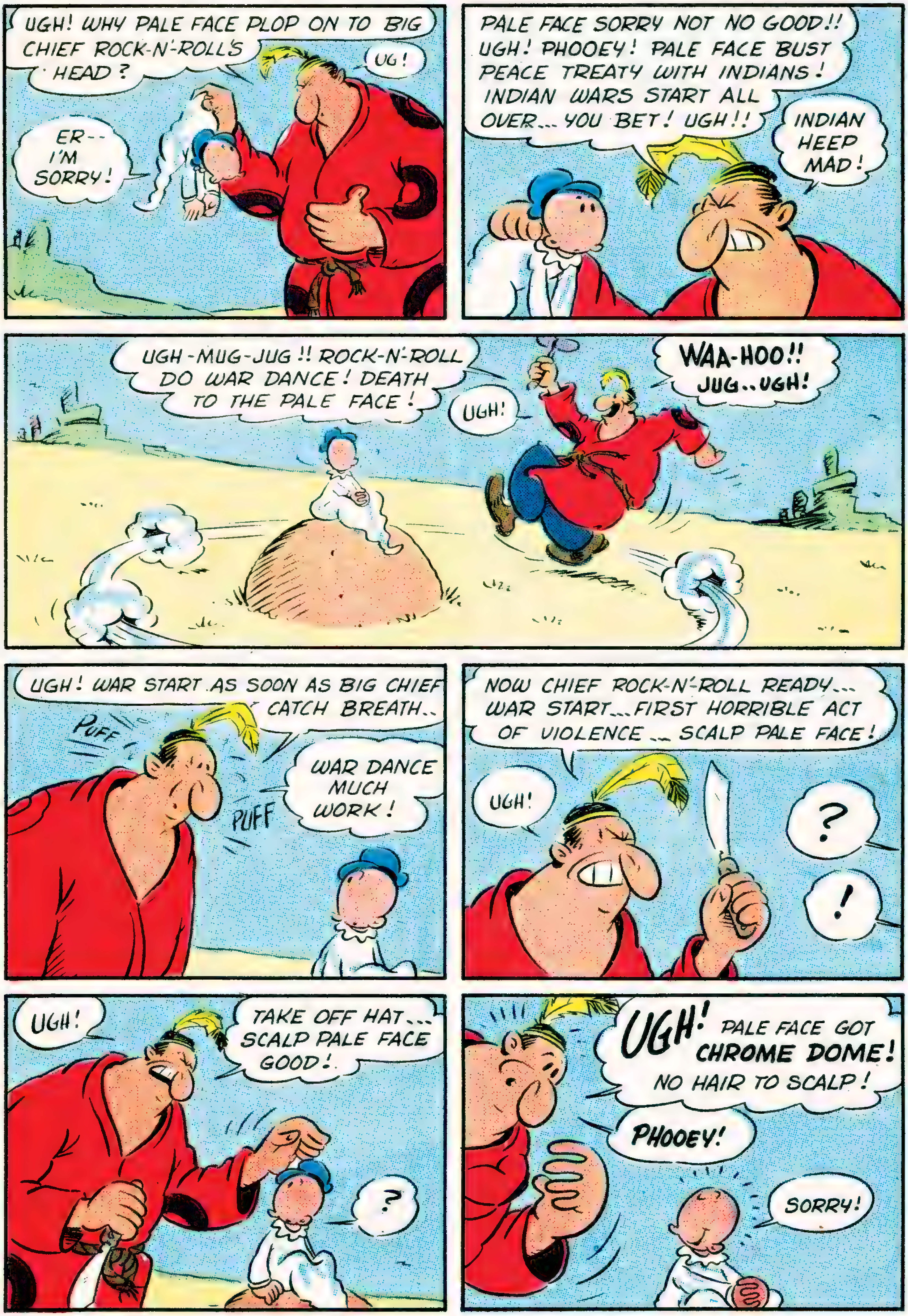

ARF! ARF! THAT'S THE LAST WE'LL SEE OF THE SEA HAG FOR A WHILE!
I HOPE SO!
DON'T YOU THINK IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH?
WIMPY IS RIGHT... WE CAME HERE FOR A PICNIC, SO LET'S HAVE IT!
SWELL... YOU SET UP THE FOOD... I WILL BE RIGHT BACK!
AND SET AN EXTRA PLACE... I MAY BRING A GUEST!
?
?
GUEST?
HUH?
DID POPEYE SAY HE WAS BRINGING A GUEST TO OUR PICNIC?
YES... I HOPE WHOEVER IT IS IS A LIGHT EATER... WE HAVEN'T TOO MUCH FOOD!
GLOP!
AHOY, GANG.... I WANT YOU TO MEET MY PAL, SMASH... HE GAVE ME THE BEST FIGHT I HAS HAD FOR YEARS... MOVE OVER AND PASS HIM THE POTATO SALAD!
?
!

POPEYE
AND
SWEE'PEA
IN
"TODAY'S PAPER!"
SWEE'PEA! WHERE IS THAT BOY?
SWEE'PEA!!
YES?
DID YOU WANT ME, POPEYE?
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF YELLING?
YOU WAS MAKING SO MUCH NOISE YOU COULDN'T HEAR ME!
HERE'S A DOLLAR... GO DOWN TO THE STORE AND BUY ME A NEWSPAPER!
OKAY!

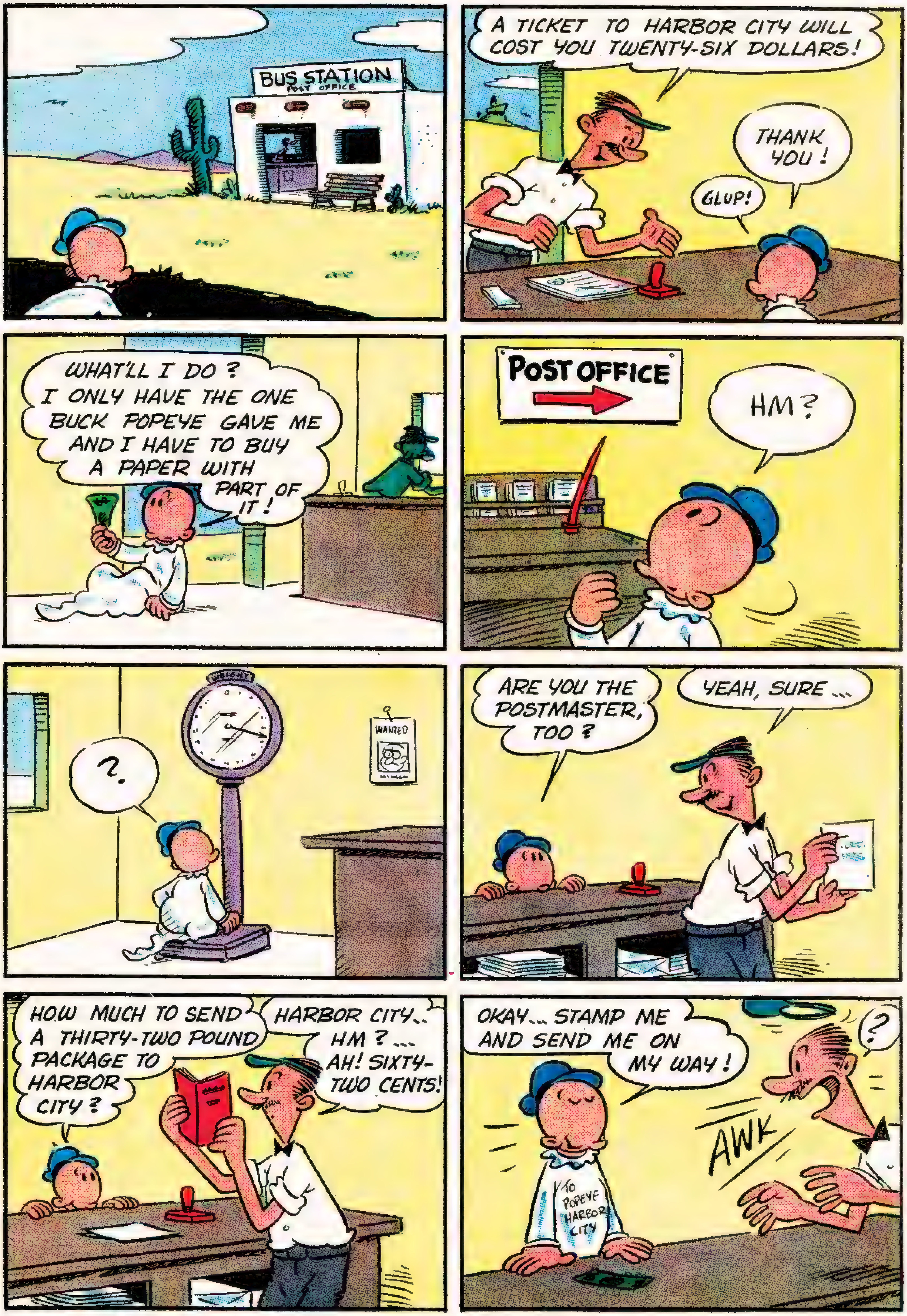

HARBOR CITY WEATHER STATION
?
HEY, KID... COME HERE!
?
BE A PAL AND HOLD MY WEATHER BALLOON A SECOND!
?
?
DON'T LET GO OF THE STRING... I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

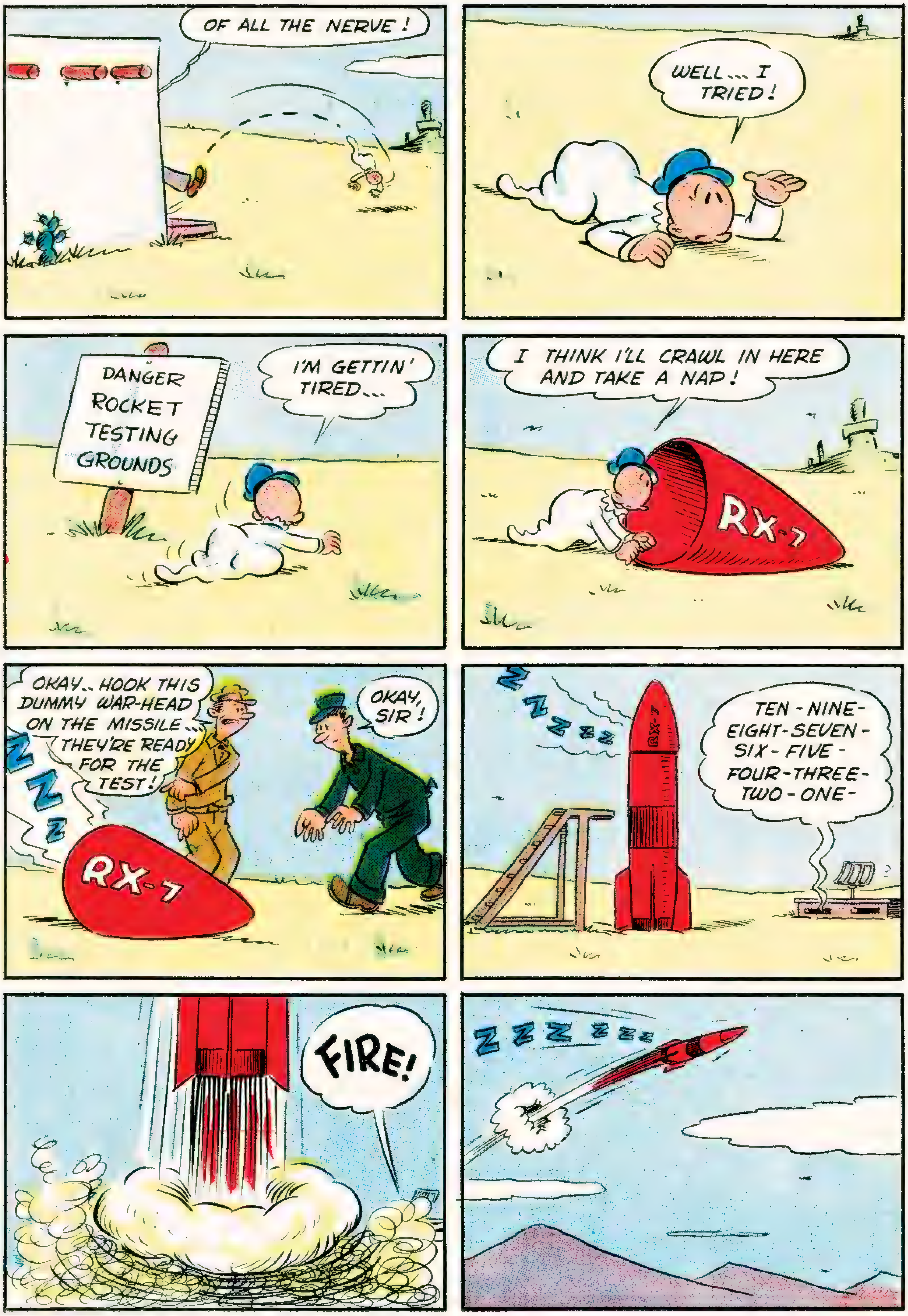

MY GORSH !! I YAM OVER THE DESERT NOW !
YIKE !
ZOOM!
RECKLESS DRIVER ! WHY DON'TCHA LOOK WHERE YER GOIN' ?
GR-R-R
HEY, MAC ... I'M PICKING UP SOMETHING ON RADAR !
LOOK AT THAT ... WHAT COULD IT BE ?
FLYING SAUCER MAYBE .. HUH ?
IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS SHOOT IT DOWN!
YES, SIR ... RIGHT AWAY, SIR !
MY GOODNESS ... I HEAR A BUZZING .. WHAT WOULD BEES BE DOING UP HERE ?

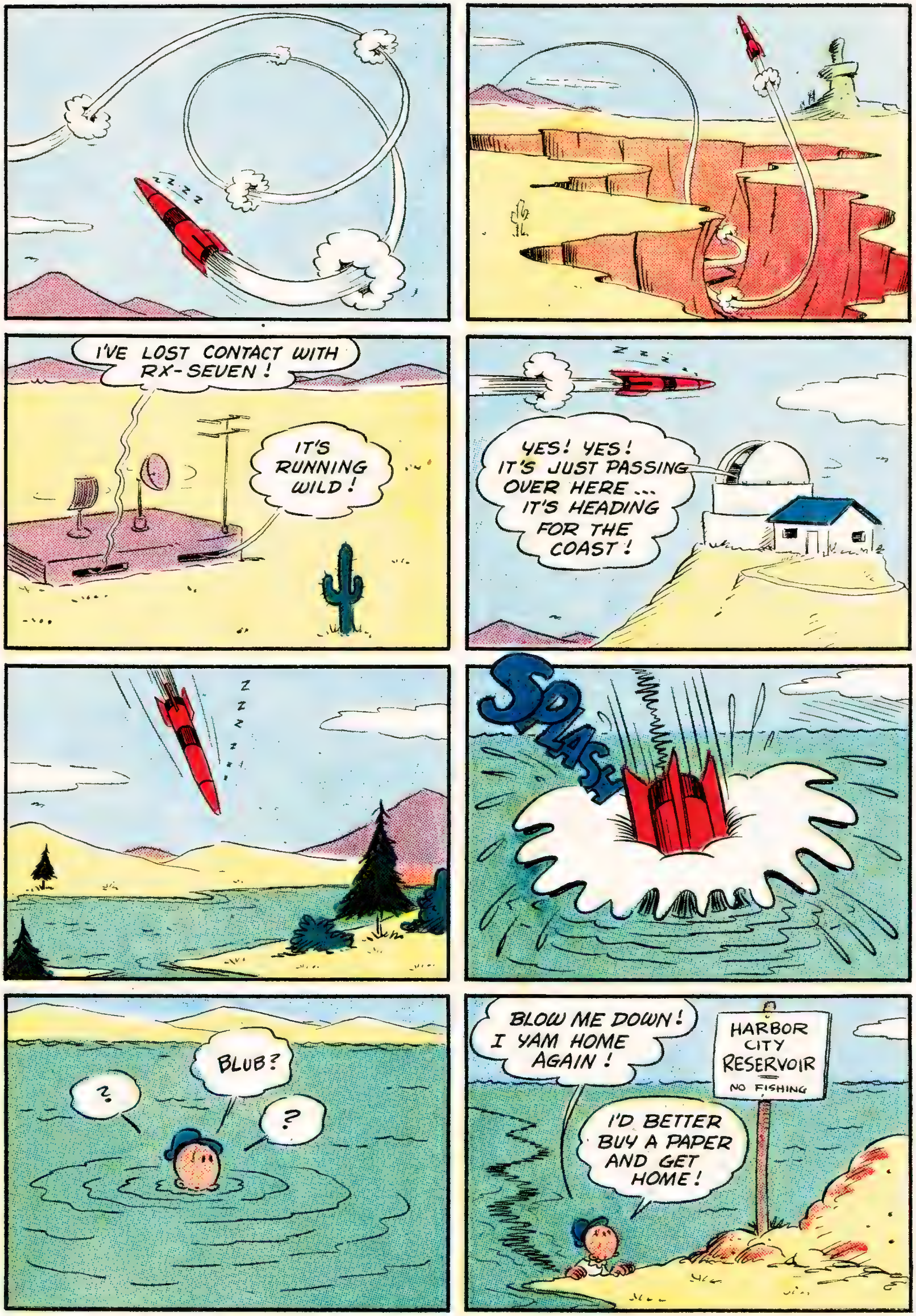
WE MISSED IT, SIR.. AND NOW IT'S OUT OF RANGE OF OUR GUNS!!
YOU PEA BRAIN... DO YOU WANT TO GET US ALL FIRED? SHOOT IT DOWN WITH A ROCKET!
POP
GULP! THE BALLOON IS LEAKING!
GEE..I HOPE THAT WEATHER MAN WON'T BLAME ME FOR IT BUSTIN'!
CRASH!
GOSH, THE GROUND IS SOFT OUT HERE IN THE DESERT!
YIKE!! I DIDN'T LAND ON THE GROUND. I LANDED ON AN---
-INDIAN!
UGH!
GULP!


UGH! WHY PALE FACE PLOP ON TO BIG CHIEF ROCK-N'-ROLL'S HEAD?
UG!
ER-- I'M SORRY!
PALE FACE SORRY NOT NO GOOD!! UGH! PHOOEY! PALE FACE BUST PEACE TREATY WITH INDIANS! INDIAN WARS START ALL OVER... YOU BET! UGH!!
INDIAN HEEP MAD!
UGH-MUG-JUG!! ROCK-N'-ROLL DO WAR DANCE! DEATH TO THE PALE FACE!
UGH!
WAA-HOO!! JUG..UGH!
UGH! WAR START AS SOON AS BIG CHIEF CATCH BREATH..
PUFF
PUFF
WAR DANCE MUCH WORK!
NOW CHIEF ROCK-N'-ROLL READY... WAR START... FIRST HORRIBLE ACT OF VIOLENCE... SCALP PALE FACE!
UGH!
?
!
UGH!
TAKE OFF HAT... SCALP PALE FACE GOOD!
?
UGH! PALE FACE GOT CHROME DOME! NO HAIR TO SCALP!
PHOOEY!
SORRY!

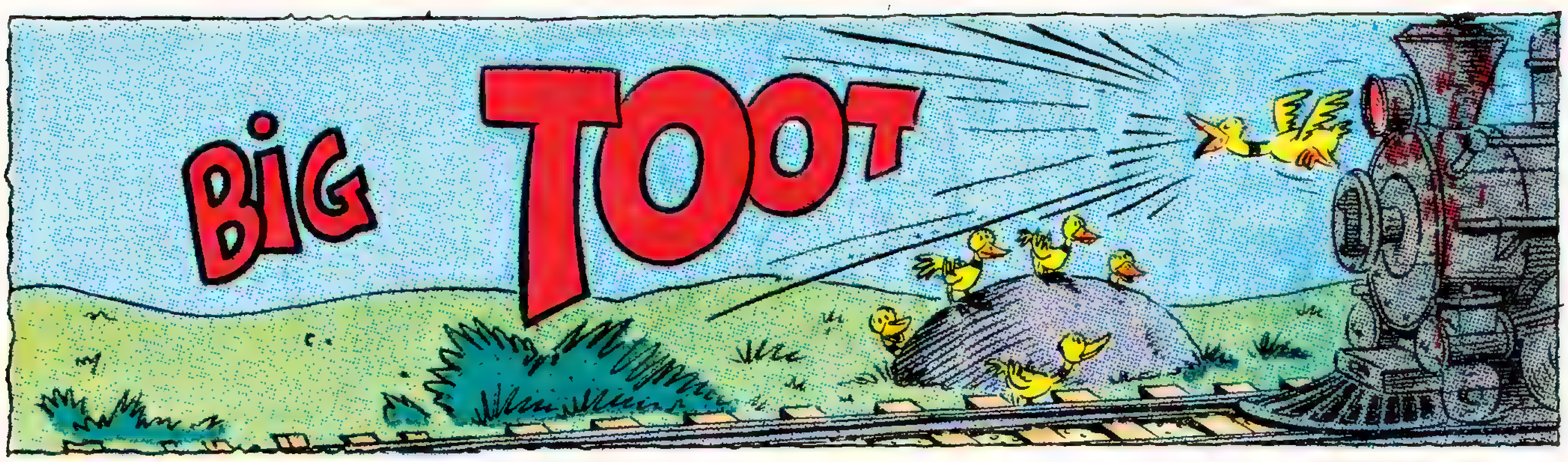
GR-R
SMACK
DIRTY PALE FACE TRICK! UGH! SCRAM OUTA HERE!!
I'D BETTER FIND A NEWSSTAND AND BUY A PAPER FOR POPEYE!
I WONDER WHERE I AM?
THERE'S A ROAD!
HOT DORG! A SIGNPOST!
WOW! THAT BALLOON CARRIED ME A LONG WAYS!
HARBOR CITY 2300 MILES
DESERTVILLE 1 MILE
I'D BETTER GET TO THE NEAREST TOWN AND SEE IF I CAN GET A BUS HOME!


BUS STATION
POST OFFICE
A TICKET TO HARBOR CITY WILL COST YOU TWENTY-SIX DOLLARS!
GLUP!
THANK YOU!
WHAT'LL I DO? I ONLY HAVE THE ONE BUCK POPEYE GAVE ME AND I HAVE TO BUY A PAPER WITH PART OF IT!
POST OFFICE
HM?
WEIGHT
?
WANTED
ARE YOU THE POSTMASTER, TOO?
YEAH, SURE...
HOW MUCH TO SEND A THIRTY-TWO POUND PACKAGE TO HARBOR CITY?
HARBOR CITY.. HM?... AH! SIXTY-TWO CENTS!
OKAY... STAMP ME AND SEND ME ON MY WAY!
?
AWK
TO POPEYE HARBOR CITY


OF ALL THE NERVE!
WELL... I TRIED!
DANGER ROCKET TESTING GROUNDS
I'M GETTIN' TIRED...
I THINK I'LL CRAWL IN HERE AND TAKE A NAP!
RX-7
OKAY.. HOOK THIS DUMMY WAR-HEAD ON THE MISSILE.. THEY'RE READY FOR THE TEST!
OKAY, SIR!
RX-7
TEN - NINE - EIGHT - SEVEN - SIX - FIVE - FOUR - THREE - TWO - ONE -
FIRE!


I'VE LOST CONTACT WITH RX-SEVEN!
IT'S RUNNING WILD!
YES! YES! IT'S JUST PASSING OVER HERE... IT'S HEADING FOR THE COAST!
SPLASH
BLUB?
?
?
BLOW ME DOWN! I YAM HOME AGAIN!
HARBOR CITY RESERVOIR
NO FISHING
I'D BETTER BUY A PAPER AND GET HOME!

WELL! IT'S ABOUT TIME!
HARUMPH!
HERE'S YOUR NEWSPAPER!
AH!
THANK YOU, SWEE' PEA!
YOU'RE WELCOME!
BAH!
THE NEXT TIME YOU WANT A PAPER DON'T SEND A BOY ON A MAN'S ERRAND!
?
?
?
?
?
I DON'T UNDERSTAND KIDS TODAY... ALL I ASKED HIM TO DO WAS GET A PAPER... THE WAY HE ACTS YOU'D THINK HE HAD TO GO A COUPLE OF THOUSAND MILES!!
?
BAH!
GR-R
GR-R
EXTRA HARBOR NEWS EXTRA
FLYING SAUCER SCARE
RUNAWAY ROCKET
INDIAN UPRISING!
BIG SPLASH IN LOCAL RESERVOIR
BUD SAGENDORF



Mrs. Duck was very proud. All of her five eggs had hatched and her babies were yellow bundles of joy that would make any mother duck sing with happiness. She squawked so loud that the swallows in the neighborhood all left a week early for Capistrano because they couldn't stand the noise. This didn't bother Mrs. Duck because there were plenty of other birds and animals around the pond for her to show her babies to.

"Tomorrow, you children will have to get up early," Mrs. Duck said one night. "The first thing in the morning we are going to start your quacking lessons."

It was a beautiful morning, as most mornings are when we have something interesting to do. The little ducks kept running off to the pond for a swim. Mother Duck would chase them back again until they all gave up and settled down for their lesson.

"Now I want you one by one to say what I say," Mrs. Duck said, when she had them all standing in a straight line.

"QUACK!" Mrs. Duck said.

"QUACK!" said Peter.

"Quack!" said Mary.

"Quack!" said George.

"Quack!" said Sally.

"TOOT!" said Robert.

"YIKE!" yelped Mrs. Duck. "Robert, say that again."

"TOOT! TOOT!" said Robert in his best baby duck manner.

"NO! NO!" screamed the horrified mother duck. "Don't say TOOT, say QUACK."

"TOOT! TOOT!" Robert squawked back.

The poor mother duck worked all the rest of the day with little Robert but it was no use. No matter what she tried, the boy could do nothing but toot. Finally she gave up and sent him out into the world on his own. She loved him but after all she did have to live on this pond and she didn't want the other little ducks to grow up with a brother that couldn't quack.

It was later in the summer before she heard anything from Robert. All of her children were full grown now and she was very proud of the fine ducks they had turned out to be. She had told the children that Robert had gone off to work so they wouldn't wonder what had become of him. She had never expected to hear from Robert again and you can imagine how surprised she was when one day one of her other children swam up to her and said,

"Robert said to tell you hello, mother."

"WHAT!" she quacked. "Oh, my dear, you don't mean Robert. You *couldn't* have seen Robert."

"I see him every day," Robert's brother answered.

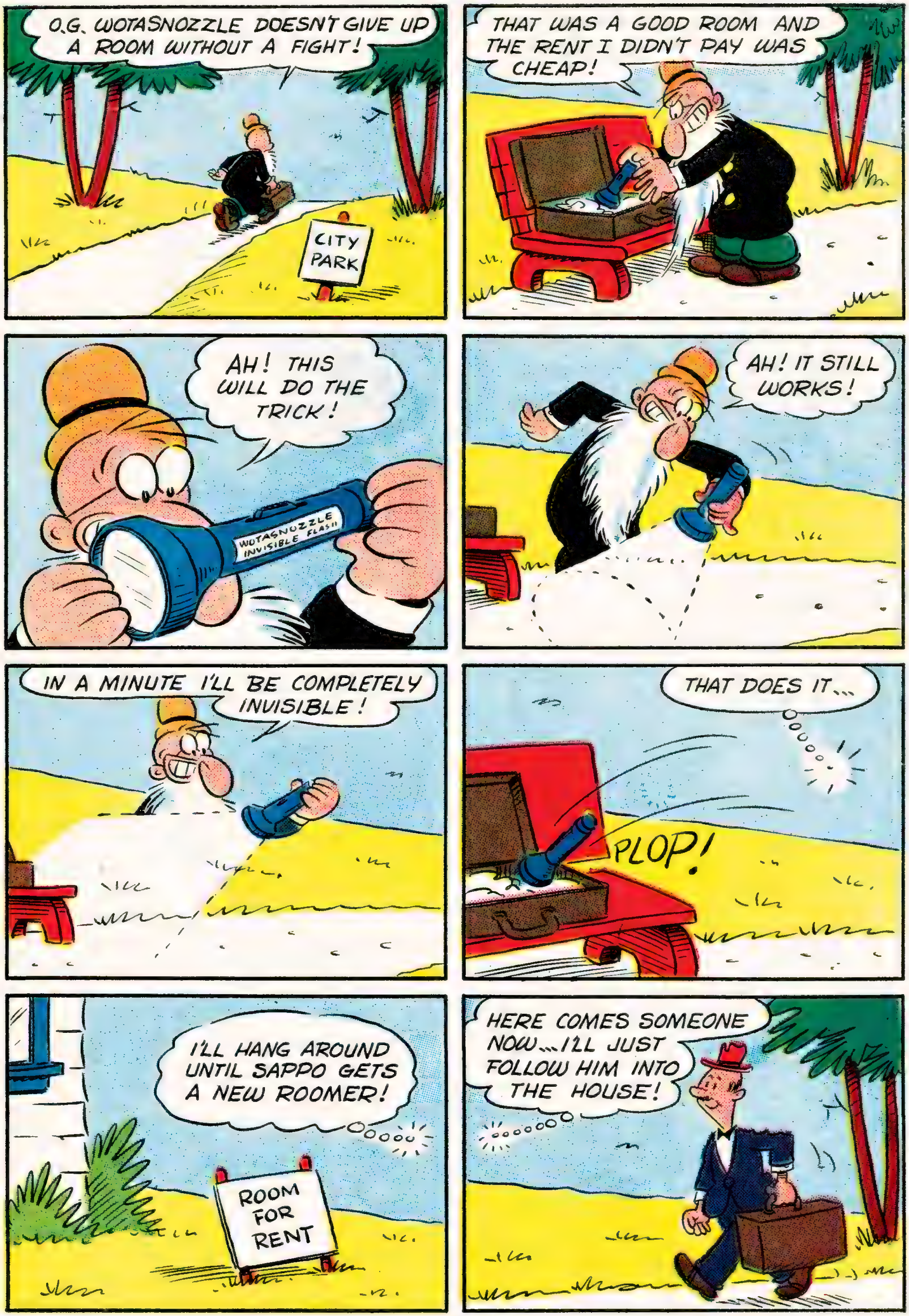
"Where is he?" asked Mrs. Duck.

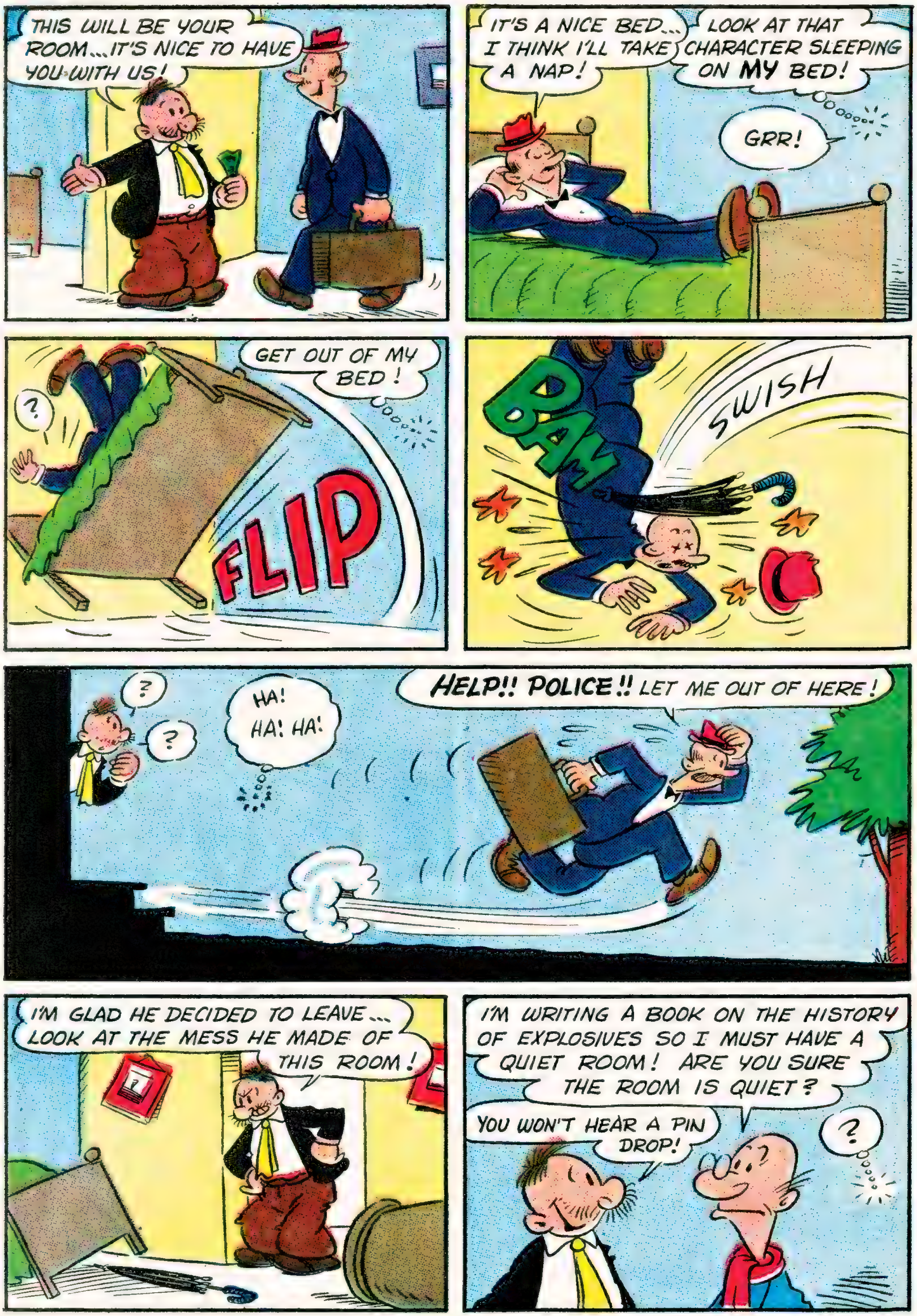
"He'll be along in a minute," her son told her.

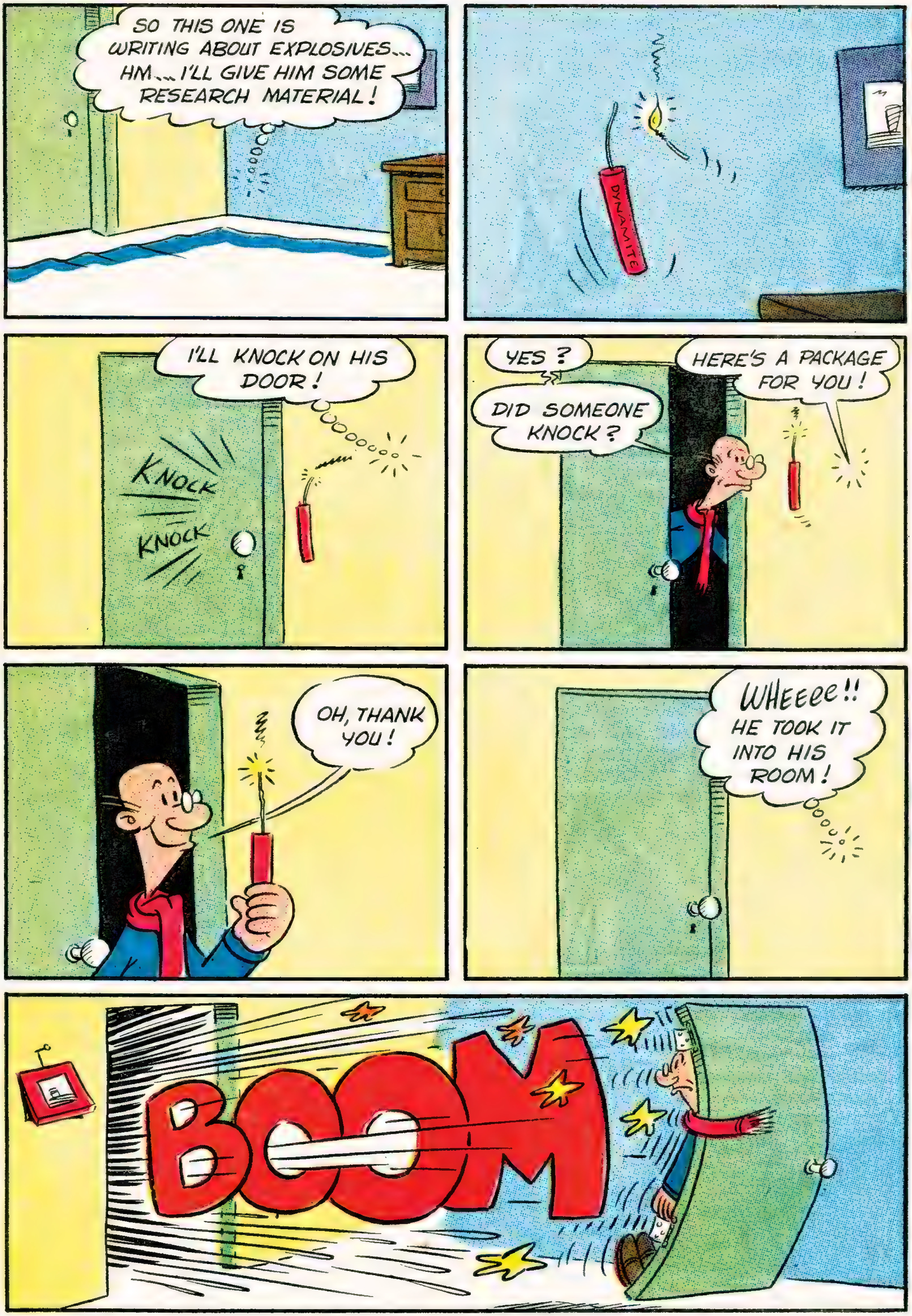
And it wasn't even a minute before Mrs. Duck heard, way off in the distance, the voice of the son who couldn't quack. The TOOT of his voice came closer and closer until around the bend came the five o'clock train and flying right in front of it was Robert going TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!!

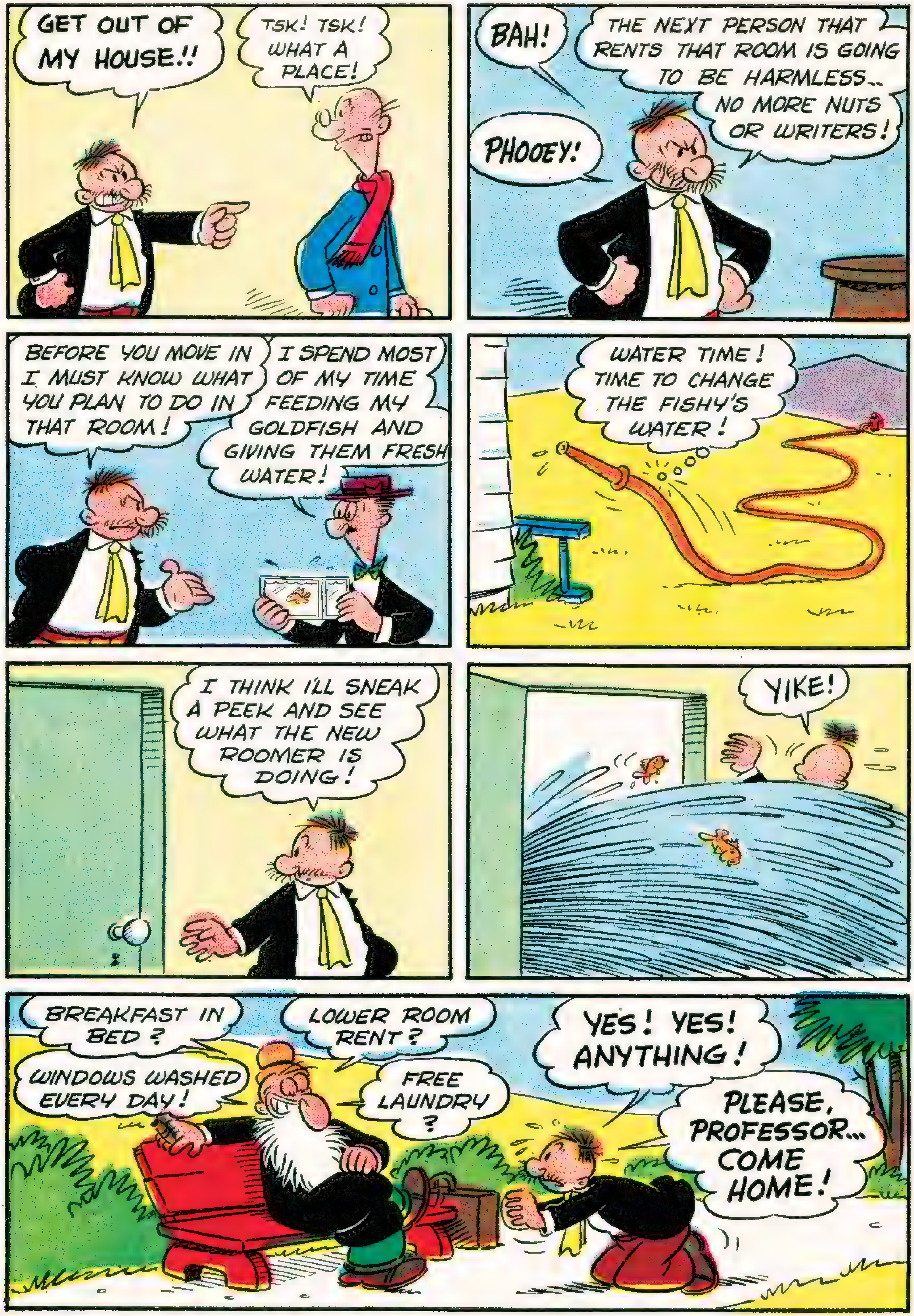
All of the ducks in the pond were proud of Robert. Even the swallows were proud when they returned to the pond. All of the animals were proud too, for Robert was the only duck in the *whole world* that had a job with a railroad going TOOT! TOOT! TOOT!

PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
GET OUT OF MY HOUSE !!
SCRAM!
GOOD-BY!
ARE YOU SPEAKING TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST INVENTOR ?
TSK! TSK!
YES, I'M SPEAKING TO YOU!! PACK YOUR BAG AND LEAVE... YOU HAVEN'T PAID ANY ROOM RENT FOR TWELVE YEARS!
AND I'M TIRED OF YOUR CHEMICALS SMELLING UP THE HOUSE!
OKAY... I'LL LEAVE!
I'M GOING TO GET A ROOMER THIS TIME THAT IS JUST A PERSON, NOT A MAD INVENTOR!
BAH!
ROOM FOR RENT

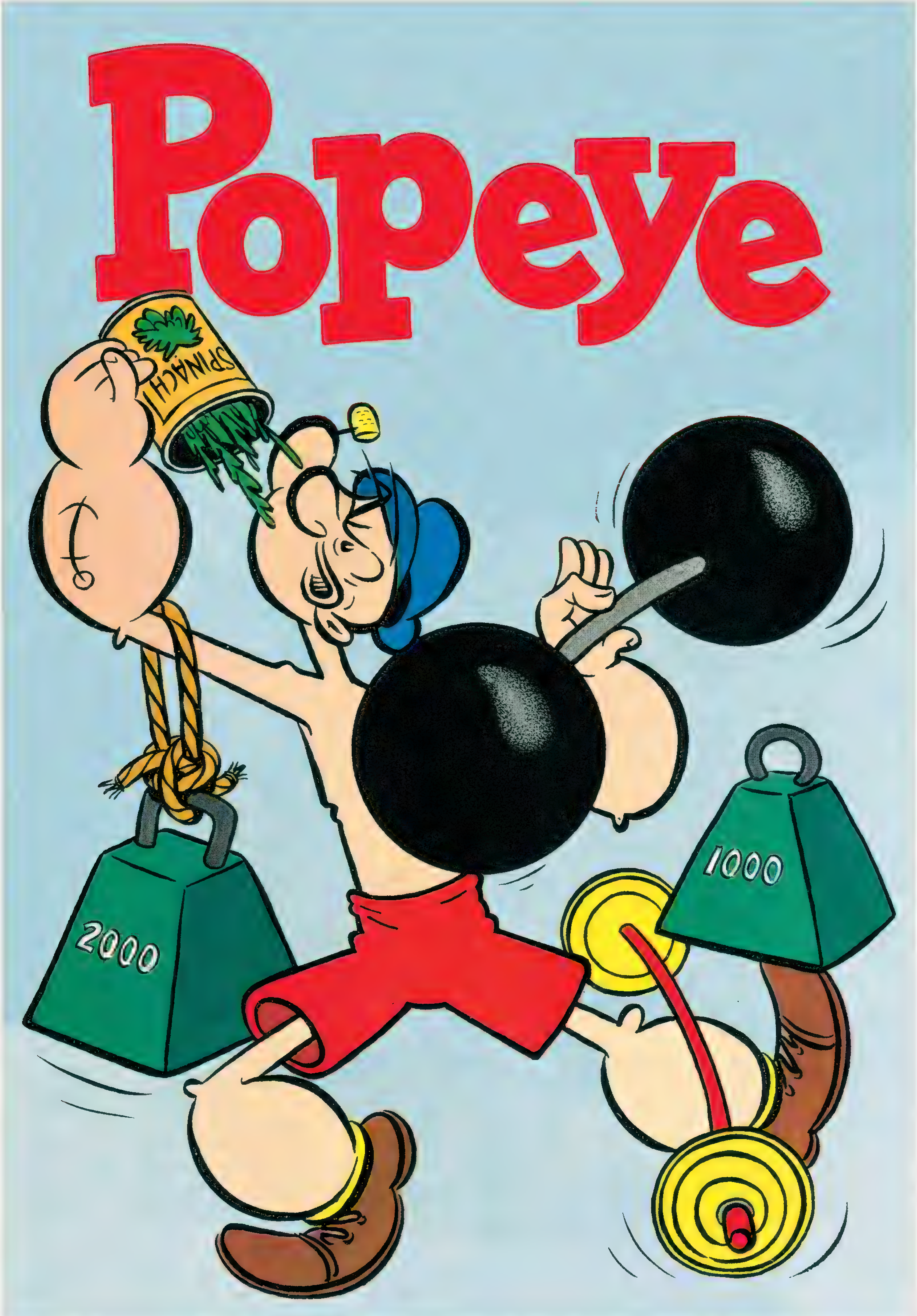

O.G. WOTASNOZZLE DOESN'T GIVE UP A ROOM WITHOUT A FIGHT!
CITY PARK
THAT WAS A GOOD ROOM AND THE RENT I DIDN'T PAY WAS CHEAP!
AH! THIS WILL DO THE TRICK!
WOTASNOZZLE INVISIBLE FLASH
AH! IT STILL WORKS!
IN A MINUTE I'LL BE COMPLETELY INVISIBLE!
THAT DOES IT...
PLOP!
I'LL HANG AROUND UNTIL SAPPO GETS A NEW ROOMER!
ROOM FOR RENT
HERE COMES SOMEONE NOW... I'LL JUST FOLLOW HIM INTO THE HOUSE!


THIS WILL BE YOUR ROOM...IT'S NICE TO HAVE YOU WITH US!
IT'S A NICE BED... I THINK I'LL TAKE A NAP!
LOOK AT THAT CHARACTER SLEEPING ON MY BED!
GRR!
?
GET OUT OF MY BED!
FLIP
BAM
SWISH
?
?
HA! HA! HA!
HELP!! POLICE!! LET ME OUT OF HERE!
I'M GLAD HE DECIDED TO LEAVE... LOOK AT THE MESS HE MADE OF THIS ROOM!
I'M WRITING A BOOK ON THE HISTORY OF EXPLOSIVES SO I MUST HAVE A QUIET ROOM! ARE YOU SURE THE ROOM IS QUIET?
YOU WON'T HEAR A PIN DROP!
?

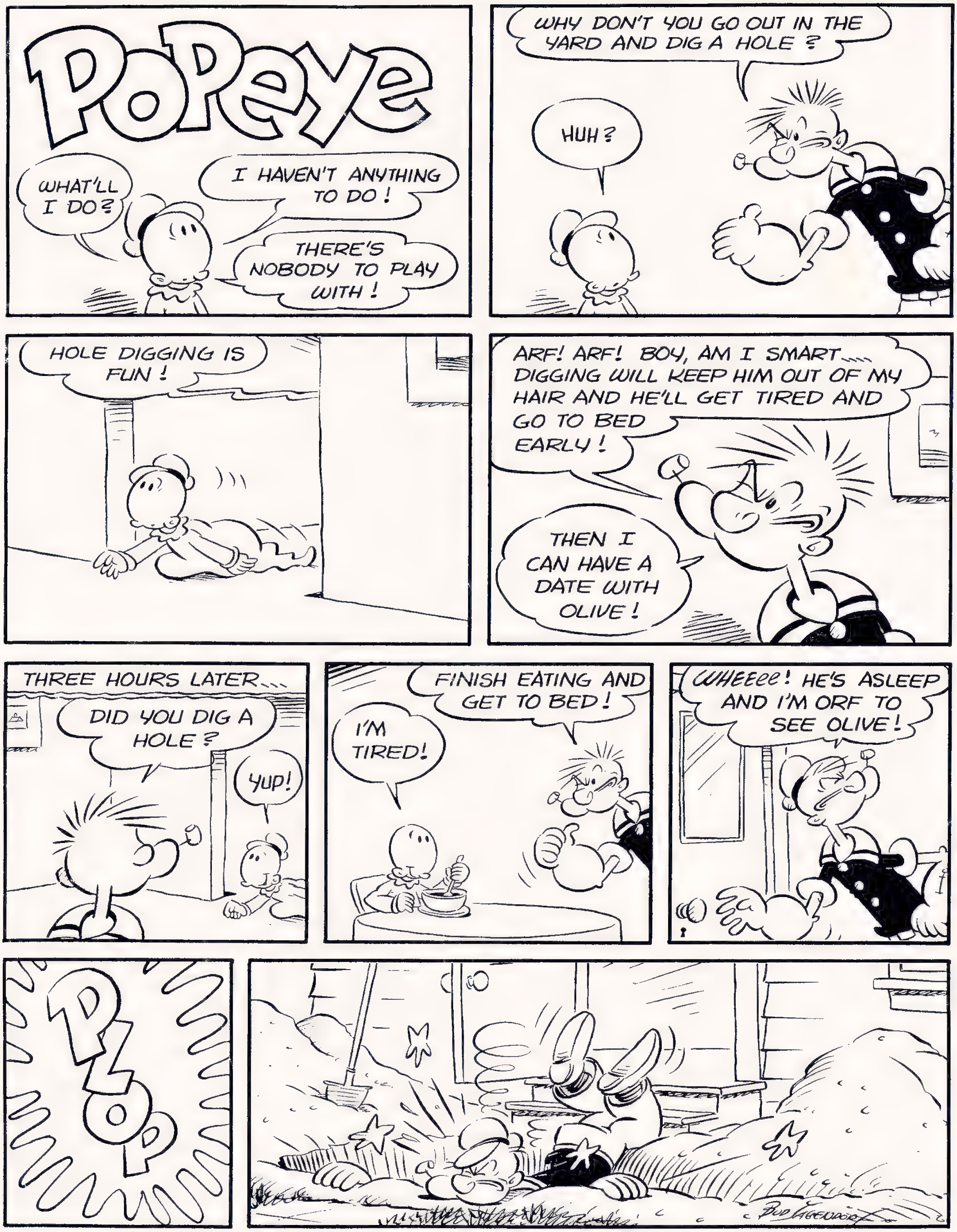

SO THIS ONE IS WRITING ABOUT EXPLOSIVES... HM... I'LL GIVE HIM SOME RESEARCH MATERIAL!
DYNAMITE
I'LL KNOCK ON HIS DOOR!
KNOCK
KNOCK
YES?
DID SOMEONE KNOCK?
HERE'S A PACKAGE FOR YOU!
OH, THANK YOU!
WHEeee!! HE TOOK IT INTO HIS ROOM!
BOOM

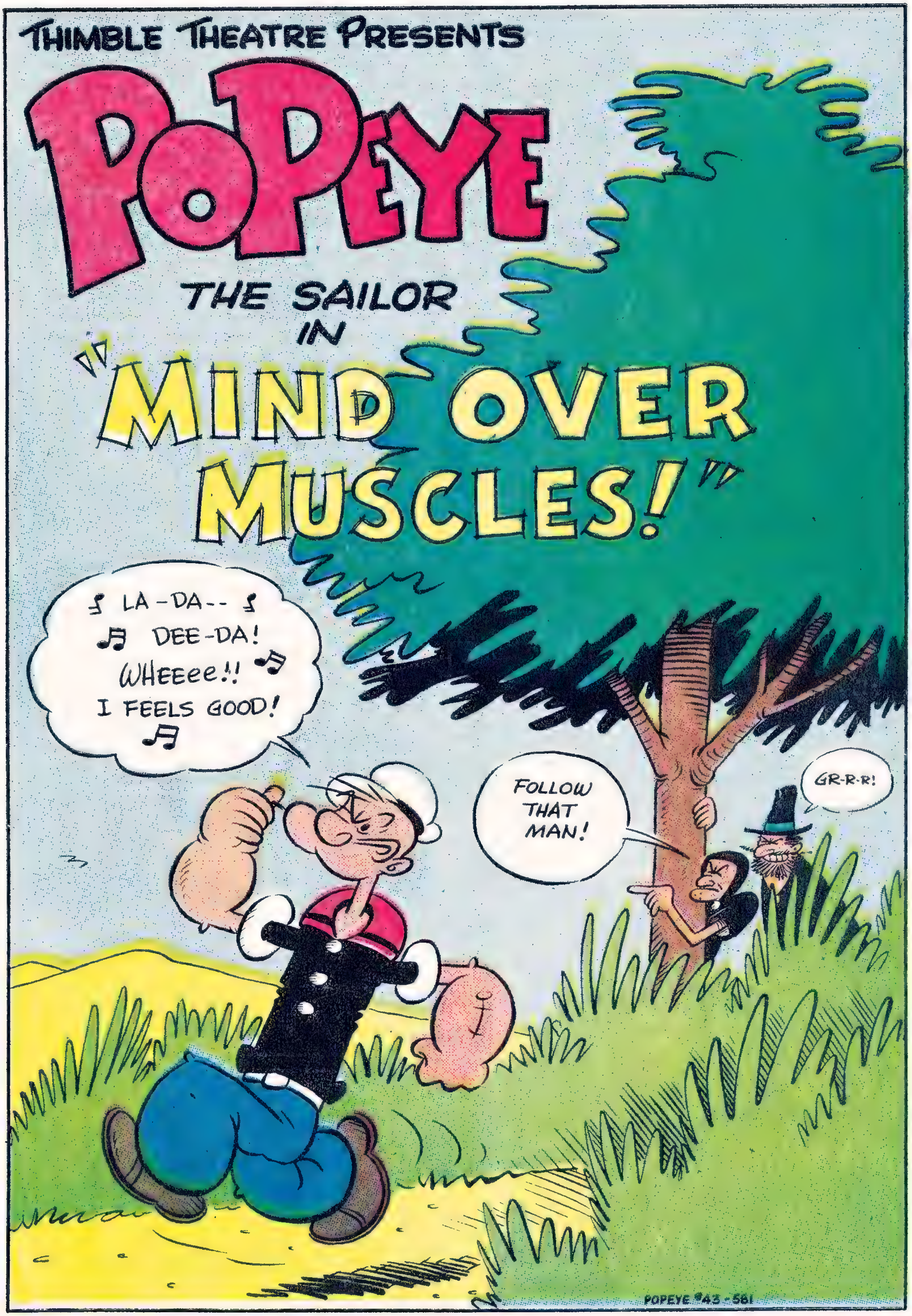

GET OUT OF MY HOUSE.!!
TSK! TSK! WHAT A PLACE!
BAH!
THE NEXT PERSON THAT RENTS THAT ROOM IS GOING TO BE HARMLESS.. NO MORE NUTS OR WRITERS!
PHOOEY!
BEFORE YOU MOVE IN I MUST KNOW WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO IN THAT ROOM!
I SPEND MOST OF MY TIME FEEDING MY GOLDFISH AND GIVING THEM FRESH WATER!
WATER TIME! TIME TO CHANGE THE FISHY'S WATER!
I THINK I'LL SNEAK A PEEK AND SEE WHAT THE NEW ROOMER IS DOING!
YIKE!
BREAKFAST IN BED?
LOWER ROOM RENT?
WINDOWS WASHED EVERY DAY!
FREE LAUNDRY?
YES! YES! ANYTHING!
PLEASE, PROFESSOR... COME HOME!

POPEYE
MY CAR IS STUCK IN THE MUD!
?
?
ALL I NEED IS A LITTLE PUSH!
WELL... PUSH!
IT'S NOT MOVING!
PUSH HARDER!
GULP!
?
!
BUD SAGENDORF

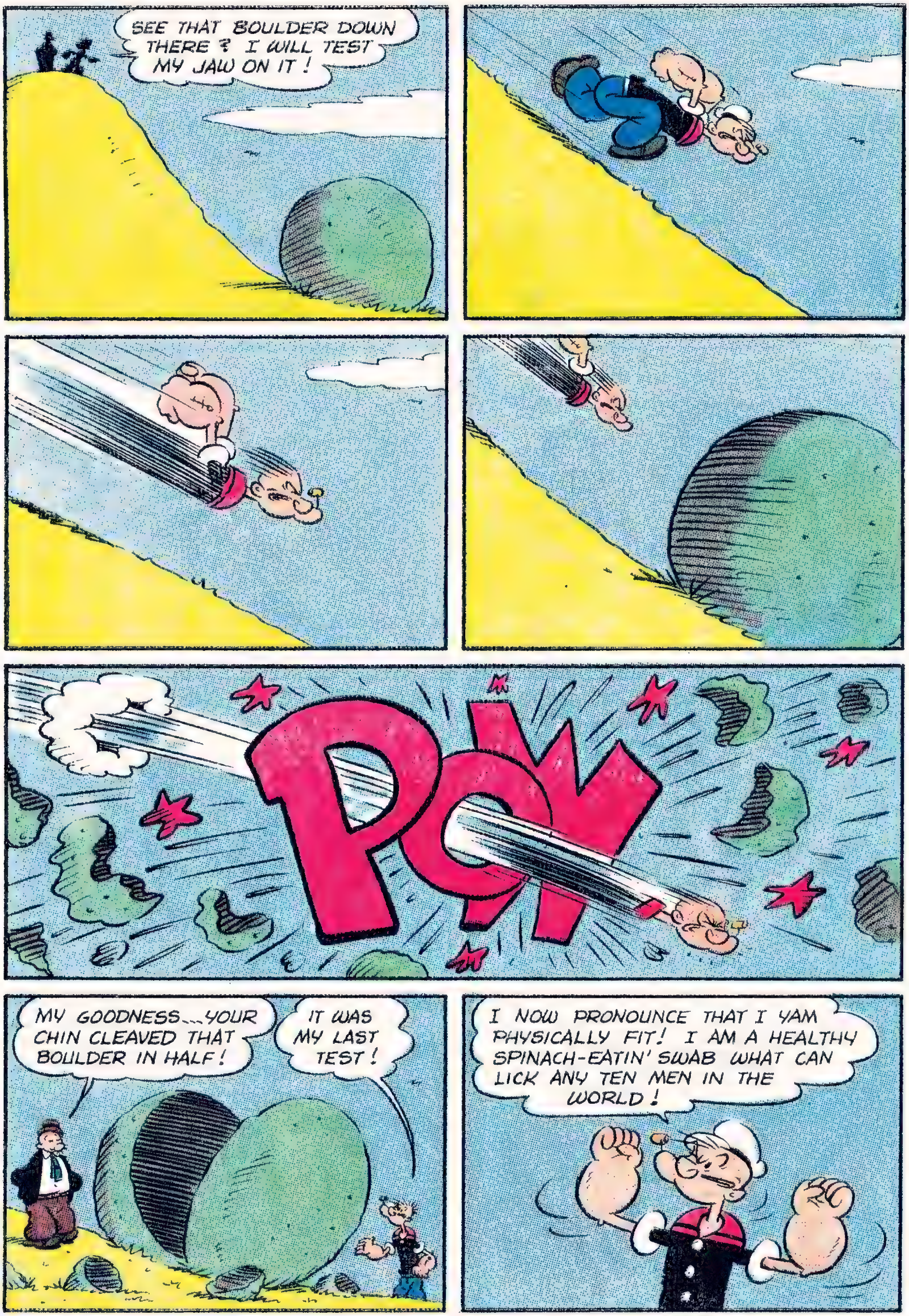


Popeye #43, January-March 1958

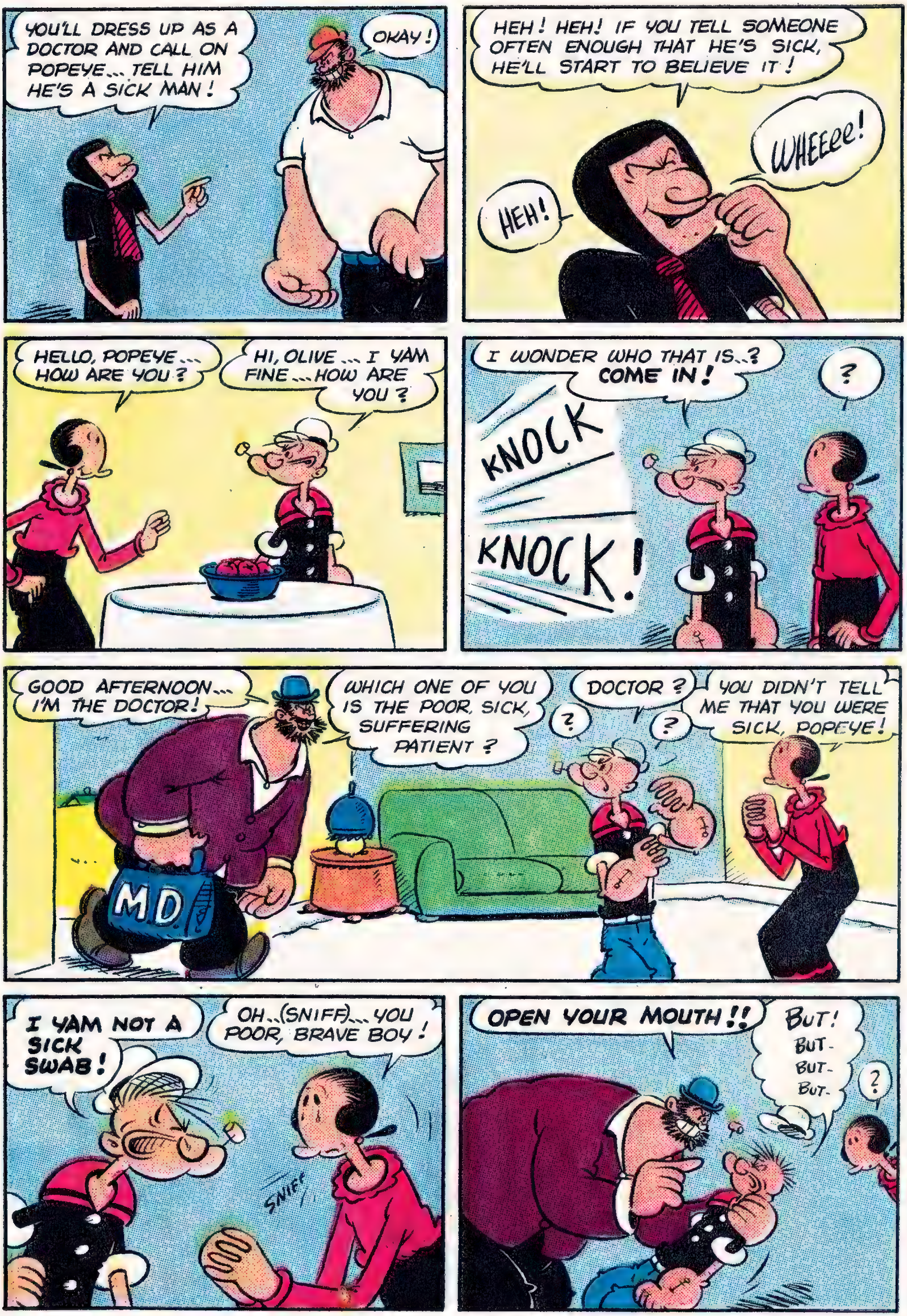

POPEYE
WHAT'LL I DO?
I HAVEN'T ANYTHING TO DO!
THERE'S NOBODY TO PLAY WITH!
WHY DON'T YOU GO OUT IN THE YARD AND DIG A HOLE?
HUH?
HOLE DIGGING IS FUN!
ARF! ARF! BOY, AM I SMART.... DIGGING WILL KEEP HIM OUT OF MY HAIR AND HE'LL GET TIRED AND GO TO BED EARLY!
THEN I CAN HAVE A DATE WITH OLIVE!
THREE HOURS LATER....
DID YOU DIG A HOLE?
YUP!
FINISH EATING AND GET TO BED!
I'M TIRED!
WHEEEE! HE'S ASLEEP AND I'M ORF TO SEE OLIVE!
PLOP
BUD SAGENDORF

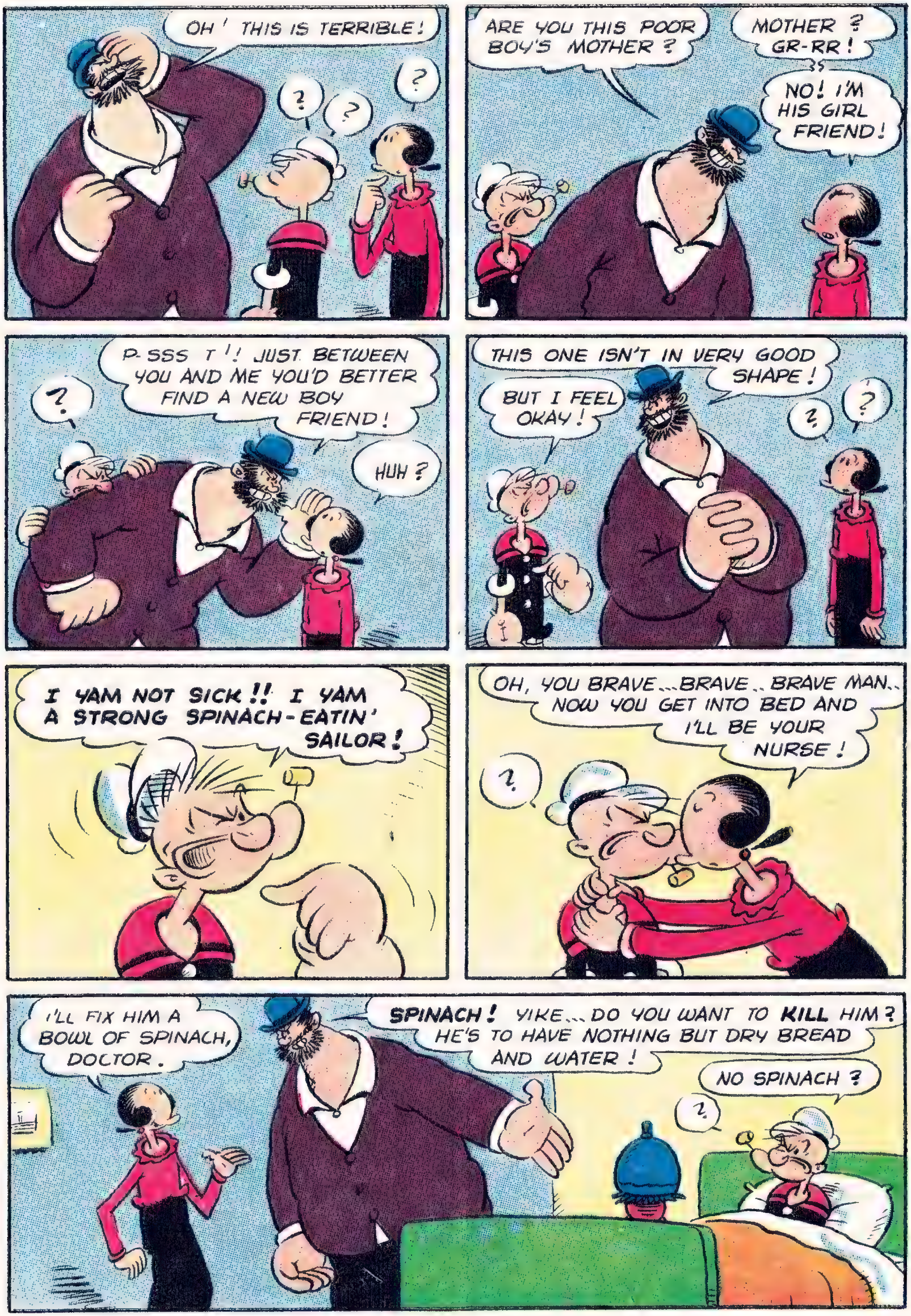

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS
POPEYE
THE SAILOR
IN
"MIND OVER MUSCLES!"
LA-DA-- DEE-DA! WHEEEE!! I FEELS GOOD!
FOLLOW THAT MAN!
GR-R-R!
POPEYE #43 - 581

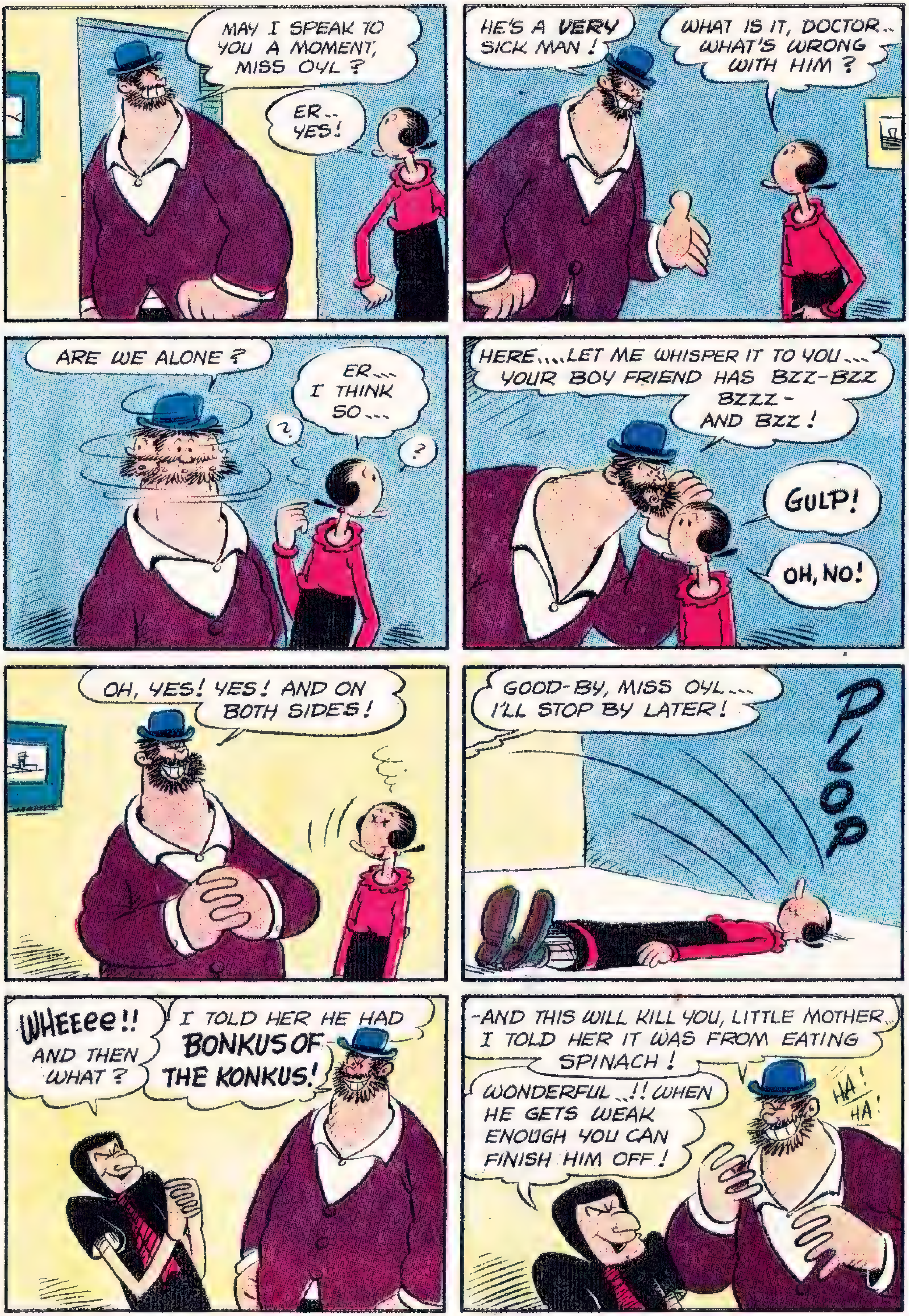
HM?
HM?
CHOP
HM?
NOT BAD!
?
GOOD HEAVENS !?! WHAT IS POPEYE DOING ?
?
?
BAM!
SMACK!
CUTTING FIREWOOD, OL' PAL .....?
BAM
I YAM NOT CHOPPIN' WOOD.... I YAM TAKING MY YEARLY PHYSICAL CHECKUP!
OH!
ME FISK IS OKAY..... NOW ALL I HAVE TO TEST IS MY JAW!


SEE THAT BOULDER DOWN THERE? I WILL TEST MY JAW ON IT!
POW
MY GOODNESS... YOUR CHIN CLEAVED THAT BOULDER IN HALF!
IT WAS MY LAST TEST!
I NOW PRONOUNCE THAT I YAM PHYSICALLY FIT! I AM A HEALTHY SPINACH-EATIN' SWAB WHAT CAN LICK ANY TEN MEN IN THE WORLD!

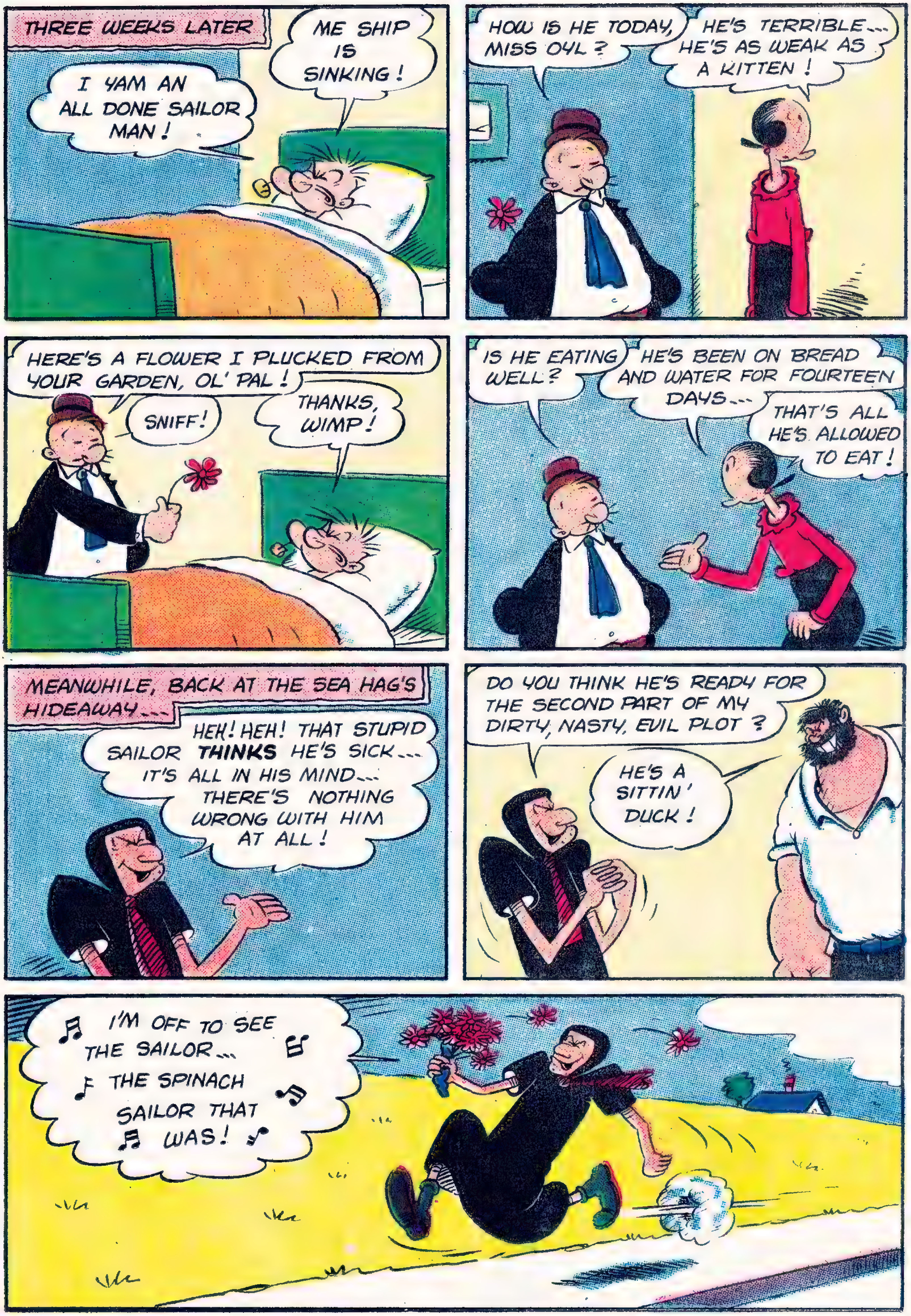
YES, SIR, WIMPY.... IT IS A WONDERFUL FEELING TO KNOW YOU'RE PHYSICALLY FIT!
SOUNDS WONDERFUL, OL' PAL....
?
I'D BETTER REPORT TO THE BOSS!
-AND SO.. THIS IS NO TIME TO PICK A FIGHT WITH POPEYE!
HM?
BAH!
AS LONG AS THAT SAILOR IS ALIVE I WON'T BE ABLE TO BRING BACK PIRACY TO THE HIGH SEAS!
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM!
WHY DON'T YOU----
SHUSH!! I'M GETTING AN IDEA!
WHEEeee! I'VE GOT IT!
?
I WILL USE PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE ON THAT ONE-EYED SPINACH EATER!
I SHALL OUTWIT HIS LITTLE BRAIN AND DEFEAT HIM WITH INTERNAL FEAR!
I'LL HIT HIM WITH A CLUB OF CLEVERNESS!!
HIS MUSCLES WILL TURN TO WATER AND HIS COURAGE WILL WITHER LIKE A SPRING POSY IN A SNOWSTORM!


YOU'LL DRESS UP AS A DOCTOR AND CALL ON POPEYE... TELL HIM HE'S A SICK MAN!
OKAY!
HEH! HEH! IF YOU TELL SOMEONE OFTEN ENOUGH THAT HE'S SICK, HE'LL START TO BELIEVE IT!
HEH!
WHEEEE!
HELLO, POPEYE... HOW ARE YOU?
HI, OLIVE... I YAM FINE... HOW ARE YOU?
I WONDER WHO THAT IS..? COME IN!
?
KNOCK
KNOCK!
GOOD AFTERNOON... I'M THE DOCTOR!
WHICH ONE OF YOU IS THE POOR, SICK, SUFFERING PATIENT?
?
?
DOCTOR?
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THAT YOU WERE SICK, POPEYE!
M.D.
I YAM NOT A SICK SWAB!
OH..(SNIFF)... YOU POOR, BRAVE BOY!
SNIFF
OPEN YOUR MOUTH!!
BUT! BUT- BUT- BUT-
?


OH ' THIS IS TERRIBLE !
?
?
?
ARE YOU THIS POOR BOY'S MOTHER ?
MOTHER ? GR-RR !
NO! I'M HIS GIRL FRIEND!
P-SSS T '! JUST BETWEEN YOU AND ME YOU'D BETTER FIND A NEW BOY FRIEND!
?
HUH ?
THIS ONE ISN'T IN VERY GOOD SHAPE !
BUT I FEEL OKAY !
?
?
I YAM NOT SICK !! I YAM A STRONG SPINACH-EATIN' SAILOR !
OH, YOU BRAVE ... BRAVE .. BRAVE MAN.. NOW YOU GET INTO BED AND I'LL BE YOUR NURSE !
?
I'LL FIX HIM A BOWL OF SPINACH, DOCTOR .
SPINACH ! YIKE ... DO YOU WANT TO KILL HIM ? HE'S TO HAVE NOTHING BUT DRY BREAD AND WATER !
NO SPINACH ?
?

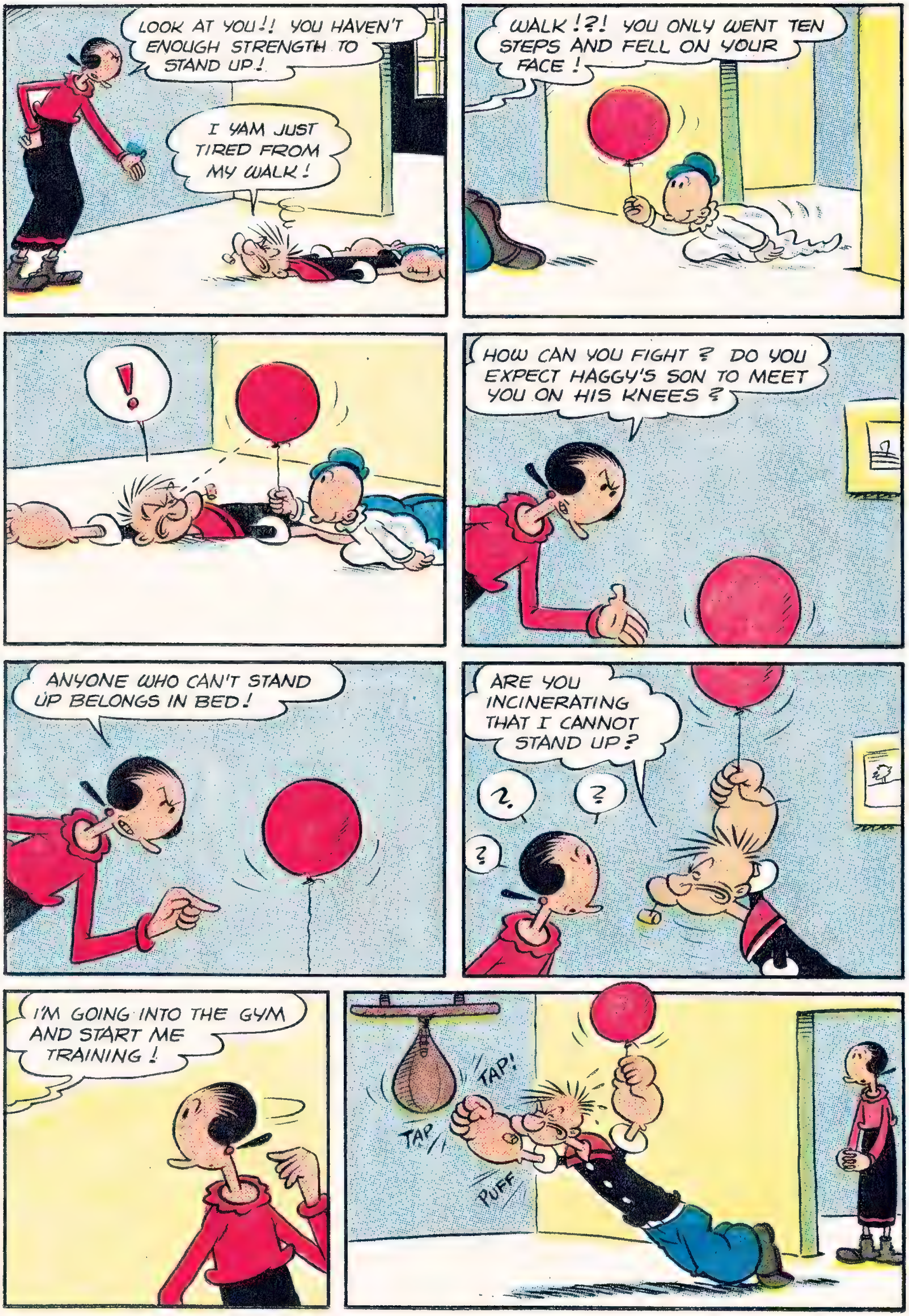

MAY I SPEAK TO YOU A MOMENT, MISS OYL ?
ER.. YES!
HE'S A VERY SICK MAN !
WHAT IS IT, DOCTOR.. WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM ?
ARE WE ALONE ?
ER... I THINK SO...
?
?
HERE....LET ME WHISPER IT TO YOU... YOUR BOY FRIEND HAS BZZ-BZZ BZZZ - AND BZZ !
GULP!
OH, NO!
OH, YES! YES! AND ON BOTH SIDES!
GOOD-BY, MISS OYL... I'LL STOP BY LATER!
PLOP
WHEEeee!! AND THEN WHAT ?
I TOLD HER HE HAD BONKUS OF THE KONKUS!
-AND THIS WILL KILL YOU, LITTLE MOTHER.. I TOLD HER IT WAS FROM EATING SPINACH !
WONDERFUL..!! WHEN HE GETS WEAK ENOUGH YOU CAN FINISH HIM OFF !
HA! HA!

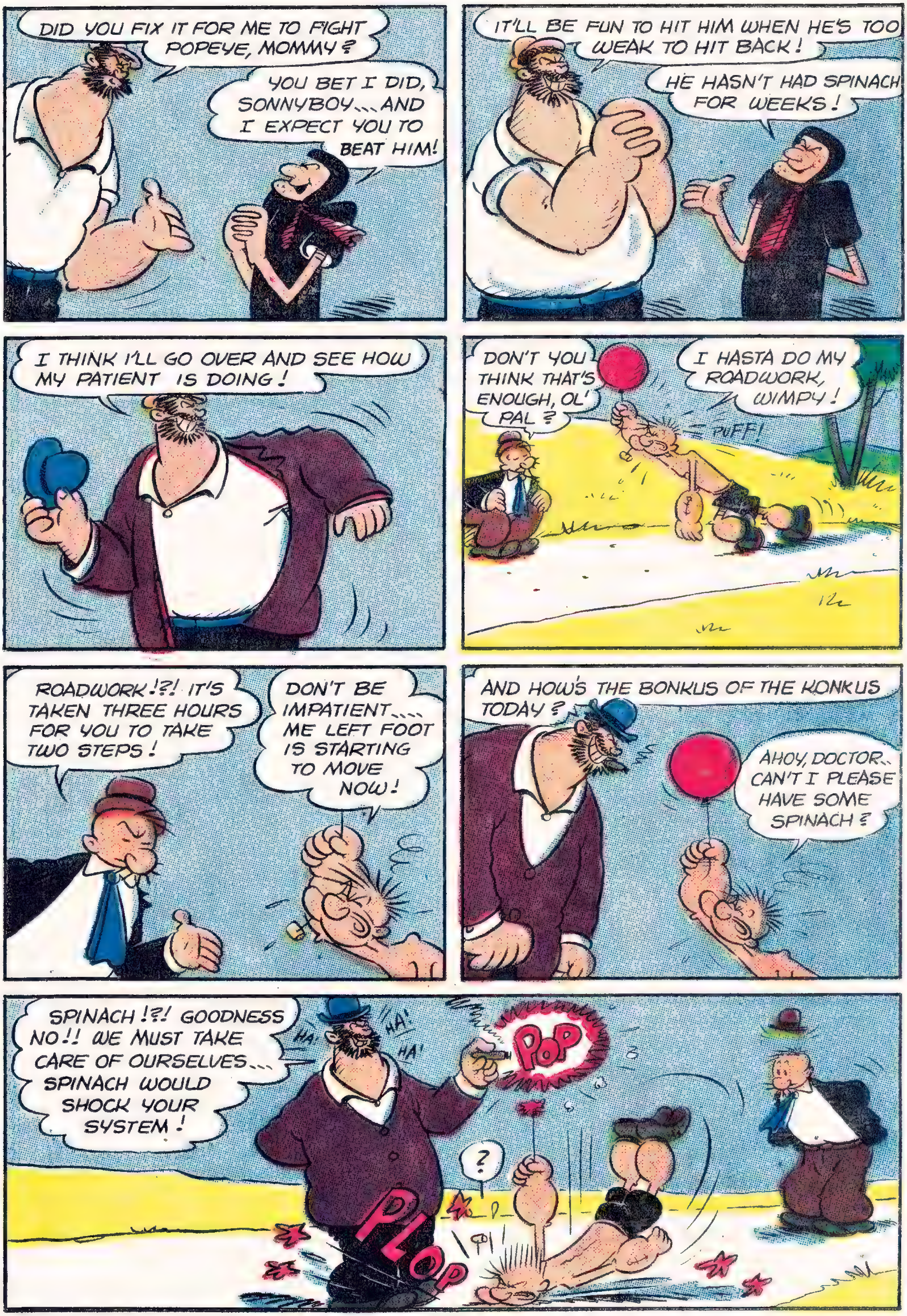
WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED?
I FEELS FINE.... THAT DOCTOR HAD THE WRONG SWAB!
OH, DEAR.. HE SAID YOU'D HAVE MOMENTS LIKE THIS!
BUT I'M STRONG AS A BULL..
LOOK IN THAT MIRROR.. DOES THAT LOOK LIKE A HEALTHY FACE?
?
?
IT'S GHASTLY!! YOU'RE A SICK MAN!
GULP!
UGH! I FEEL TERRIBLE!
I YAM AN ILL SAILOR BOY!
I YAM GOING TO BED!
AT LAST MY SAILOR BOY REALLY NEEDS ME ... NOW I CAN NURSE HIM BACK TO HEALTH!
PLOP!
?
?
?
SOME SWAB LEFT A TOOTHPICK ON THE FLOOR AND I FELL OVER IT!
?
!

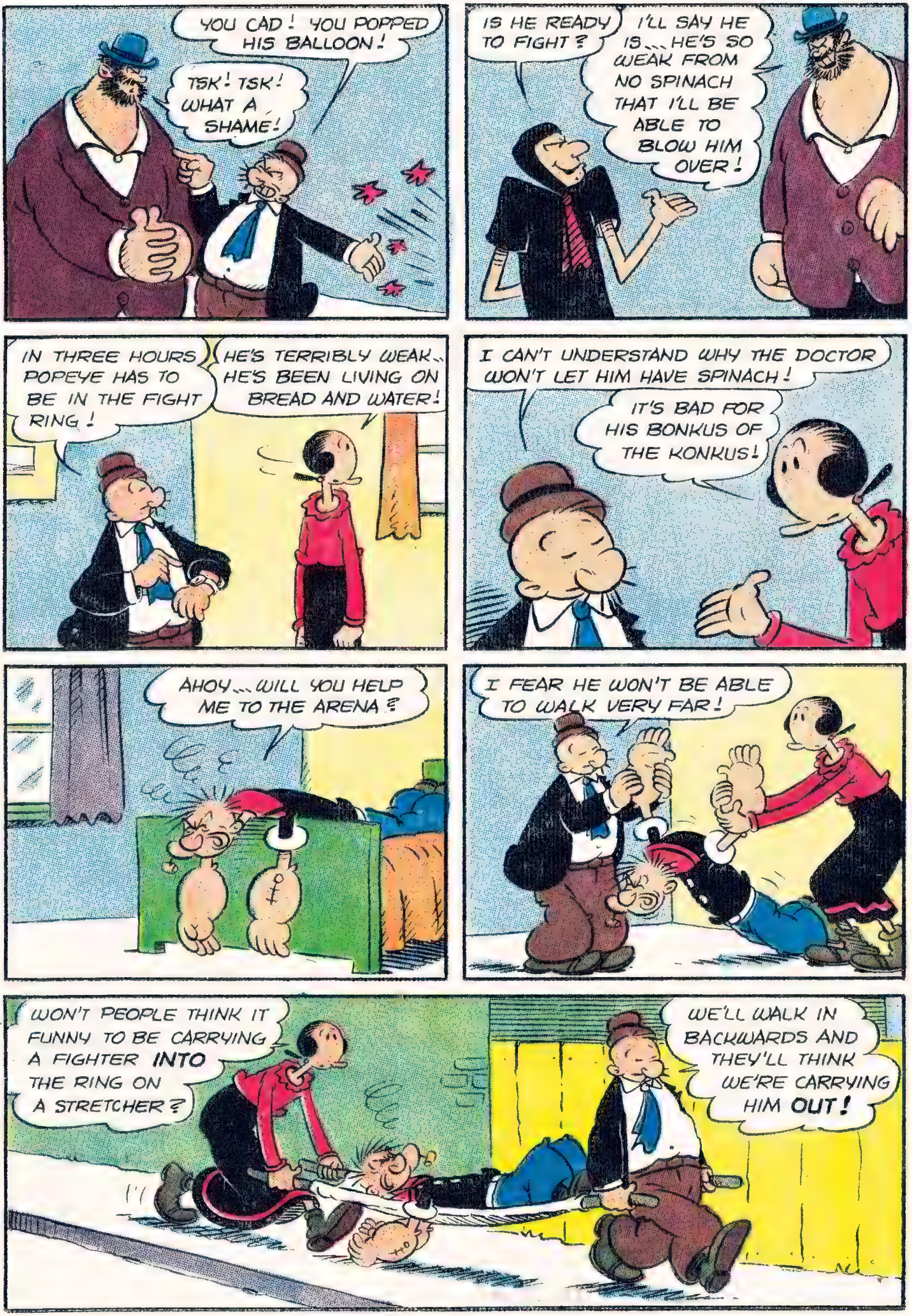

THREE WEEKS LATER
I YAM AN ALL DONE SAILOR MAN!
ME SHIP IS SINKING!
HOW IS HE TODAY, MISS OYL?
HE'S TERRIBLE... HE'S AS WEAK AS A KITTEN!
HERE'S A FLOWER I PLUCKED FROM YOUR GARDEN, OL' PAL!
SNIFF!
THANKS, WIMP!
IS HE EATING WELL?
HE'S BEEN ON BREAD AND WATER FOR FOURTEEN DAYS...
THAT'S ALL HE'S ALLOWED TO EAT!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE SEA HAG'S HIDEAWAY...
HEH! HEH! THAT STUPID SAILOR THINKS HE'S SICK... IT'S ALL IN HIS MIND... THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH HIM AT ALL!
DO YOU THINK HE'S READY FOR THE SECOND PART OF MY DIRTY, NASTY, EVIL PLOT?
HE'S A SITTIN' DUCK!
I'M OFF TO SEE THE SAILOR... THE SPINACH SAILOR THAT WAS!

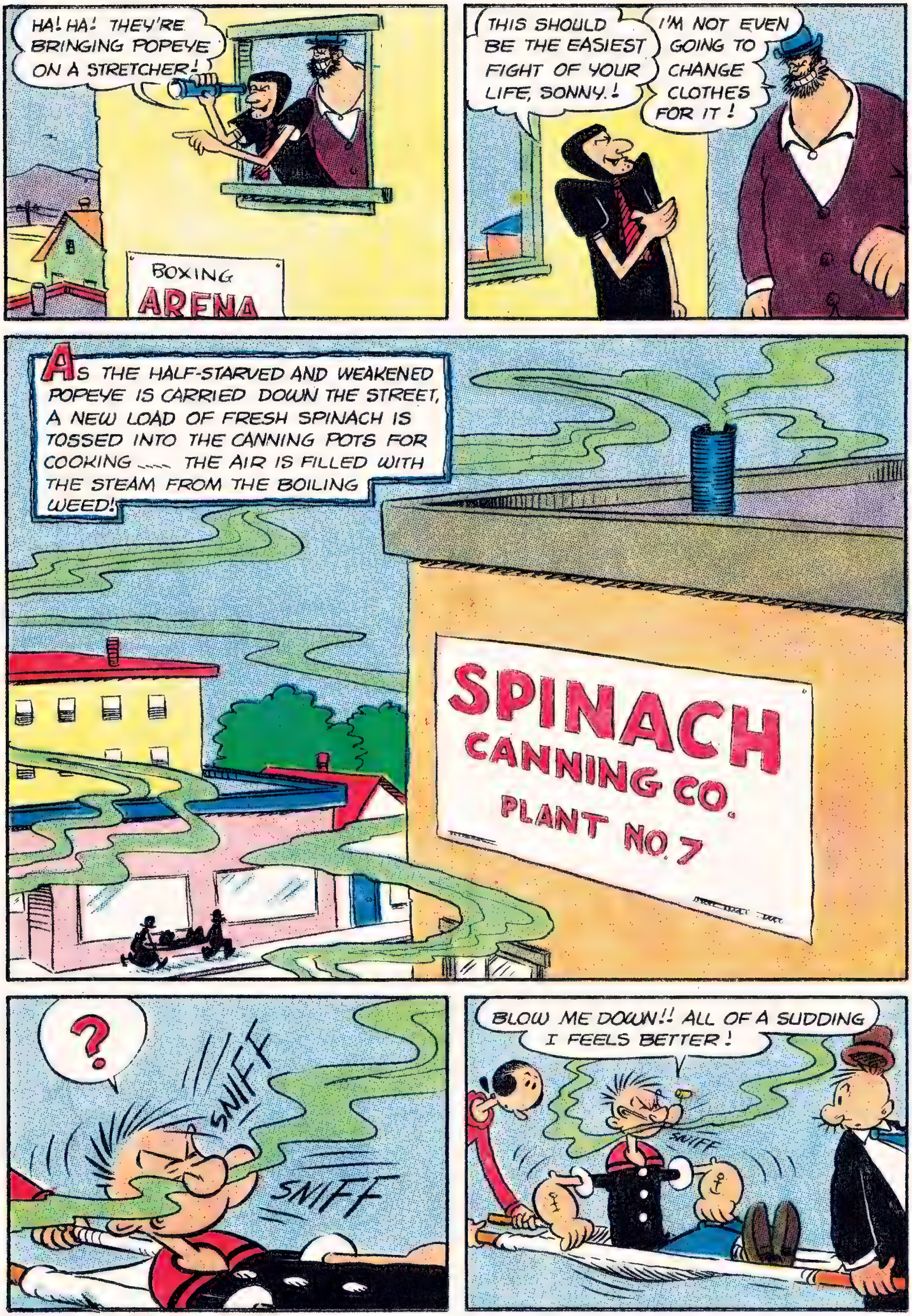
HELLO, POPEYE... HEH! HEH! MY YOU LOOK TERRIBLE!
UH? WHO'S THERE?
IT'S HAGGY... YOUR OLD FRIEND HEH! HEH! HAGGY!
I BROUGHT YOU SOME FLOWERS!
SNIFF!
SNIFF!
?
?
HEH,
HEH!
HEH!
?
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
KACHOOOO
WHEEeee!! OH.. I'M SORRY... DID I PUT TOO MUCH BLACK PEPPER ON THE FLOWERS?
?
!
?
YA HORRIBLE WITCH.. WHY DOES YA BOTHER A POOR SICK SAILOR WHAT IS TOO WEAK TO FIGHT BACK?
I'M HERE TO CHALLENGE YOU TO A FIGHT WITH MY LITTLE BOY... A FIGHT FOR THE SAILOR'S CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD!
?
IF YOU DON'T FIGHT MY SON, YOU WILL FORFEIT YOUR TITLE!
?
?
?

AND IF YOU LOSE, I'LL FEEL SAFE TO BRING PIRACY BACK TO THE HIGH SEAS!
BYE, SUCKER!
GULP!
I GOTTA GET UP AN' START TRAINING.... I KIN NOT LET THAT HAG TURN HER PIRATES LOOSE ON THE SEAS!
YIKE!! POPEYE!! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT OF BED?
I GOTTA GET IN SHAPE FOR A PRIZE FIGHT!
PRIZE FIGHT?
I HAS BEEN CHALLENGED!
BUT YOU CAN'T FIGHT!
I YAM A FIGHTER... I HAVE TO FIGHT!
YOU'RE TOO SICK TO FIGHT!
I YAM A LITTLE WEAK BUT I HAVE TO FIGHT THE SEA HAG'S SON!

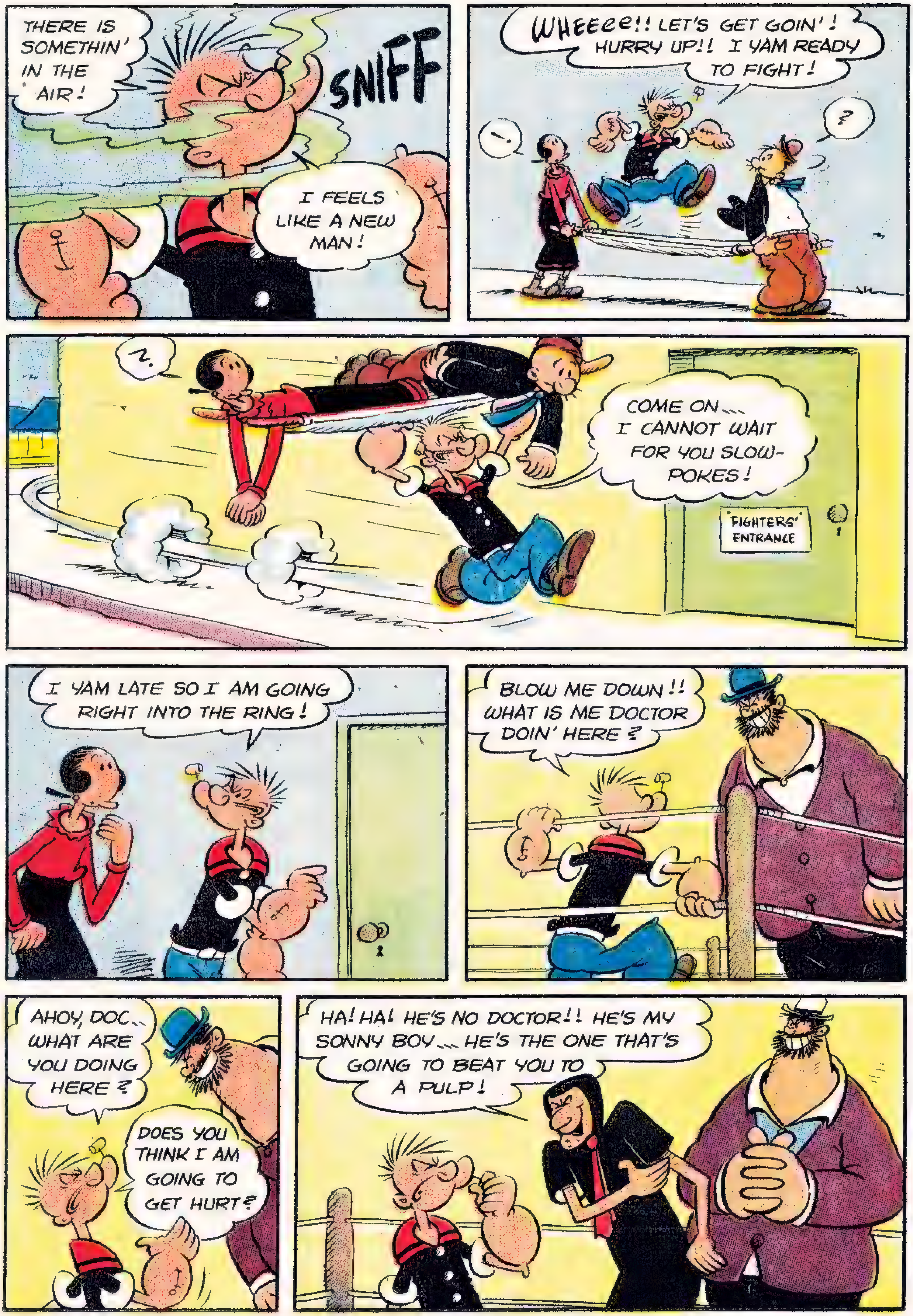

LOOK AT YOU!! YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH STRENGTH TO STAND UP!
I YAM JUST TIRED FROM MY WALK!
WALK!?! YOU ONLY WENT TEN STEPS AND FELL ON YOUR FACE!
!
HOW CAN YOU FIGHT? DO YOU EXPECT HAGGY'S SON TO MEET YOU ON HIS KNEES?
ANYONE WHO CAN'T STAND UP BELONGS IN BED!
ARE YOU INCINERATING THAT I CANNOT STAND UP?
?
?
?
I'M GOING INTO THE GYM AND START ME TRAINING!
TAP!
TAP
PUFF

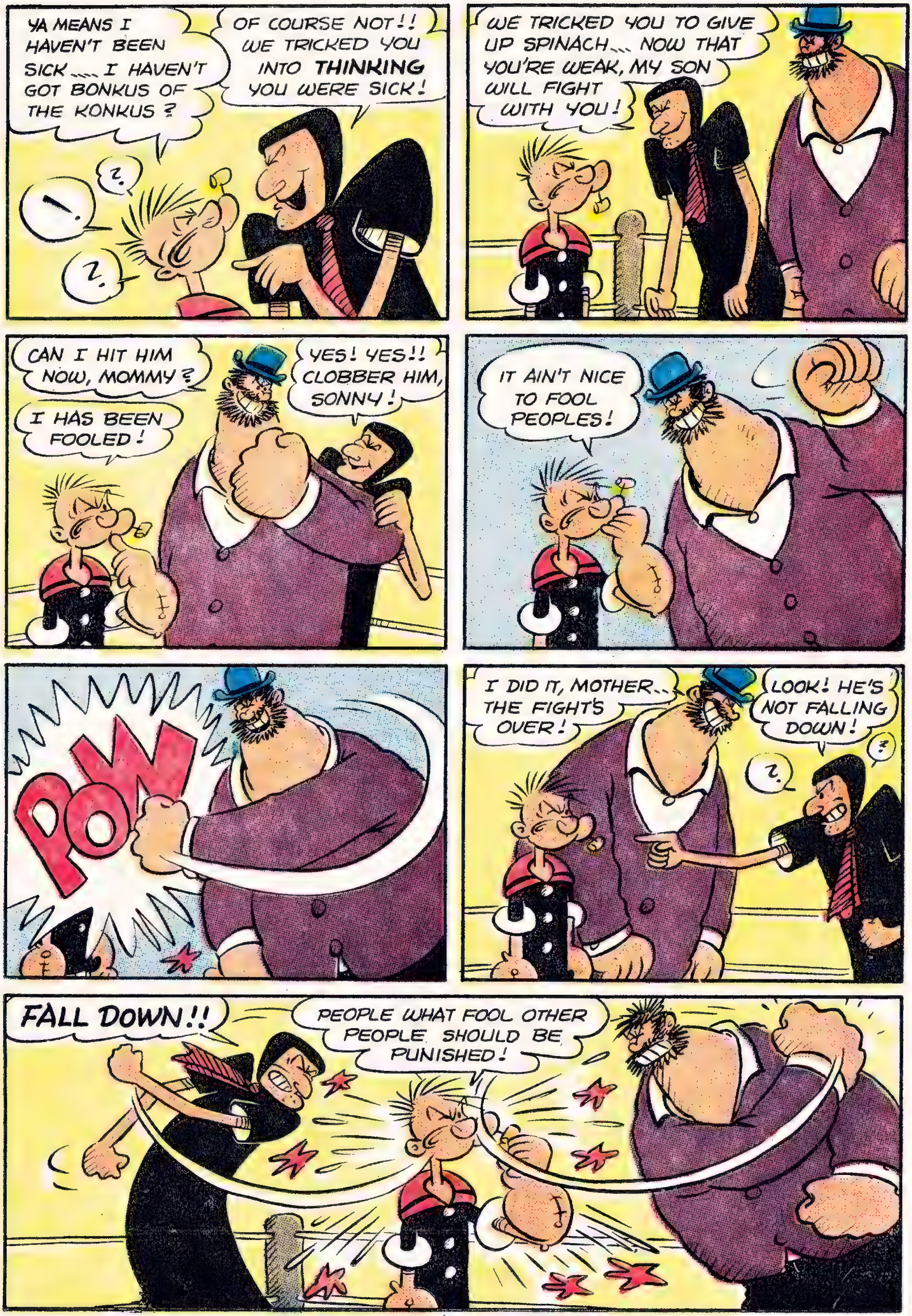

DID YOU FIX IT FOR ME TO FIGHT POPEYE, MOMMY?
YOU BET I DID, SONNYBOY.... AND I EXPECT YOU TO BEAT HIM!
IT'LL BE FUN TO HIT HIM WHEN HE'S TOO WEAK TO HIT BACK!
HE HASN'T HAD SPINACH FOR WEEKS!
I THINK I'LL GO OVER AND SEE HOW MY PATIENT IS DOING!
DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S ENOUGH, OL' PAL?
I HASTA DO MY ROADWORK, WIMPY!
PUFF!
ROADWORK!?! IT'S TAKEN THREE HOURS FOR YOU TO TAKE TWO STEPS!
DON'T BE IMPATIENT.... ME LEFT FOOT IS STARTING TO MOVE NOW!
AND HOW'S THE BONKUS OF THE KONKUS TODAY?
AHOY, DOCTOR.. CAN'T I PLEASE HAVE SOME SPINACH?
SPINACH!?! GOODNESS NO!! WE MUST TAKE CARE OF OURSELVES... SPINACH WOULD SHOCK YOUR SYSTEM!
HA! HA! HA!
POP
?
PLOP


YOU CAD! YOU POPPED HIS BALLOON!
TSK! TSK! WHAT A SHAME!
IS HE READY TO FIGHT?
I'LL SAY HE IS... HE'S SO WEAK FROM NO SPINACH THAT I'LL BE ABLE TO BLOW HIM OVER!
IN THREE HOURS POPEYE HAS TO BE IN THE FIGHT RING!
HE'S TERRIBLY WEAK.. HE'S BEEN LIVING ON BREAD AND WATER!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE DOCTOR WON'T LET HIM HAVE SPINACH!
IT'S BAD FOR HIS BONKUS OF THE KONKUS!
AHOY... WILL YOU HELP ME TO THE ARENA?
I FEAR HE WON'T BE ABLE TO WALK VERY FAR!
WON'T PEOPLE THINK IT FUNNY TO BE CARRYING A FIGHTER INTO THE RING ON A STRETCHER?
WE'LL WALK IN BACKWARDS AND THEY'LL THINK WE'RE CARRYING HIM OUT!

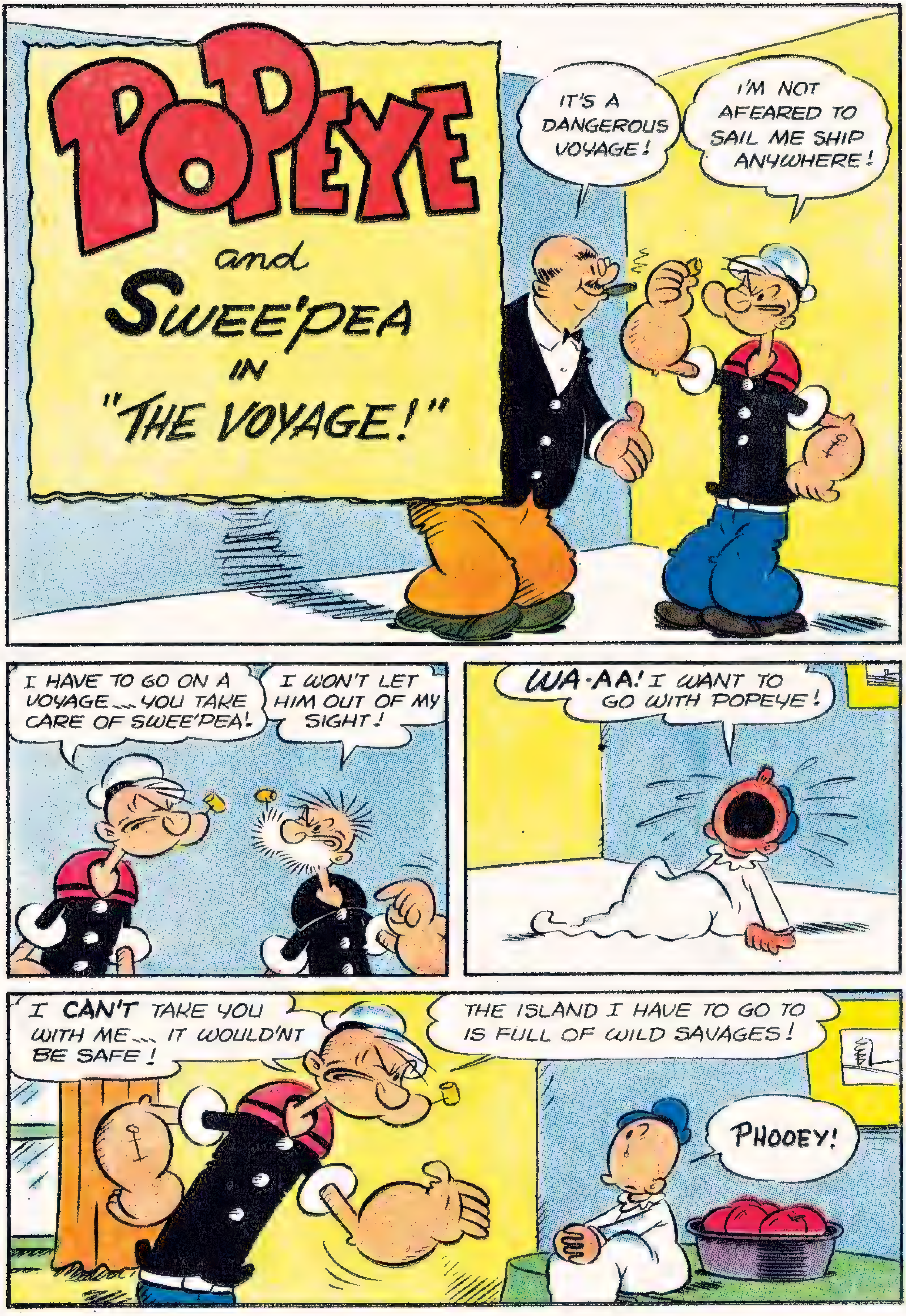


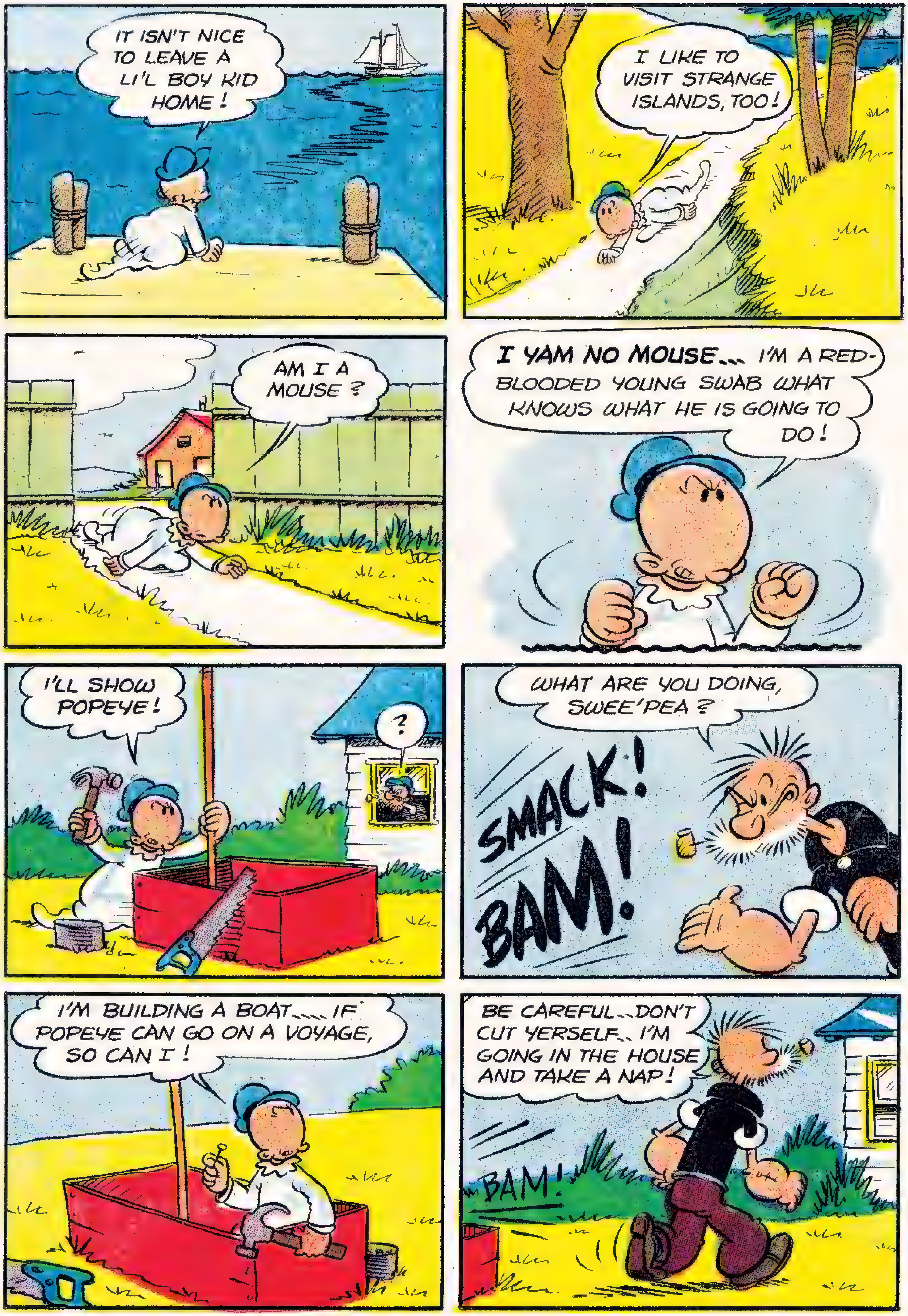
HA! HA! THEY'RE BRINGING POPEYE ON A STRETCHER!
BOXING ARENA
THIS SHOULD BE THE EASIEST FIGHT OF YOUR LIFE, SONNY.!
I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO CHANGE CLOTHES FOR IT!
AS THE HALF-STARVED AND WEAKENED POPEYE IS CARRIED DOWN THE STREET, A NEW LOAD OF FRESH SPINACH IS TOSSED INTO THE CANNING POTS FOR COOKING .... THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE STEAM FROM THE BOILING WEED!
SPINACH CANNING CO. PLANT NO. 7
?
SNIFF
SNIFF
BLOW ME DOWN!! ALL OF A SUDDING I FEELS BETTER!
SNIFF

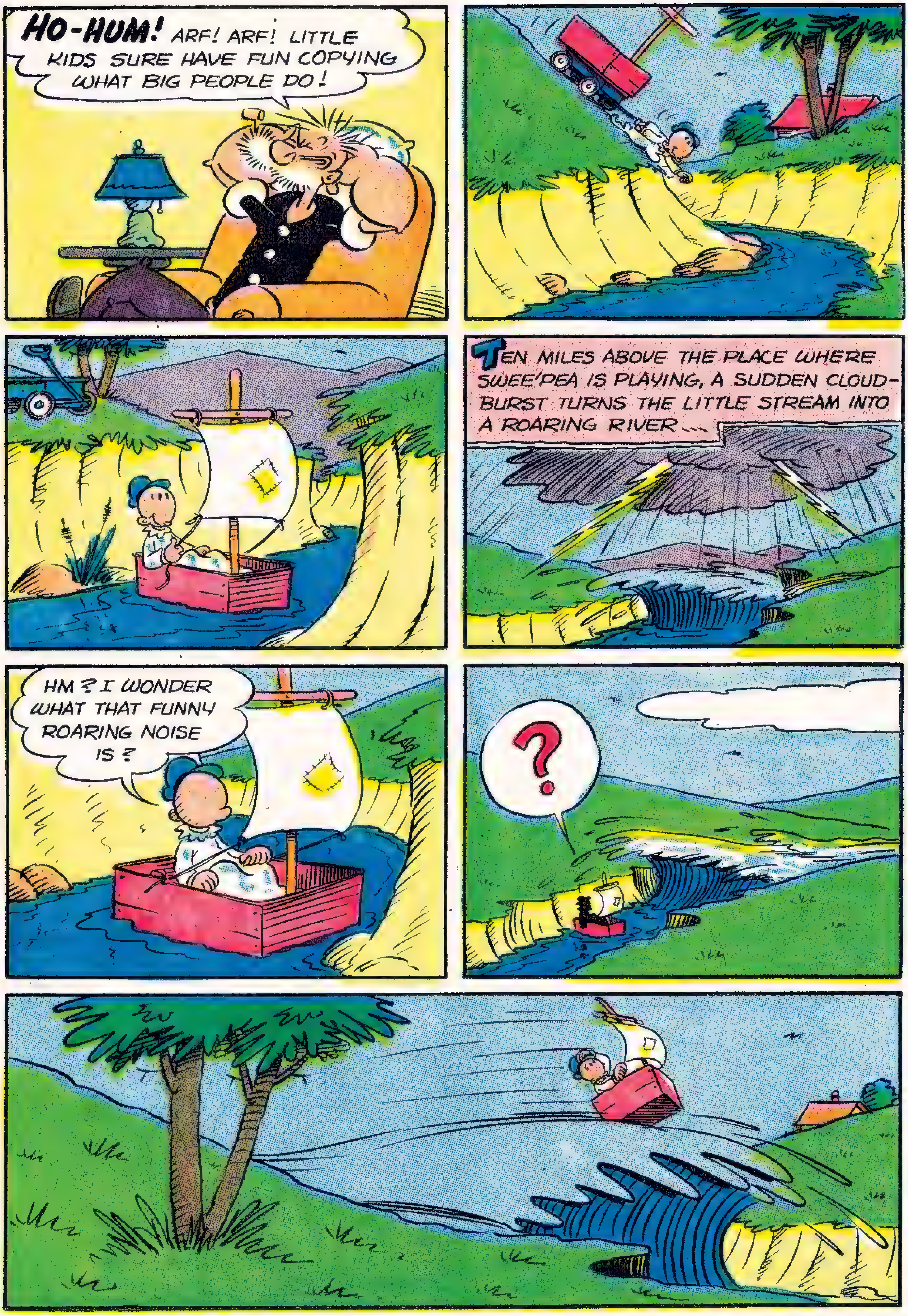

THERE IS SOMETHIN' IN THE AIR!
SNIFF
I FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN!
WHEEEEE!! LET'S GET GOIN'! HURRY UP!! I YAM READY TO FIGHT!
!
?
?
COME ON... I CANNOT WAIT FOR YOU SLOW-POKES!
"FIGHTERS' ENTRANCE"
I YAM LATE SO I AM GOING RIGHT INTO THE RING!
BLOW ME DOWN!! WHAT IS ME DOCTOR DOIN' HERE?
AHOY, DOC... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
DOES YOU THINK I AM GOING TO GET HURT?
HA! HA! HE'S NO DOCTOR!! HE'S MY SONNY BOY... HE'S THE ONE THAT'S GOING TO BEAT YOU TO A PULP!


YA MEANS I HAVEN'T BEEN SICK.... I HAVEN'T GOT BONKUS OF THE KONKUS?
OF COURSE NOT!! WE TRICKED YOU INTO THINKING YOU WERE SICK!
WE TRICKED YOU TO GIVE UP SPINACH... NOW THAT YOU'RE WEAK, MY SON WILL FIGHT WITH YOU!
CAN I HIT HIM NOW, MOMMY?
YES! YES!! CLOBBER HIM, SONNY!
I HAS BEEN FOOLED!
IT AIN'T NICE TO FOOL PEOPLES!
POW
I DID IT, MOTHER... THE FIGHT'S OVER!
LOOK! HE'S NOT FALLING DOWN!
FALL DOWN!!
PEOPLE WHAT FOOL OTHER PEOPLE SHOULD BE PUNISHED!

YOU IS A BAD BOY!
BAM!
YOU STRUCK MY SONNY BOY!
HE LIED TO ME!!
LI'L BOYS WHAT LIE HAS TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON!
?
I WOULD SUGGEST THAT YOU GIVE HIM A SPANKING!
POW!
OW
SHAME ON YOU.... YOU PUNCH LIKE A GIRL!!
WA-A-A-A! I'M SORRY, MOMMY!
SPLAT
COME ON, OLIVE.... I'M HUNGRY.... LET'S GO FIND A BARREL OF SPINACH!!

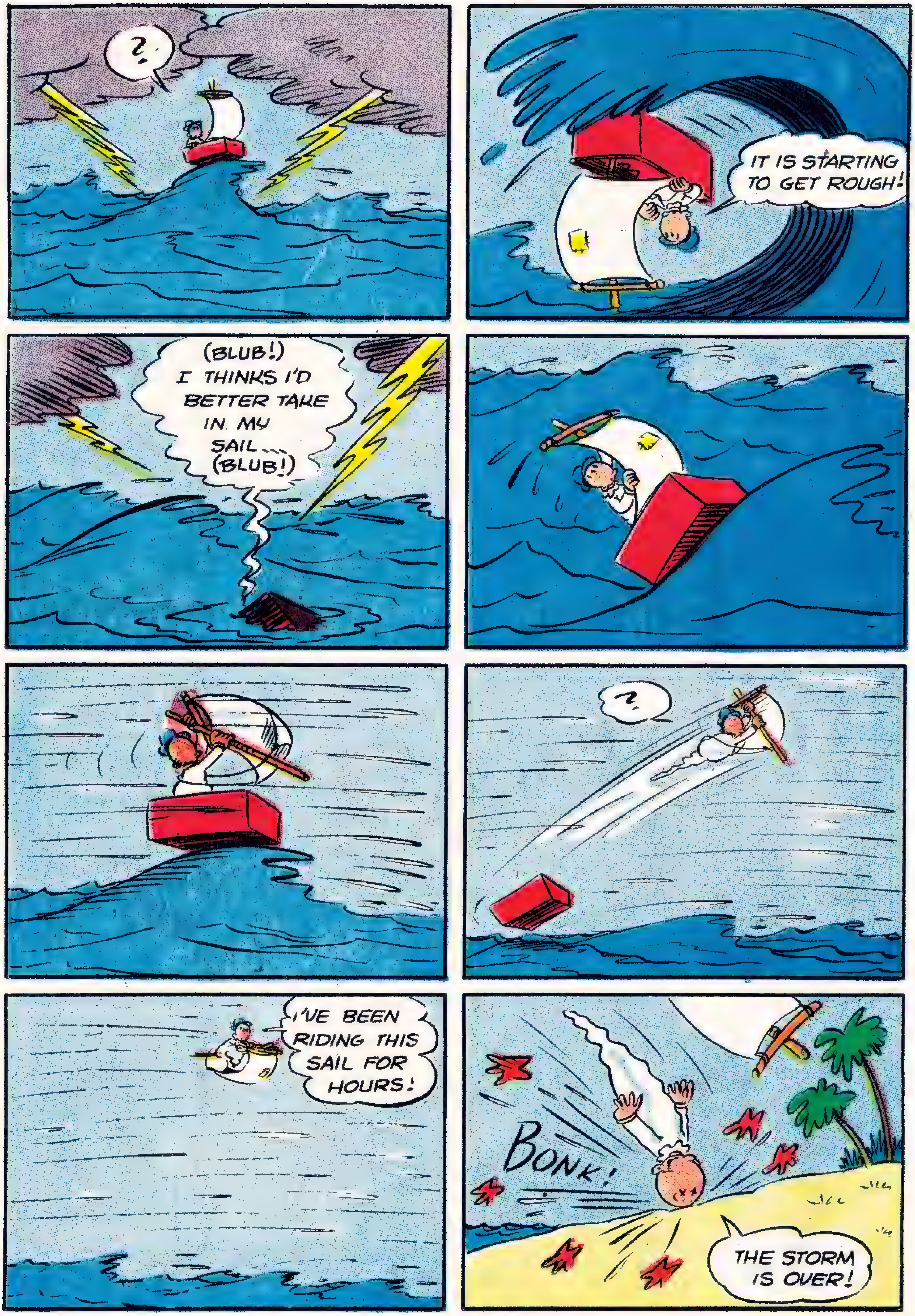

POPEYE
and
SWEE'PEA
IN
"THE VOYAGE!"
IT'S A DANGEROUS VOYAGE!
I'M NOT AFEARED TO SAIL ME SHIP ANYWHERE!
I HAVE TO GO ON A VOYAGE... YOU TAKE CARE OF SWEE'PEA!
I WON'T LET HIM OUT OF MY SIGHT!
WA-AA! I WANT TO GO WITH POPEYE!
I CAN'T TAKE YOU WITH ME... IT WOULD'NT BE SAFE!
THE ISLAND I HAVE TO GO TO IS FULL OF WILD SAVAGES!
PHOOEY!


IT ISN'T NICE TO LEAVE A LI'L BOY KID HOME!
I LIKE TO VISIT STRANGE ISLANDS, TOO!
AM I A MOUSE?
I YAM NO MOUSE... I'M A RED-BLOODED YOUNG SWAB WHAT KNOWS WHAT HE IS GOING TO DO!
I'LL SHOW POPEYE!
?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, SWEE'PEA?
SMACK!
BAM!
I'M BUILDING A BOAT.... IF POPEYE CAN GO ON A VOYAGE, SO CAN I!
BE CAREFUL..DON'T CUT YERSELF.. I'M GOING IN THE HOUSE AND TAKE A NAP!
BAM!

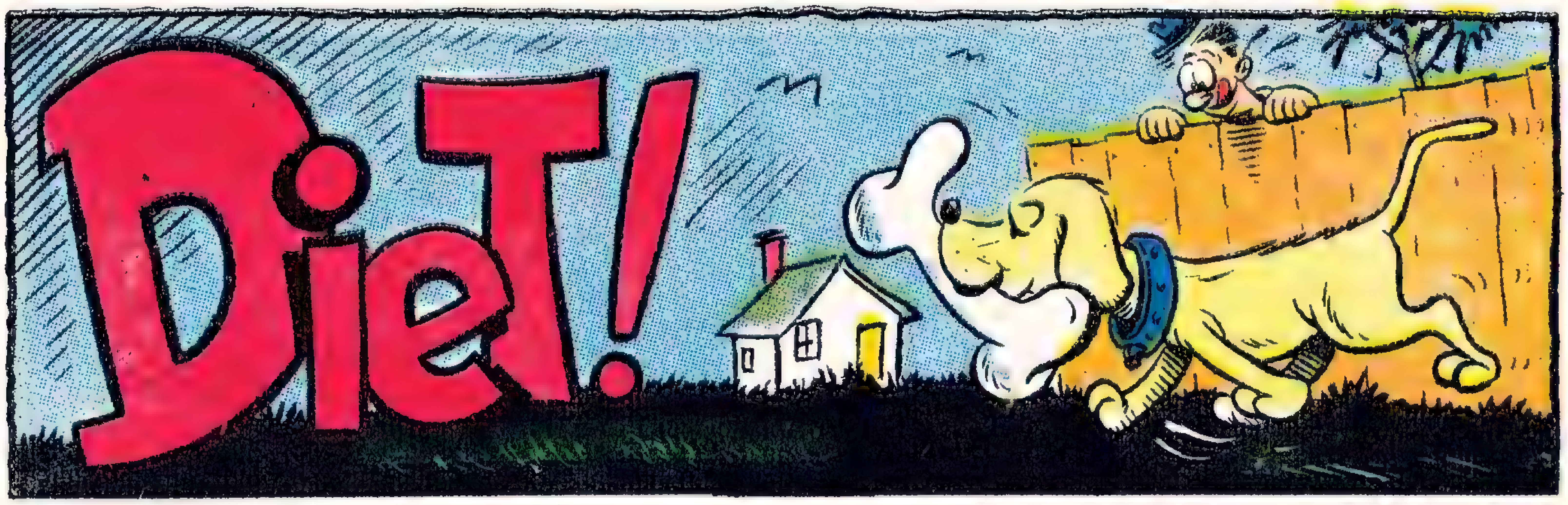

HO-HUM! ARF! ARF! LITTLE KIDS SURE HAVE FUN COPYING WHAT BIG PEOPLE DO!
TEN MILES ABOVE THE PLACE WHERE SWEE'PEA IS PLAYING, A SUDDEN CLOUD-BURST TURNS THE LITTLE STREAM INTO A ROARING RIVER...
HM? I WONDER WHAT THAT FUNNY ROARING NOISE IS?
?

?
?
?
?
WOW! I'M ON THE OCEAN!
YIKE! I'VE RUN INTO AN ISLAND ALREADY!
BUMP
?
!
!

SMACK
GULP!
PHOOEY!
HM ? I THOUGHT I WOULD TASTE BETTER THAN THAT !
UGH!


?
IT IS STARTING TO GET ROUGH!
(BLUB!) I THINKS I'D BETTER TAKE IN MY SAIL... (BLUB!)
?
I'VE BEEN RIDING THIS SAIL FOR HOURS!
BONK!
THE STORM IS OVER!

MEANWHILE BACK ON POPEYE'S SHIP...
AH! THERE'S THE ISLAND!
I'LL GO ASHORE AN' SEE IF ME CARGO IS READY!
UGH! LOOK AT THEM HORRIBLE, UGLY, MEAN SAVAGES ON THE PIER!
I'M SURE GLAD I DIDN'T BRING SWEE'PEA. THEM SAVAGE CRITTERS WOULD HAVE SCARED HIM OUT OF TEN YEARS GROWTH!
YIKE!
AHOY, POPEYE... WHAT TOOKED YA SO LONG?
GOP!
GLOB!
GLIP!
GLUNK!
THE END



Disaster struck with the suddenness of a tornado. Mrs. Smith decided that it would be best for the whole family to go on a vegetable diet. Mr. Smith, who loved his roast beef, screamed his head off but it did no good. The children, who liked ice cream and cake, cried. But the news hit hardest at the Smiths' little dog, Winky. What kind of a house was it for a dog that had nothing to eat but string beans and potatoes? It wasn't the most happy thing to look forward to, not for a little yellow dog that loved to spend the afternoon gnawing on a juicy bone.

The first week of Mrs. Smith's diet wasn't too bad. Winky had several dozen bones buried around the yard and he was able to top off the vegetable meals with his stored-up jaw breakers. But the day came all too soon when, search as hard as he could, he just couldn't find another bone. The yard was clean. In fact, poor Winky received several rather severe spankings because in his desperate search for another bone, he dug up some of Mr. Smith's prize dahlias.

As the new diet went on, little Winky became more and more convinced that he would never see another bone. It was so long since he had seen one, that when the dog from down the street came along carrying a large bone in his mouth, Winky didn't know what it was.

"Good heavens," Winky exclaimed. "What is that white thing you have in your mouth?"

"What's the matter with you, pal?" the lucky dog asked, as he placed the bone on the ground. "Have you turned into a gold fish that doesn't know what a bone is?"

"My goodness," yelped the vegetable hound. "IS THAT A BONE? It's been so long since I've seen one that I had forgotten what they looked like!"

When Winky explained to his friend what had happened at his house, his friend—true pal that he was—gave the bone to him.

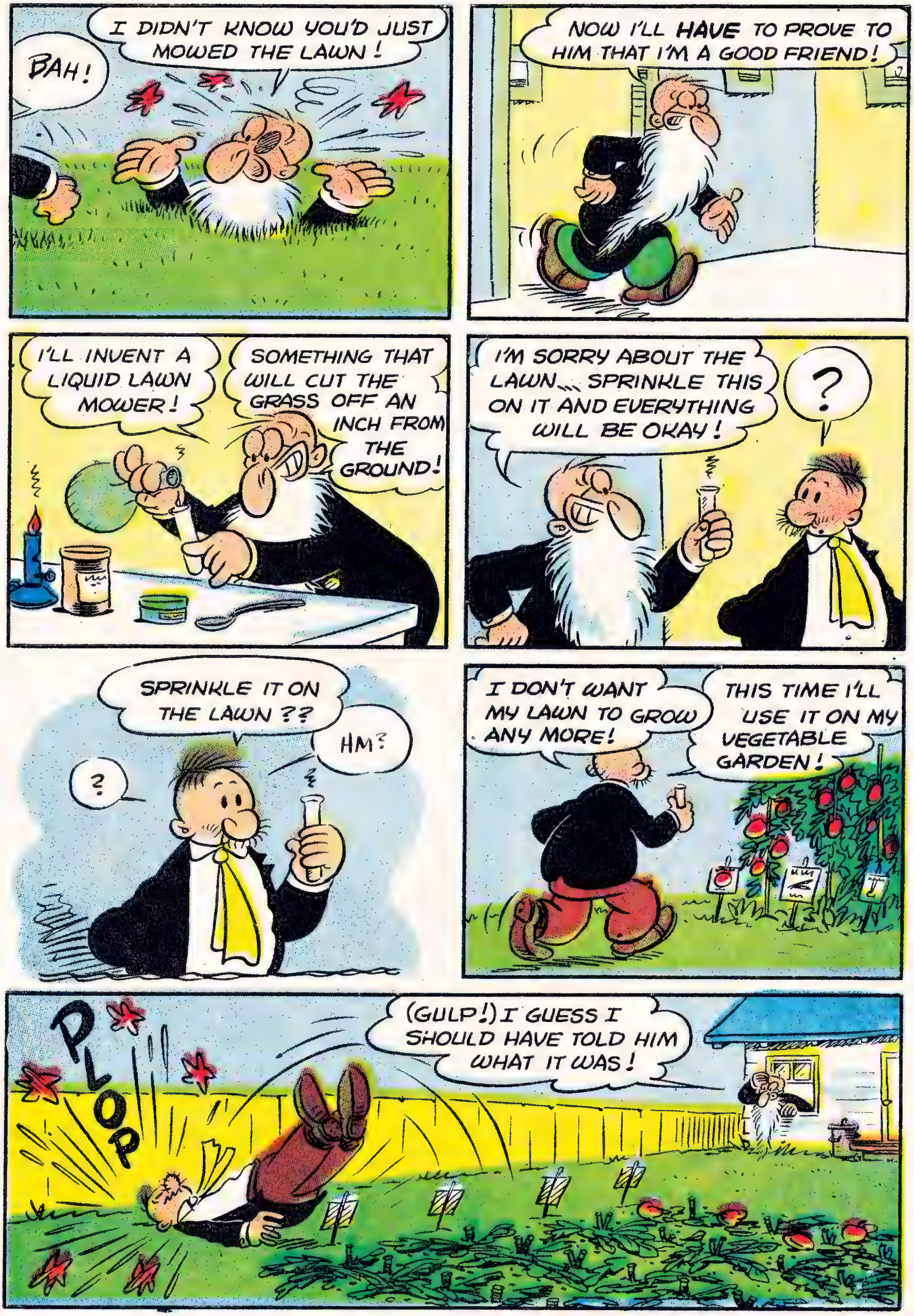
With a wag of his tail, Winky thanked his friend and trotted around the house into the back yard. He stretched out on the lawn and prepared for a gnawing good time. As luck would have it, Mr. Smith was working on his dahlias. When he saw what the dog had, he dropped his spray gun and at a run snatched the bone out of the dog's mouth and ran into the garage.

A short time later as Winky was sniffing around the garage door, the most wonderful smells began to seep out of the garage. Mr. Smith was cooking up a stew on his camp stove. The wonderful smell was almost more than the dog could stand and he wasn't alone. The children came first, running out of the house to see what the wonderful smell was. A little while later Mrs. Smith came out to put a stop to the stew dinner but the smell was more than even she could stand. She had to sit down and have a bowl herself. The diet was broken.

While it might seem that Winky got the bad end of this deal, let me assure you that he didn't. Mr. Smith was so happy at what Winky's bone had done for the happiness of the Smith home that he ordered twenty pounds of bones for the lucky dog—and he even invited him to bury them right in the middle of his dahlia garden!

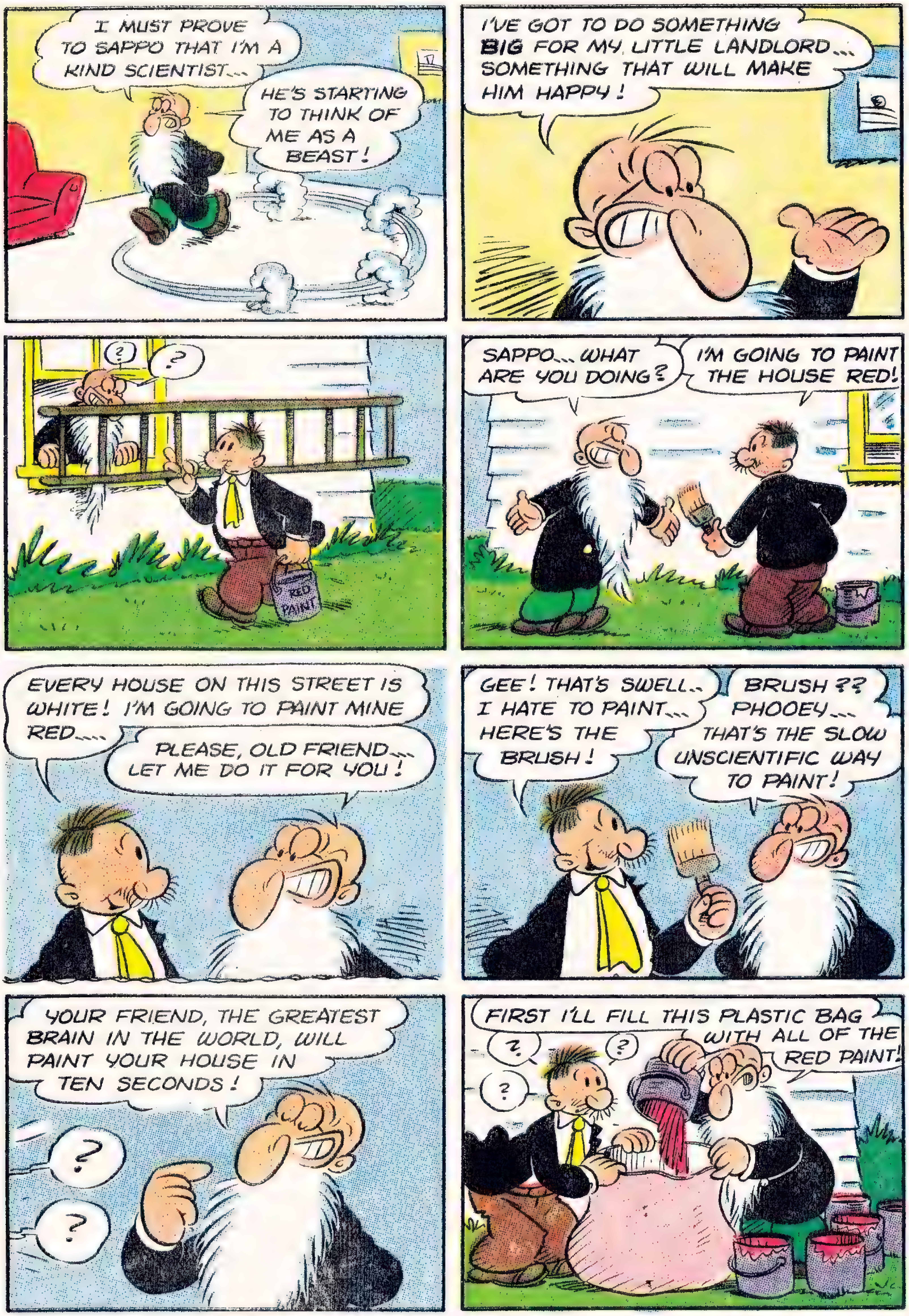
PRESENTING
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
IN "A FRIEND TO MAN" OR "BE KIND TO SAPPO WEEK!"
THIS IS THE NEW WOTASNOZZLE!
FROM NOW ON I'LL BE THE IDEAL BOARDER... I'LL DO THINGS TO HELP SAPPO!
I'LL PROVE TO HIM THAT A WOTASNOZZLE CAN BE KIND AND HELPFUL!!
PUFF! PUFF! PUFF'
WHEEWH! IT TOOK THREE HOURS BUT AT LAST IT'S ALL CUT!
I'M ABOUT TO EMBARK ON THE "BE KIND TO SAPPO WEEK"!
YOO-HOO... SAPPO!

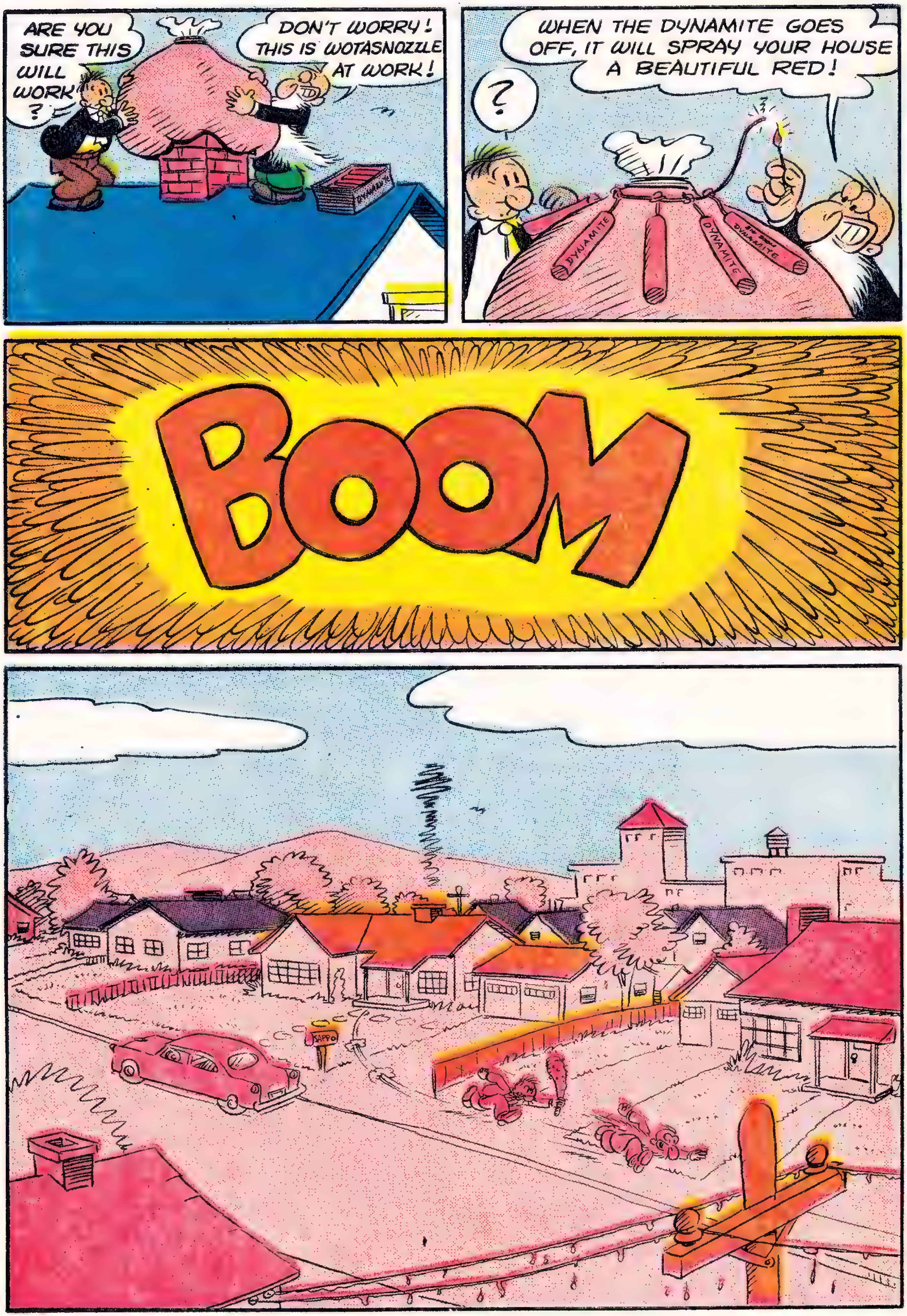
I'VE INVENTED SOMETHING FOR YOU, PAL..... SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU HAPPY!
?
?
?
I'LL DUMP IT IN HERE AND MIX IT WITH WATER...
NOW, DEAR FRIEND... THE HONOR IS YOURS... JUST SPRINKLE THAT MAGIC LIQUID ON YOUR LAWN!
?
IT'S A NICE FEELING TO MAKE SAPPO HAPPY!
?
NOW TAKE THE HOSE AND WATER YOUR LAWN!
?
?
NOW YOU'LL GET A HAPPY SURPRISE!
HOW'S THAT? A SUPER LAWN FERTILIZER... NOW YOU HAVE THE BEST LAWN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!!
AWK!

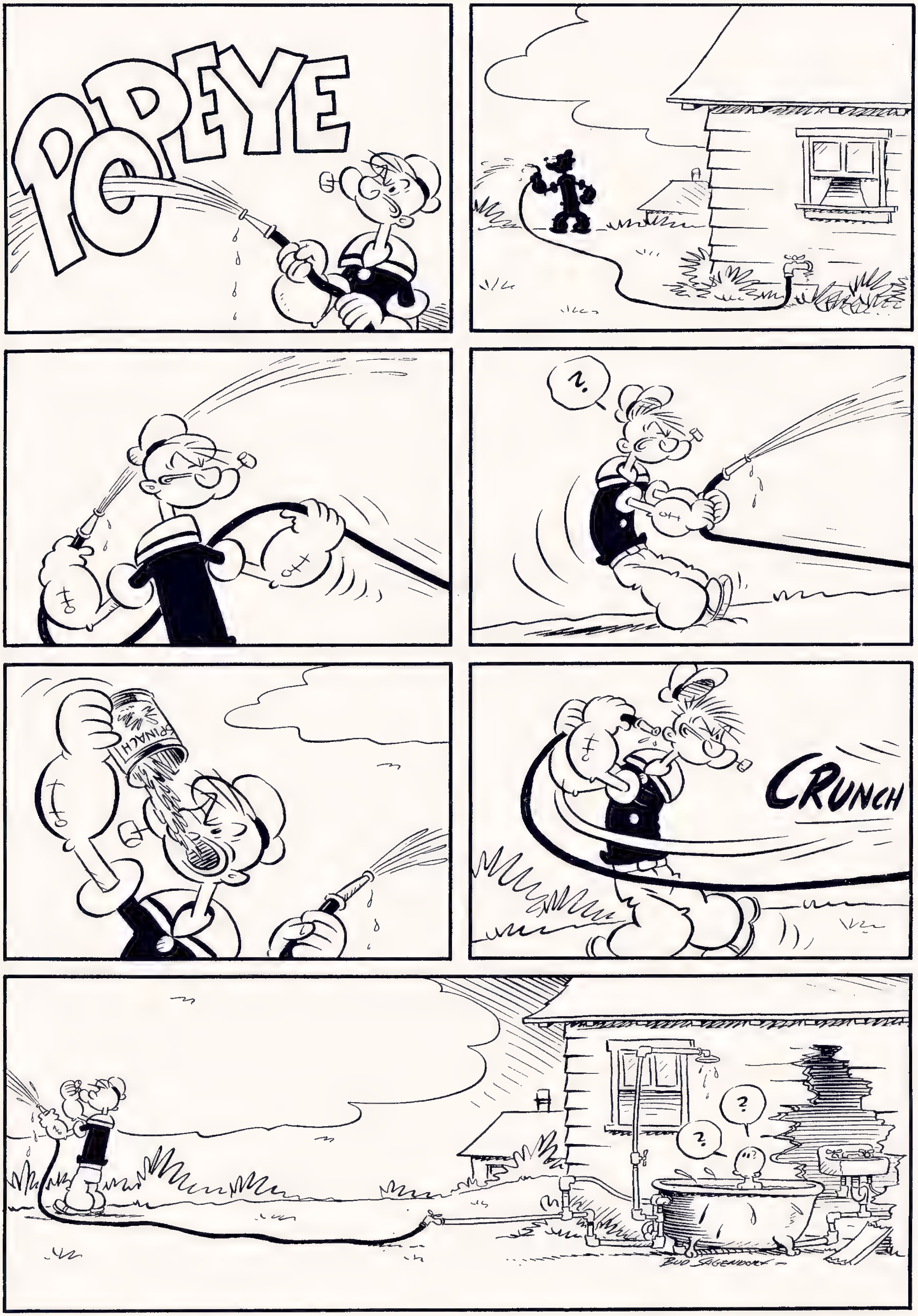


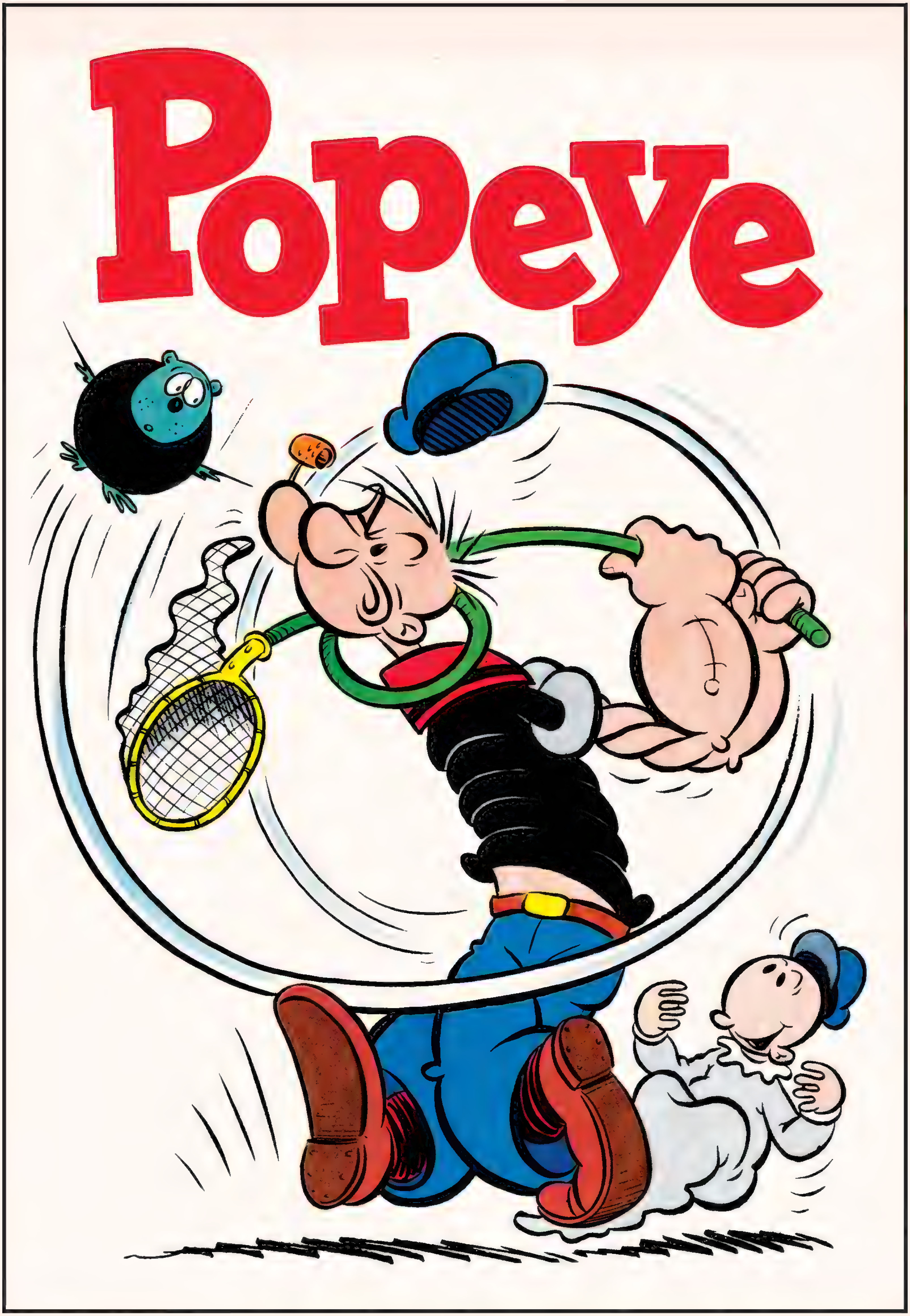
BAH!
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D JUST MOWED THE LAWN!
NOW I'LL HAVE TO PROVE TO HIM THAT I'M A GOOD FRIEND!
I'LL INVENT A LIQUID LAWN MOWER!
SOMETHING THAT WILL CUT THE GRASS OFF AN INCH FROM THE GROUND!
I'M SORRY ABOUT THE LAWN... SPRINKLE THIS ON IT AND EVERYTHING WILL BE OKAY!
?
SPRINKLE IT ON THE LAWN??
HM?
?
I DON'T WANT MY LAWN TO GROW ANY MORE!
THIS TIME I'LL USE IT ON MY VEGETABLE GARDEN!
PLOP
(GULP!) I GUESS I SHOULD HAVE TOLD HIM WHAT IT WAS!

THIS IS TERRIBLE!
THERE MUST BE A WAY TO SHOW SAPPO THAT I'M TRYING TO BE NICE!
IDEA
I'VE GOT IT!
WHEEee!
SAPPO IS ALWAYS WORRYING ABOUT BURGLARS SO I'LL BUILD HIM A BURGLAR TRAP!
I'LL MOVE IT UP AGAINST THE WINDOW!
NOW IF A BURGLAR TRIES TO SNEAK THROUGH THE WINDOW, HE'LL BE SMACKED, PUMMELED, RIPPED AND SMASHED!
CLICK
3 O'CLOCK THE NEXT MORNING...
WHEEee! I'VE CAUGHT SAPPO A BURGLAR!
BR-RRRRRR
SAPPO ?
(GULP!) I'VE DONE IT AGAIN!
I FORGOT MY KEY AND CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW!

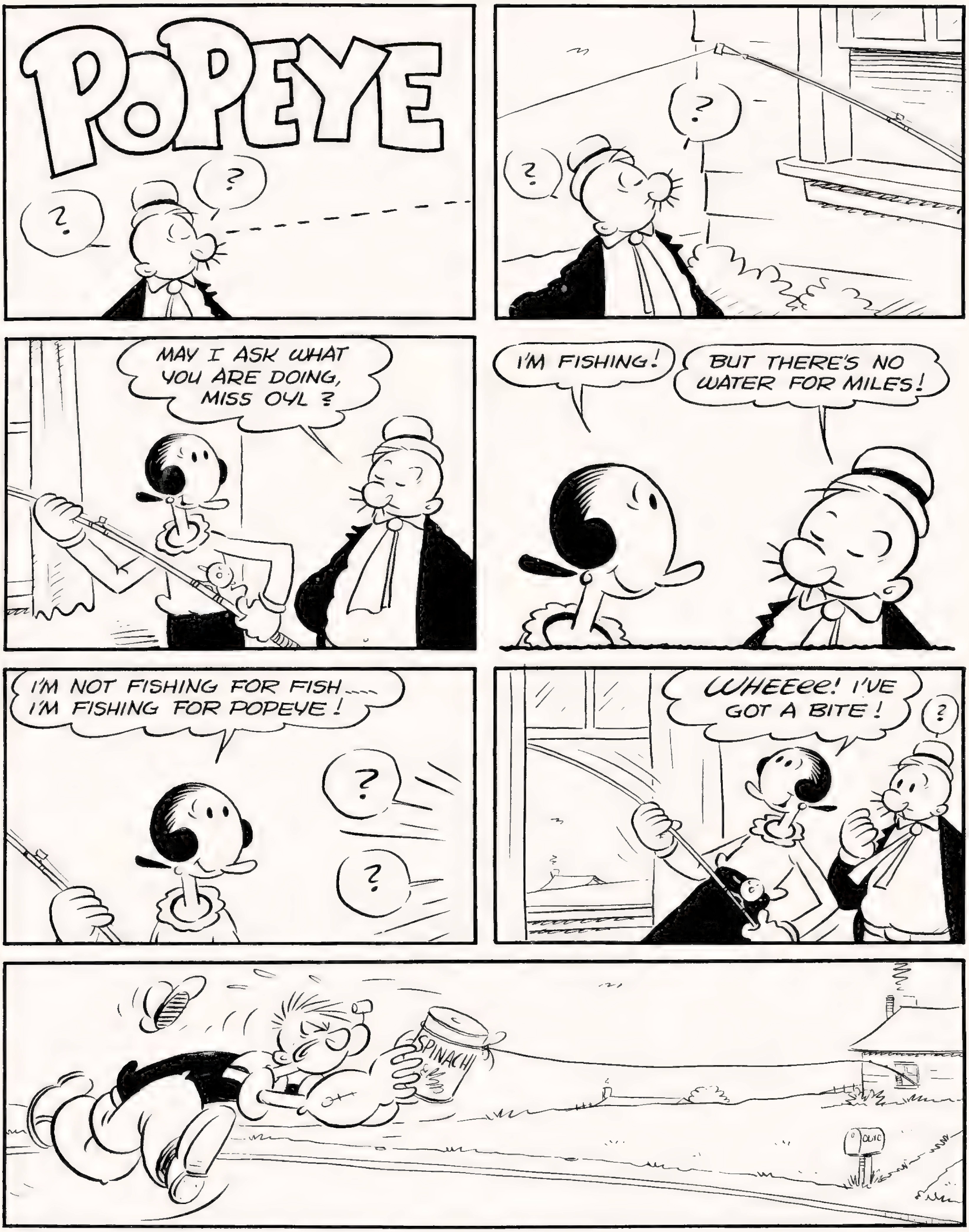

I MUST PROVE TO SAPPO THAT I'M A KIND SCIENTIST...
HE'S STARTING TO THINK OF ME AS A BEAST!
I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING BIG FOR MY LITTLE LANDLORD... SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE HIM HAPPY!
?
?
RED PAINT
SAPPO... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M GOING TO PAINT THE HOUSE RED!
EVERY HOUSE ON THIS STREET IS WHITE! I'M GOING TO PAINT MINE RED....
PLEASE, OLD FRIEND... LET ME DO IT FOR YOU!
GEE! THAT'S SWELL.. I HATE TO PAINT... HERE'S THE BRUSH!
BRUSH ?? PHOOEY... THAT'S THE SLOW UNSCIENTIFIC WAY TO PAINT!
YOUR FRIEND, THE GREATEST BRAIN IN THE WORLD, WILL PAINT YOUR HOUSE IN TEN SECONDS!
?
?
FIRST I'LL FILL THIS PLASTIC BAG WITH ALL OF THE RED PAINT!
?
?
?

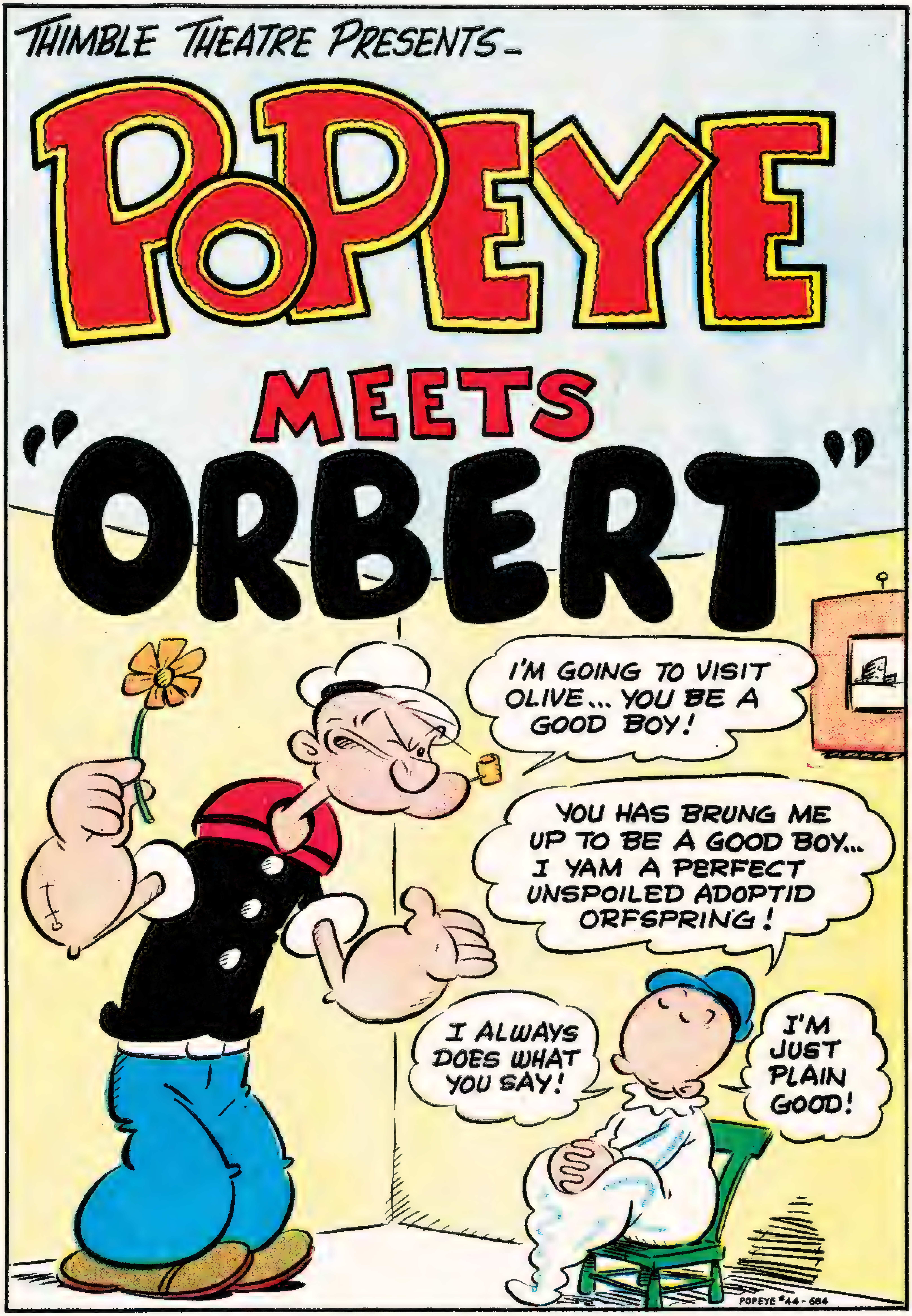

ARE YOU SURE THIS WILL WORK?
DON'T WORRY! THIS IS WOTASNOZZLE AT WORK!
?
WHEN THE DYNAMITE GOES OFF, IT WILL SPRAY YOUR HOUSE A BEAUTIFUL RED!
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE
BOOM
SAPPO

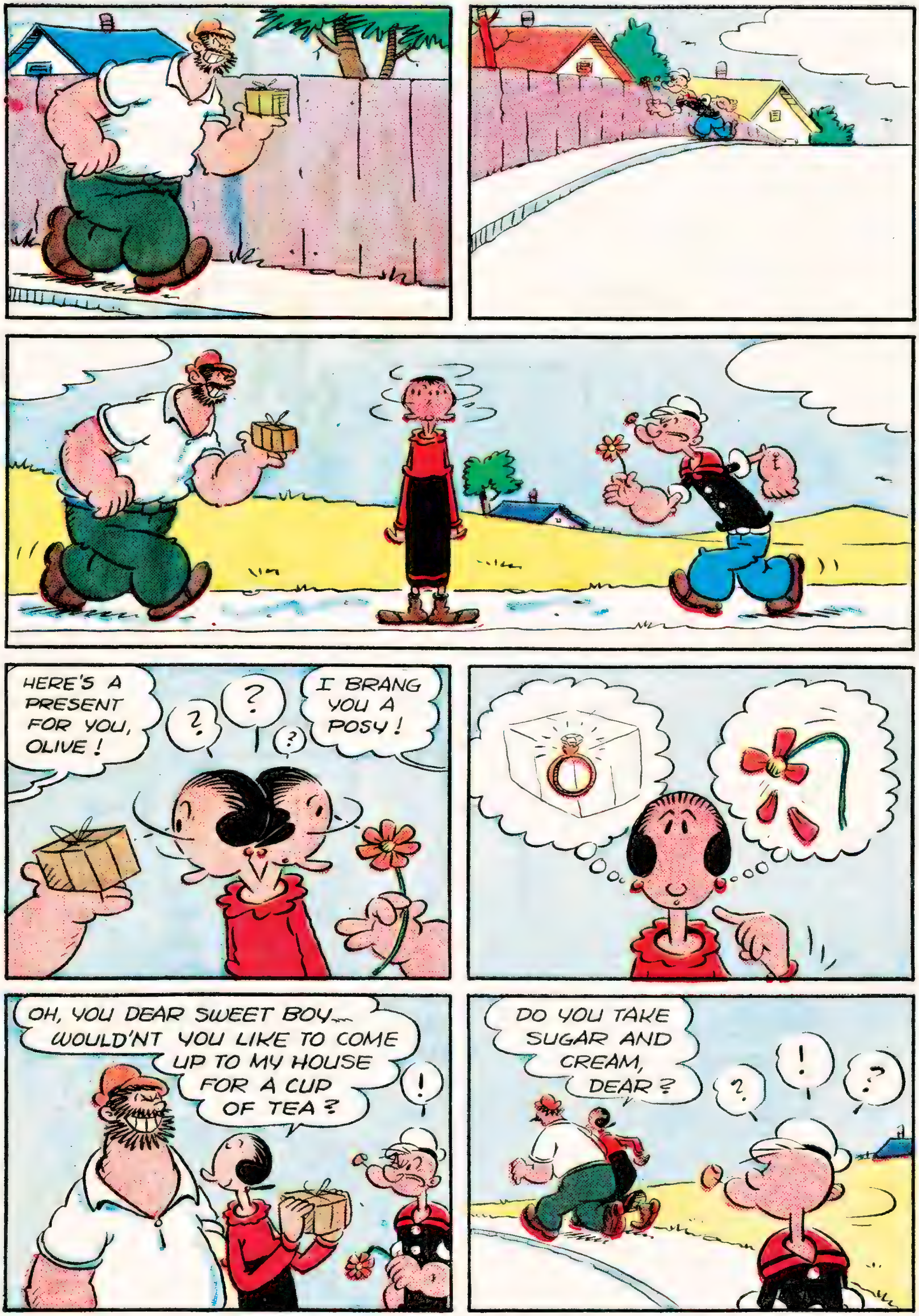

POPEYE
?
SPINACH
CRUNCH
?
?
BUD SAGENDORF

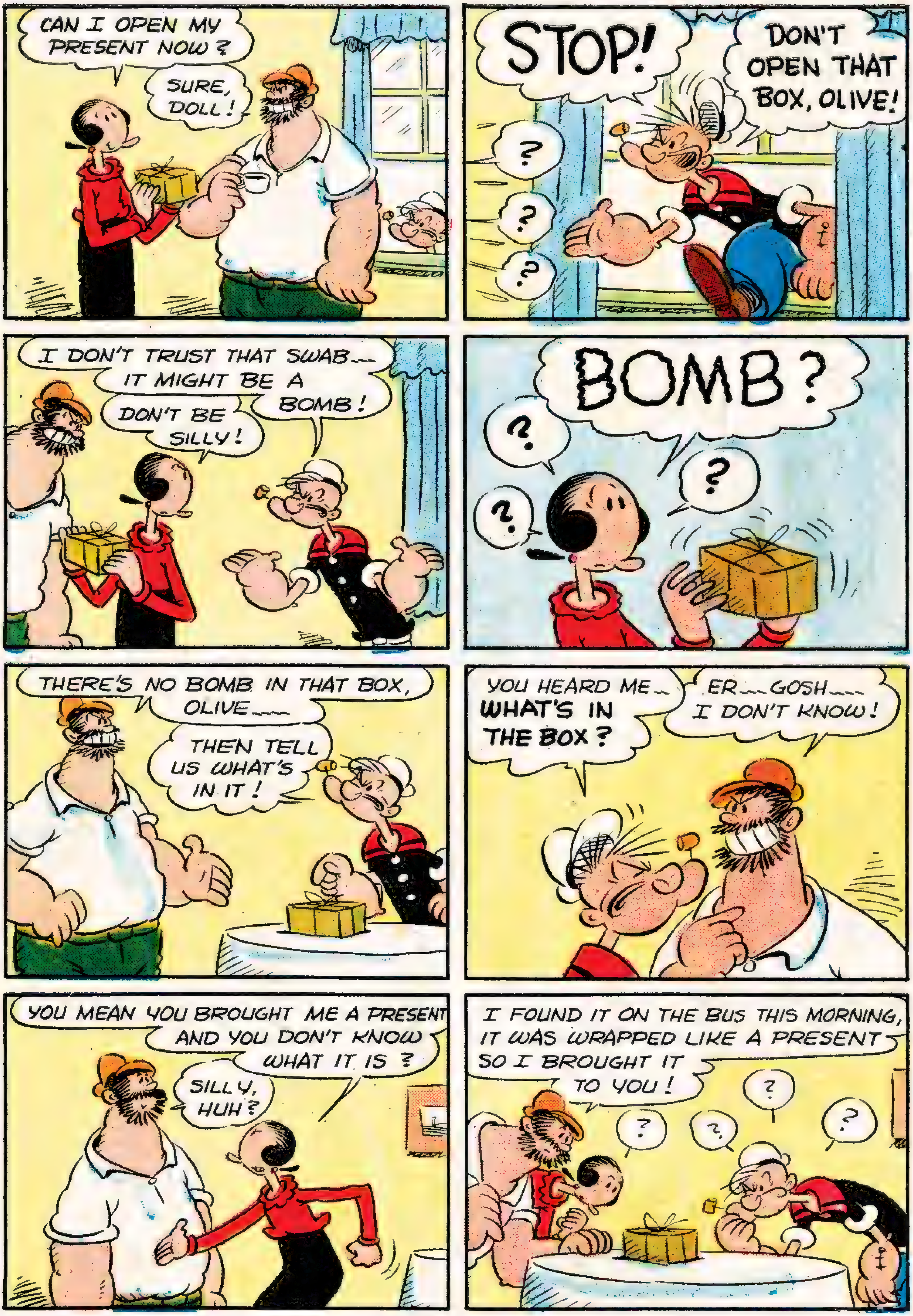


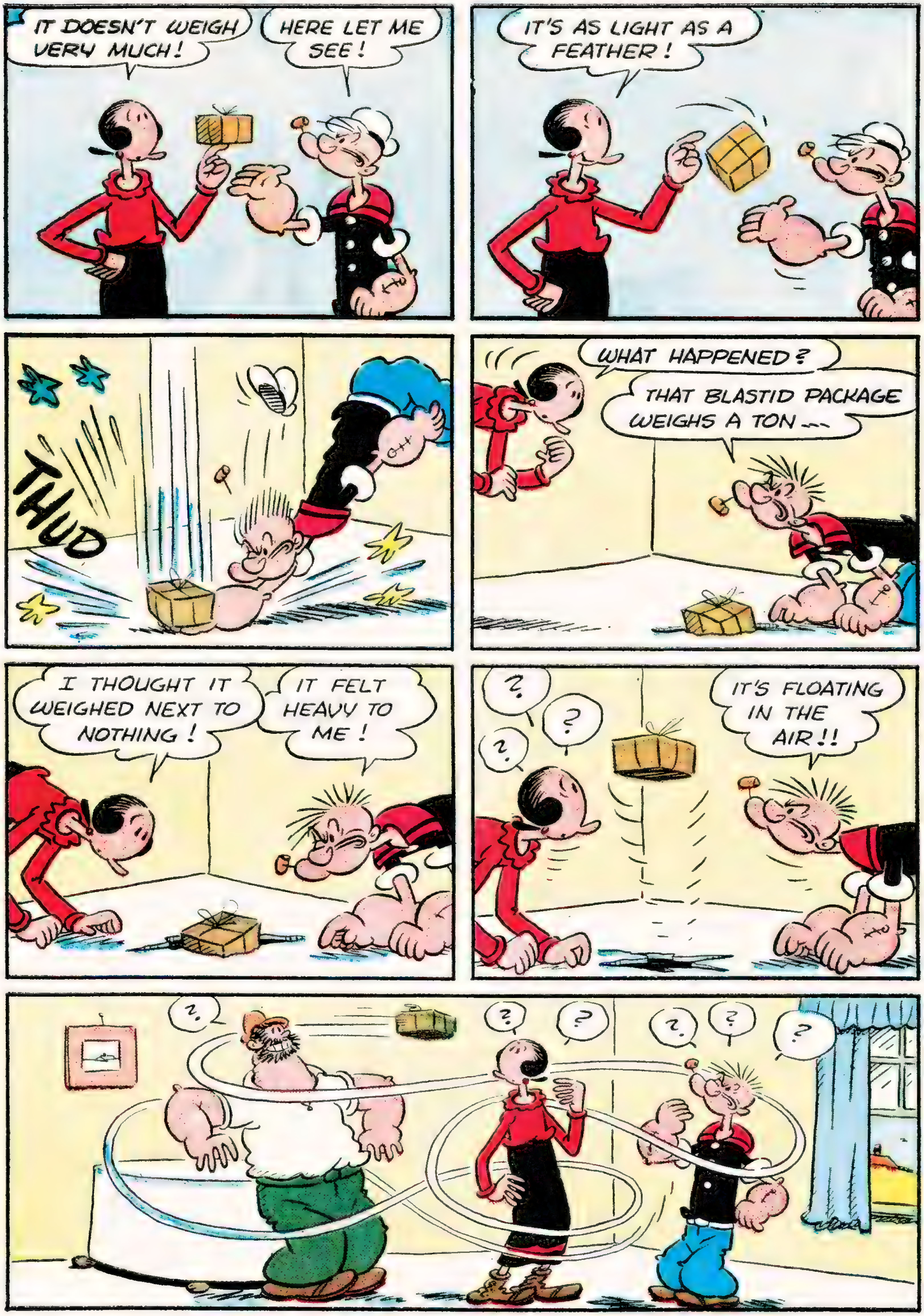
 Popeye #44, April-June 1958

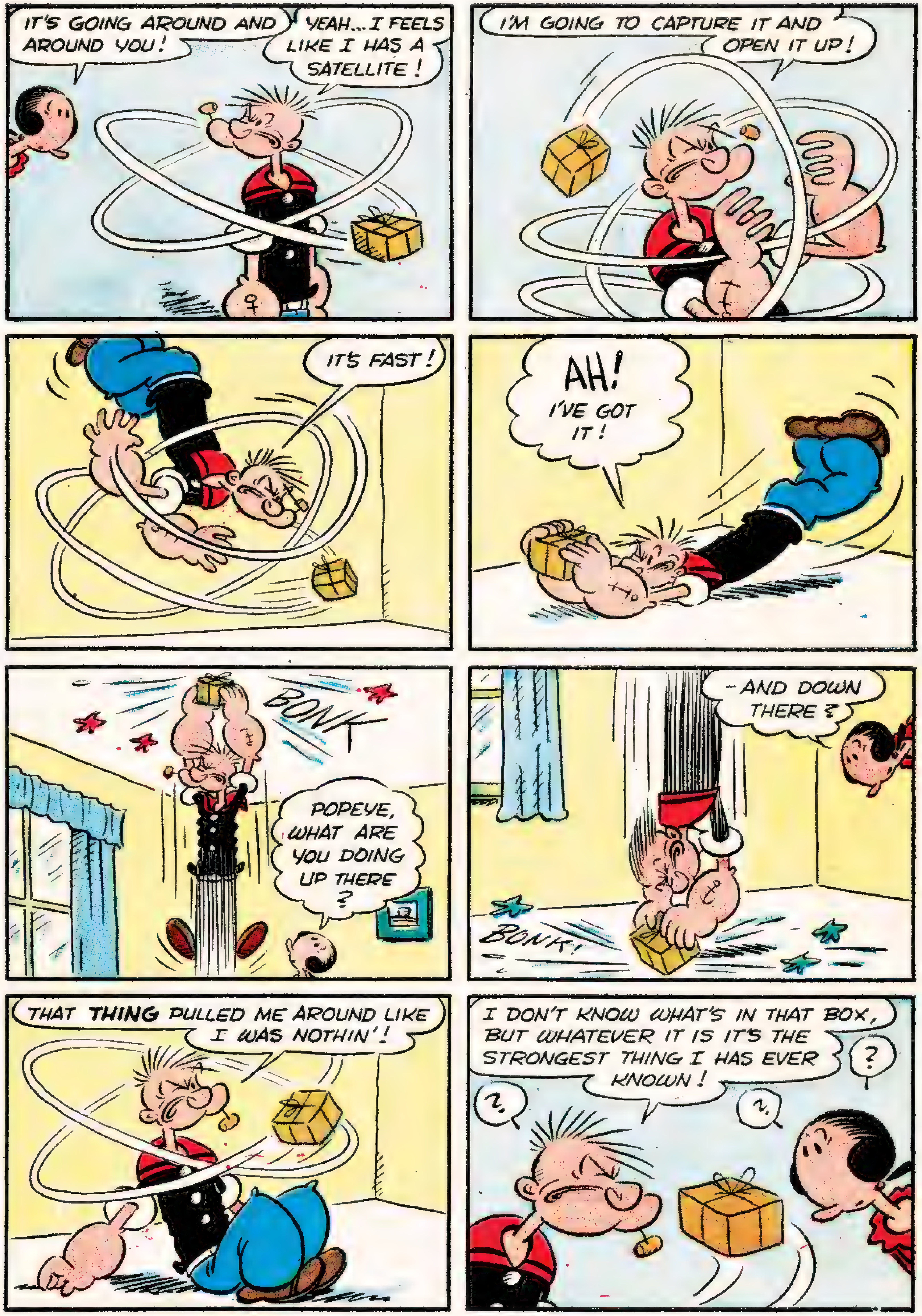

POPEYE
?
?
?
?
MAY I ASK WHAT YOU ARE DOING, MISS OYL ?
I'M FISHING!
BUT THERE'S NO WATER FOR MILES!
I'M NOT FISHING FOR FISH ---- I'M FISHING FOR POPEYE!
?
?
WHEEEE! I'VE GOT A BITE!
?
SPINACH
OLIVE


THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS–
POPEYE
MEETS
"ORBERT"
I'M GOING TO VISIT OLIVE... YOU BE A GOOD BOY!
YOU HAS BRUNG ME UP TO BE A GOOD BOY... I YAM A PERFECT UNSPOILED ADOPTID ORFSPRING!
I ALWAYS DOES WHAT YOU SAY!
I'M JUST PLAIN GOOD!
POPEYE #44-584

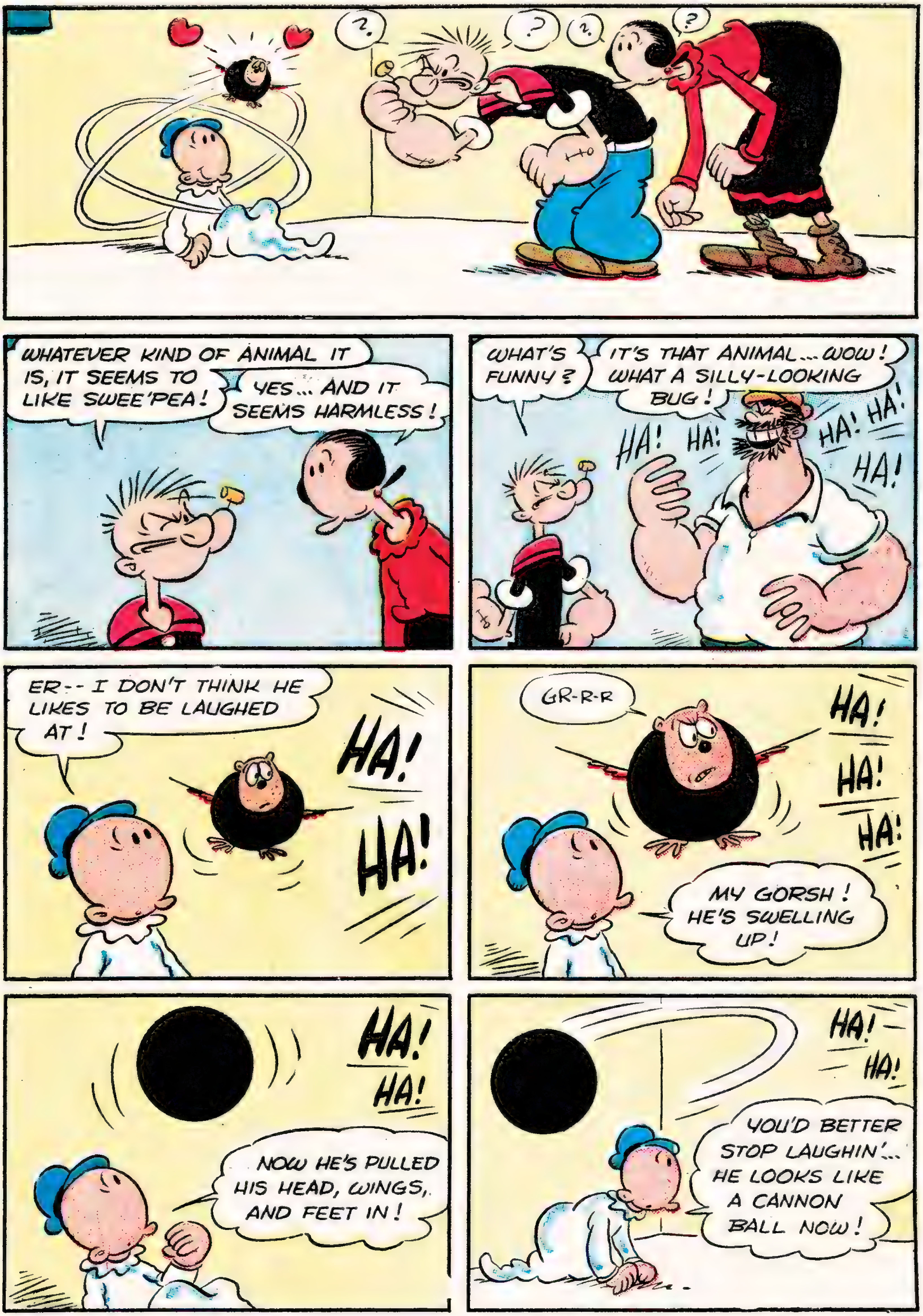

HERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU, OLIVE!
?
?
?
I BRANG YOU A POSY!
OH, YOU DEAR SWEET BOY— WOULD'NT YOU LIKE TO COME UP TO MY HOUSE FOR A CUP OF TEA?
!
DO YOU TAKE SUGAR AND CREAM, DEAR?
?
!
?

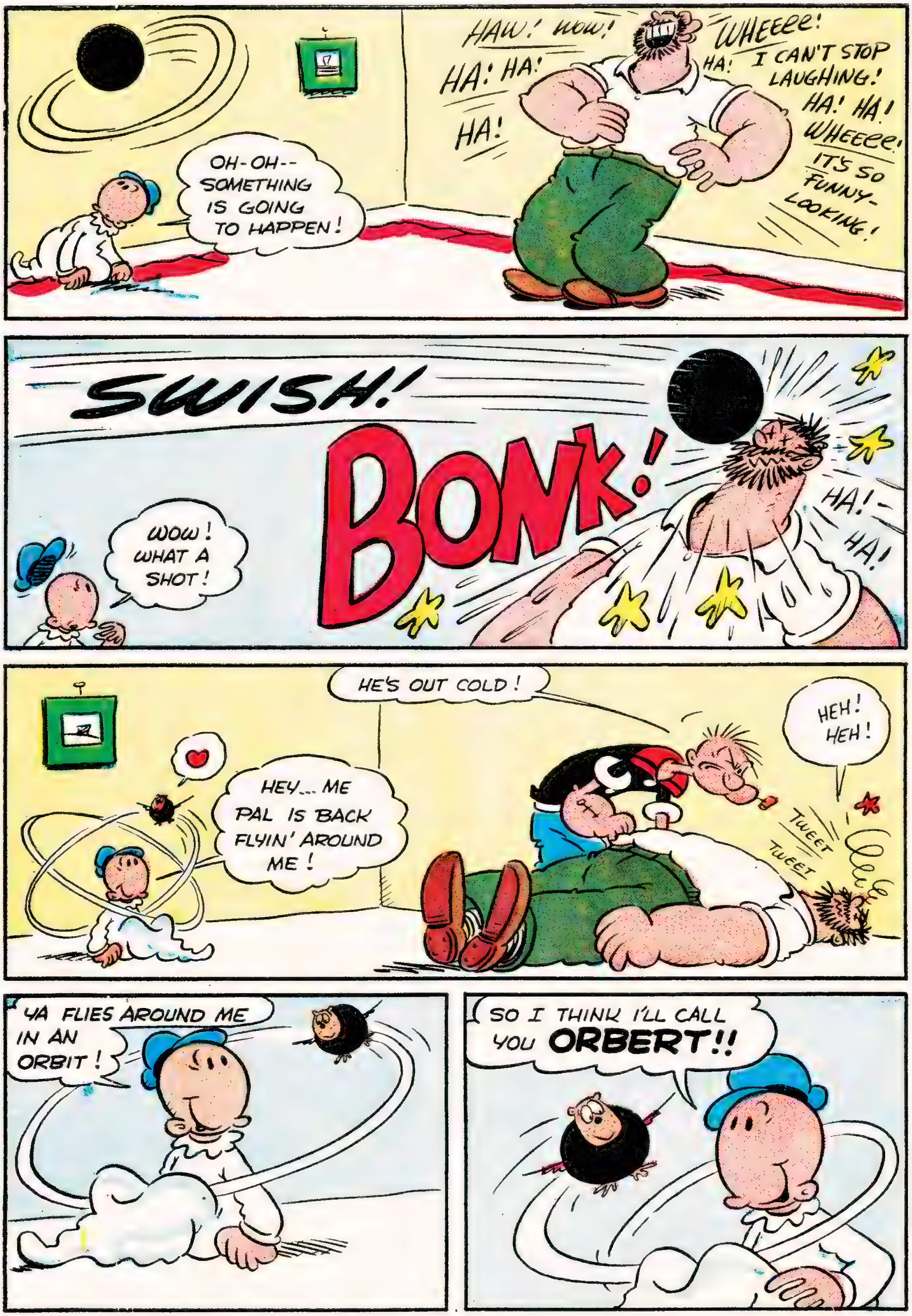

CAN I OPEN MY PRESENT NOW ?
SURE, DOLL !
STOP!
DON'T OPEN THAT BOX, OLIVE!
?
?
?
I DON'T TRUST THAT SWAB--- IT MIGHT BE A BOMB!
DON'T BE SILLY!
BOMB?
?
?
?
THERE'S NO BOMB IN THAT BOX, OLIVE---
THEN TELL US WHAT'S IN IT!
YOU HEARD ME-- WHAT'S IN THE BOX?
ER---GOSH--- I DON'T KNOW!
YOU MEAN YOU BROUGHT ME A PRESENT AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS ?
SILLY, HUH?
I FOUND IT ON THE BUS THIS MORNING, IT WAS WRAPPED LIKE A PRESENT SO I BROUGHT IT TO YOU!
?
?
?
?

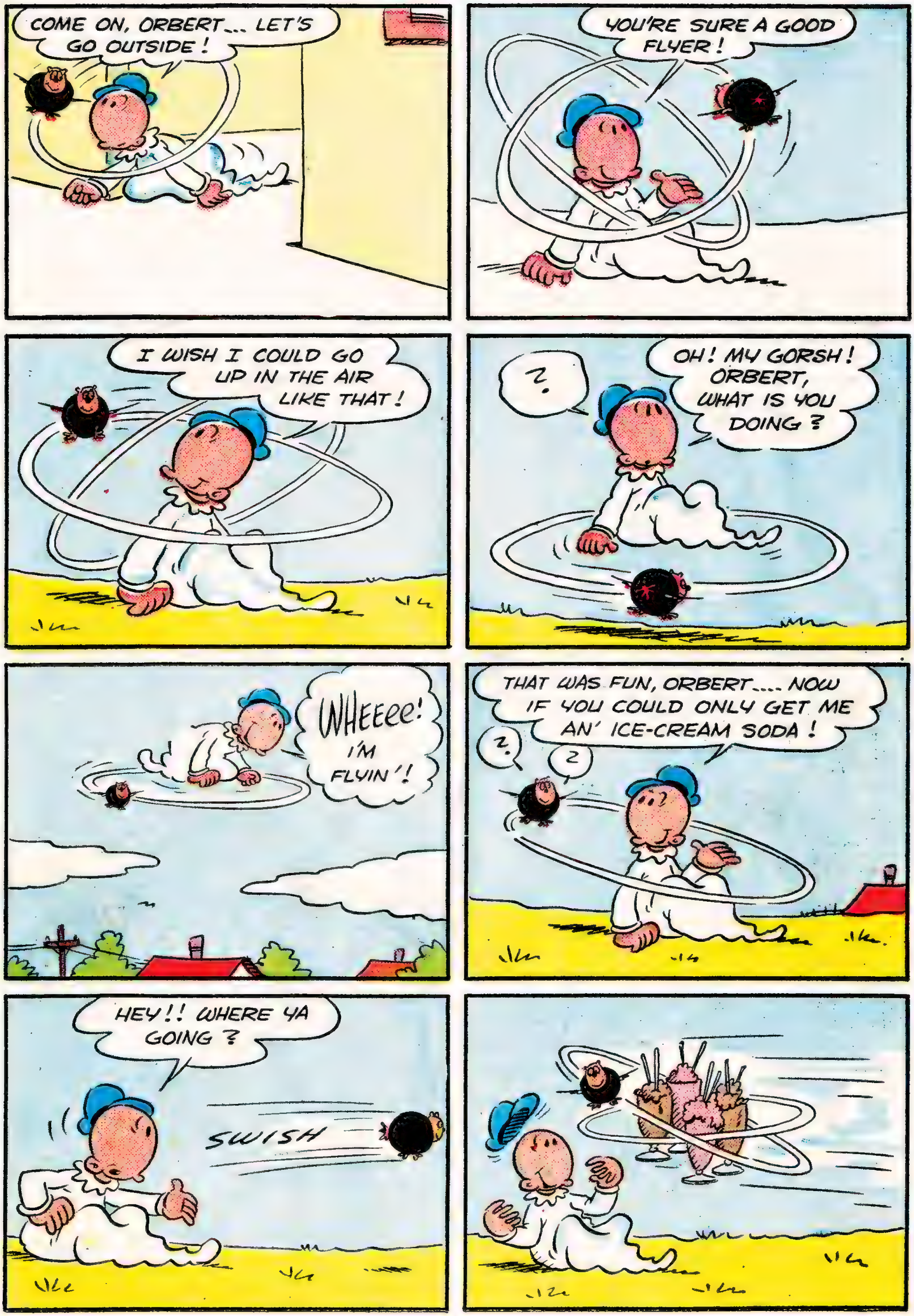

IT DOESN'T WEIGH VERY MUCH!
HERE LET ME SEE!
IT'S AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER!
THUD
WHAT HAPPENED?
THAT BLASTID PACKAGE WEIGHS A TON ---
I THOUGHT IT WEIGHED NEXT TO NOTHING!
IT FELT HEAVY TO ME!
?
?
?
IT'S FLOATING IN THE AIR!!
?
?
?
?
?
?

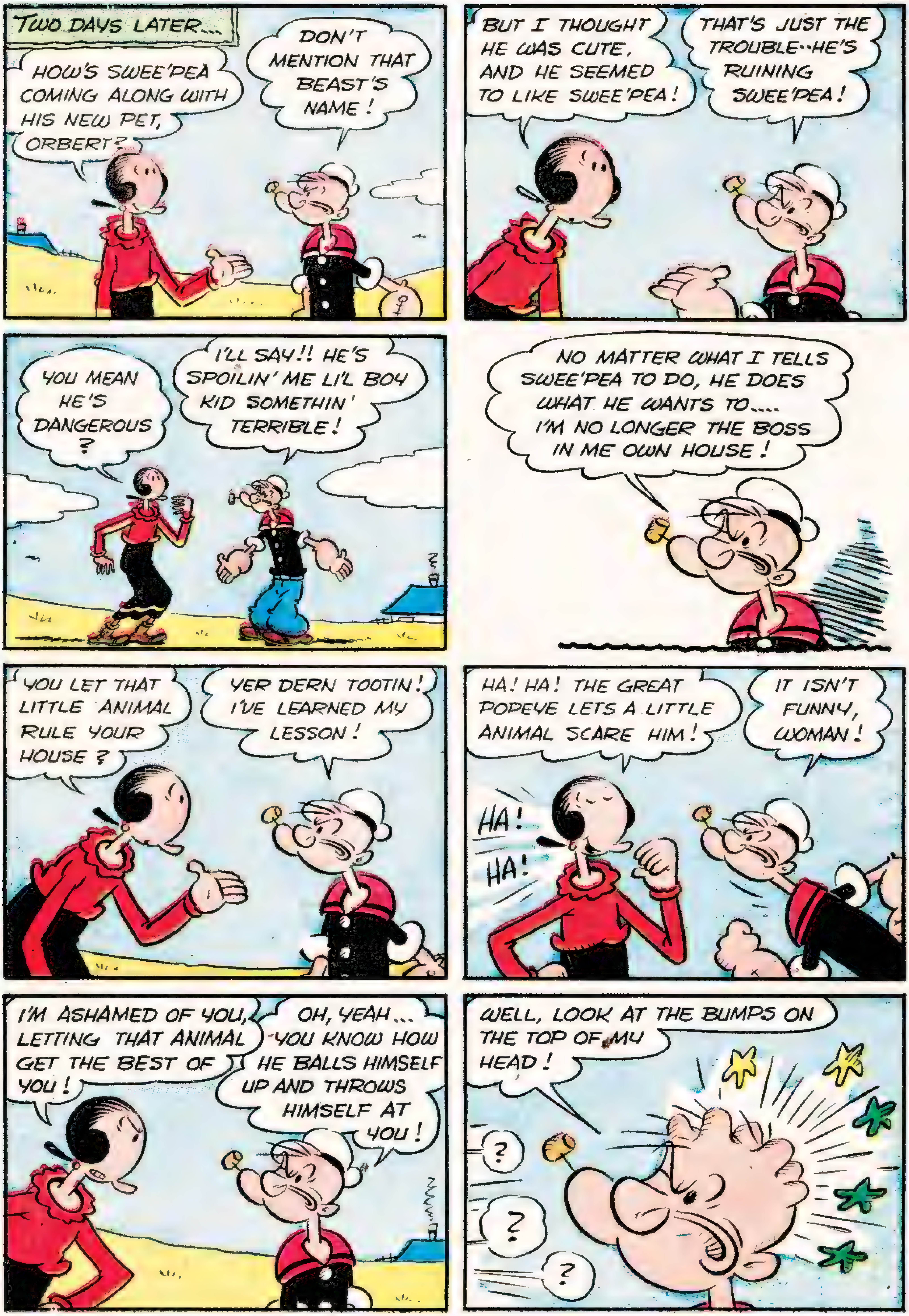

IT'S GOING AROUND AND AROUND YOU!
YEAH...I FEELS LIKE I HAS A SATELLITE!
I'M GOING TO CAPTURE IT AND OPEN IT UP!
IT'S FAST!
AH! I'VE GOT IT!
BONK
POPEYE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE ?
-AND DOWN THERE ?
BONK!
THAT THING PULLED ME AROUND LIKE I WAS NOTHIN'!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN THAT BOX, BUT WHATEVER IT IS IT'S THE STRONGEST THING I HAS EVER KNOWN!
?
?
?

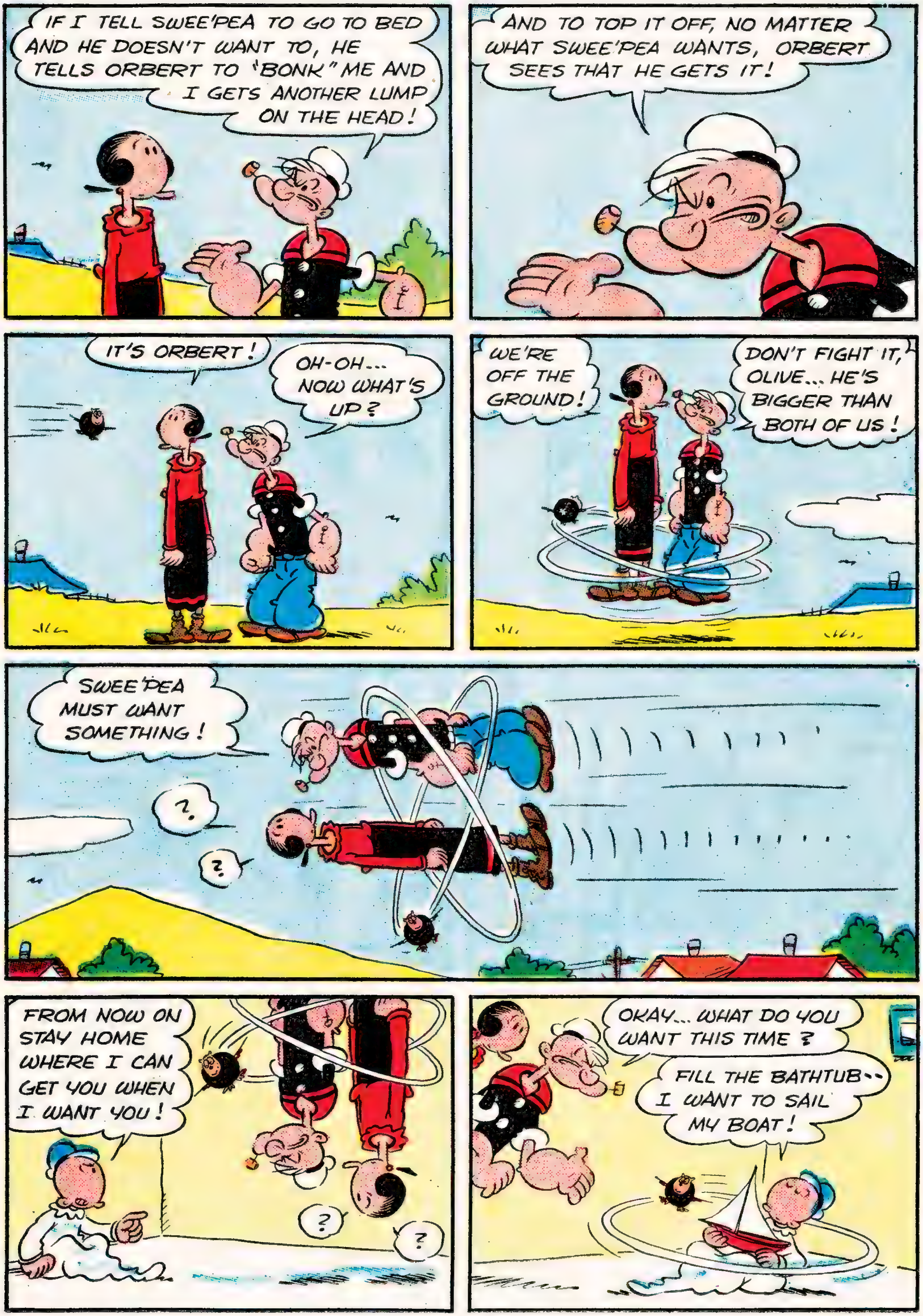
AHOY, POPEYE!
?
AHOY, SWEE'PEA!
DO YOU THINK IT'S SAFE FOR HIM TO COME IN HERE WHEN WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S IN THE BOX?
?
?
PLOP!
OH BOY!! A PRESENT!
I LOVES SURPRISES!
?
?
?
WHEEee! LOOK IT'S ALIVE!
?
!
?


?
?
?
?
WHATEVER KIND OF ANIMAL IT IS, IT SEEMS TO LIKE SWEE'PEA!
YES... AND IT SEEMS HARMLESS!
WHAT'S FUNNY?
IT'S THAT ANIMAL... WOW! WHAT A SILLY-LOOKING BUG!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
ER-- I DON'T THINK HE LIKES TO BE LAUGHED AT!
HA! HA!
GR-R-R
HA! HA! HA!
MY GORSH! HE'S SWELLING UP!
HA! HA!
NOW HE'S PULLED HIS HEAD, WINGS, AND FEET IN!
HA! HA!
YOU'D BETTER STOP LAUGHIN'... HE LOOKS LIKE A CANNON BALL NOW!

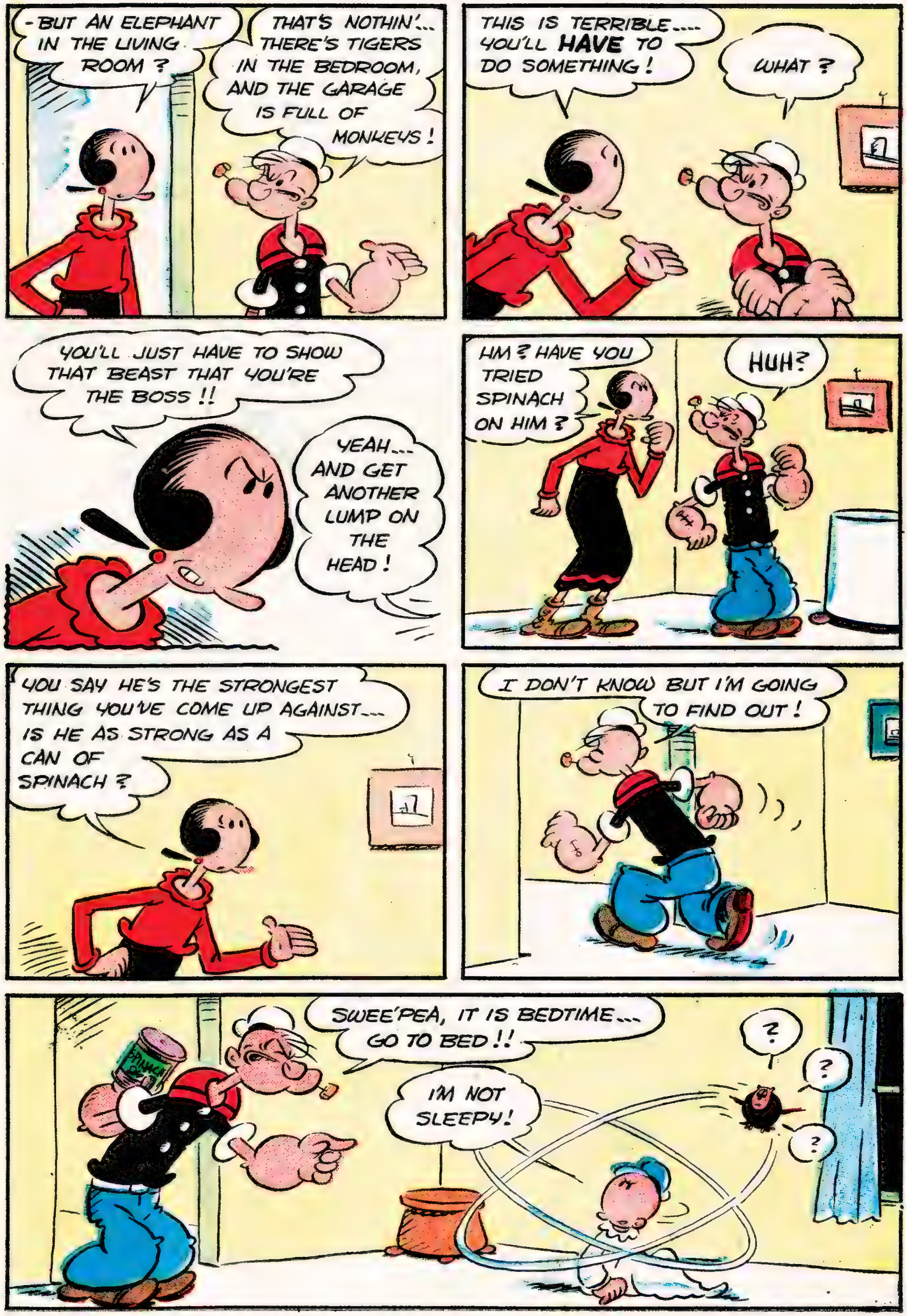

OH-OH-- SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN!
HAW! HOW! HA! HA! HA!
WHEEEE! HA! I CAN'T STOP LAUGHING! HA! HA! WHEEEE! IT'S SO FUNNY-LOOKING!
SWISH!
BONK!
HA! HA!
WOW! WHAT A SHOT!
HE'S OUT COLD!
HEH! HEH!
HEY... ME PAL IS BACK FLYIN' AROUND ME!
TWEET TWEET
YA FLIES AROUND ME IN AN ORBIT!
SO I THINK I'LL CALL YOU ORBERT!!


COME ON, ORBERT... LET'S GO OUTSIDE!
YOU'RE SURE A GOOD FLYER!
I WISH I COULD GO UP IN THE AIR LIKE THAT!
?
OH! MY GORSH! ORBERT, WHAT IS YOU DOING?
WHEEEE! I'M FLYIN'!
Z
Z
THAT WAS FUN, ORBERT.... NOW IF YOU COULD ONLY GET ME AN' ICE-CREAM SODA!
HEY!! WHERE YA GOING?
SWISH

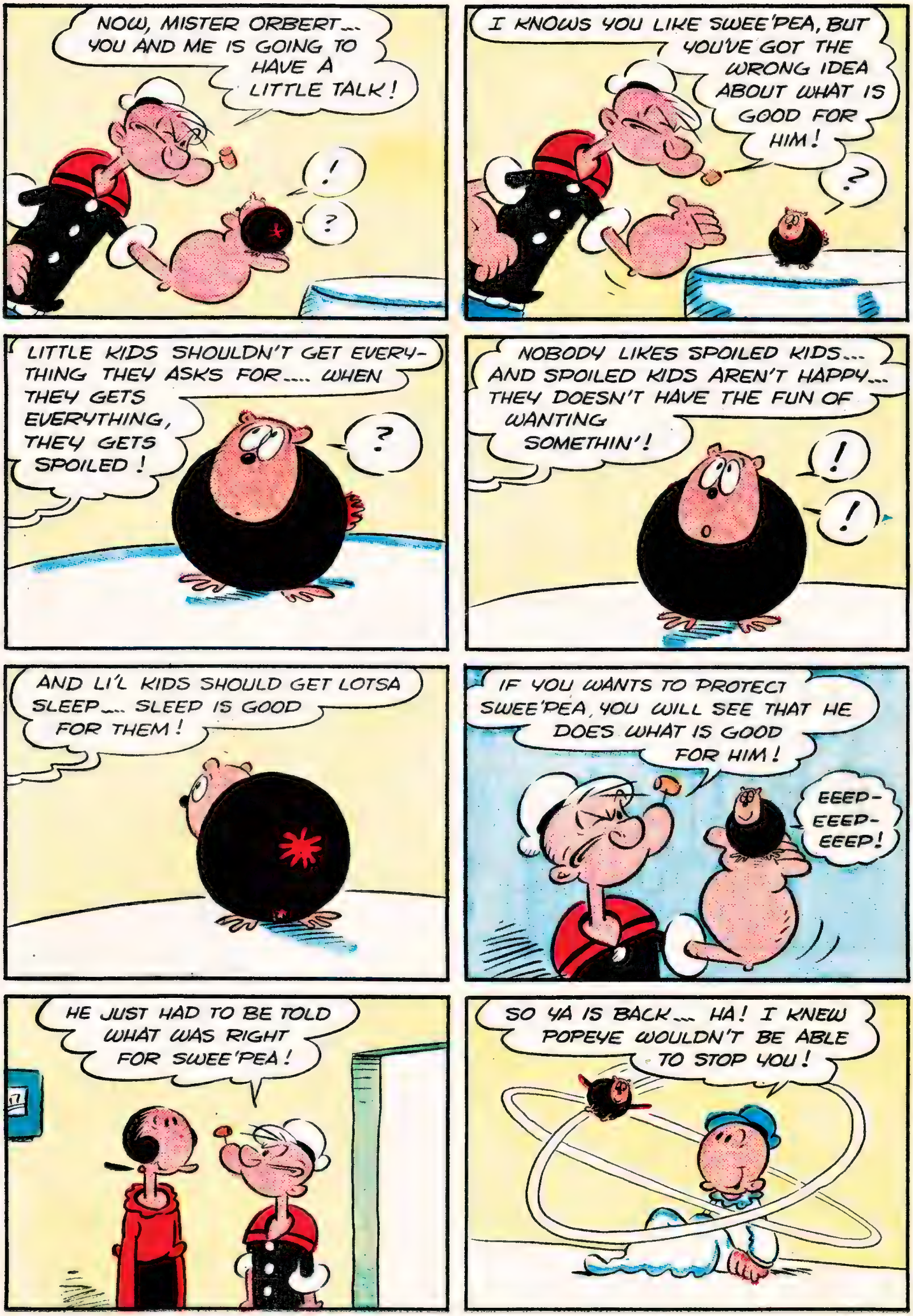

TWO DAYS LATER...
HOW'S SWEE'PEA COMING ALONG WITH HIS NEW PET, ORBERT?
DON'T MENTION THAT BEAST'S NAME!
BUT I THOUGHT HE WAS CUTE, AND HE SEEMED TO LIKE SWEE'PEA!
THAT'S JUST THE TROUBLE--HE'S RUINING SWEE'PEA!
YOU MEAN HE'S DANGEROUS?
I'LL SAY!! HE'S SPOILIN' ME LI'L BOY KID SOMETHIN' TERRIBLE!
NO MATTER WHAT I TELLS SWEE'PEA TO DO, HE DOES WHAT HE WANTS TO.... I'M NO LONGER THE BOSS IN ME OWN HOUSE!
YOU LET THAT LITTLE ANIMAL RULE YOUR HOUSE?
YER DERN TOOTIN! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!
HA! HA! THE GREAT POPEYE LETS A LITTLE ANIMAL SCARE HIM!
HA!
HA!
IT ISN'T FUNNY, WOMAN!
I'M ASHAMED OF YOU, LETTING THAT ANIMAL GET THE BEST OF YOU!
OH, YEAH... YOU KNOW HOW HE BALLS HIMSELF UP AND THROWS HIMSELF AT YOU!
WELL, LOOK AT THE BUMPS ON THE TOP OF MY HEAD!
?
?
?

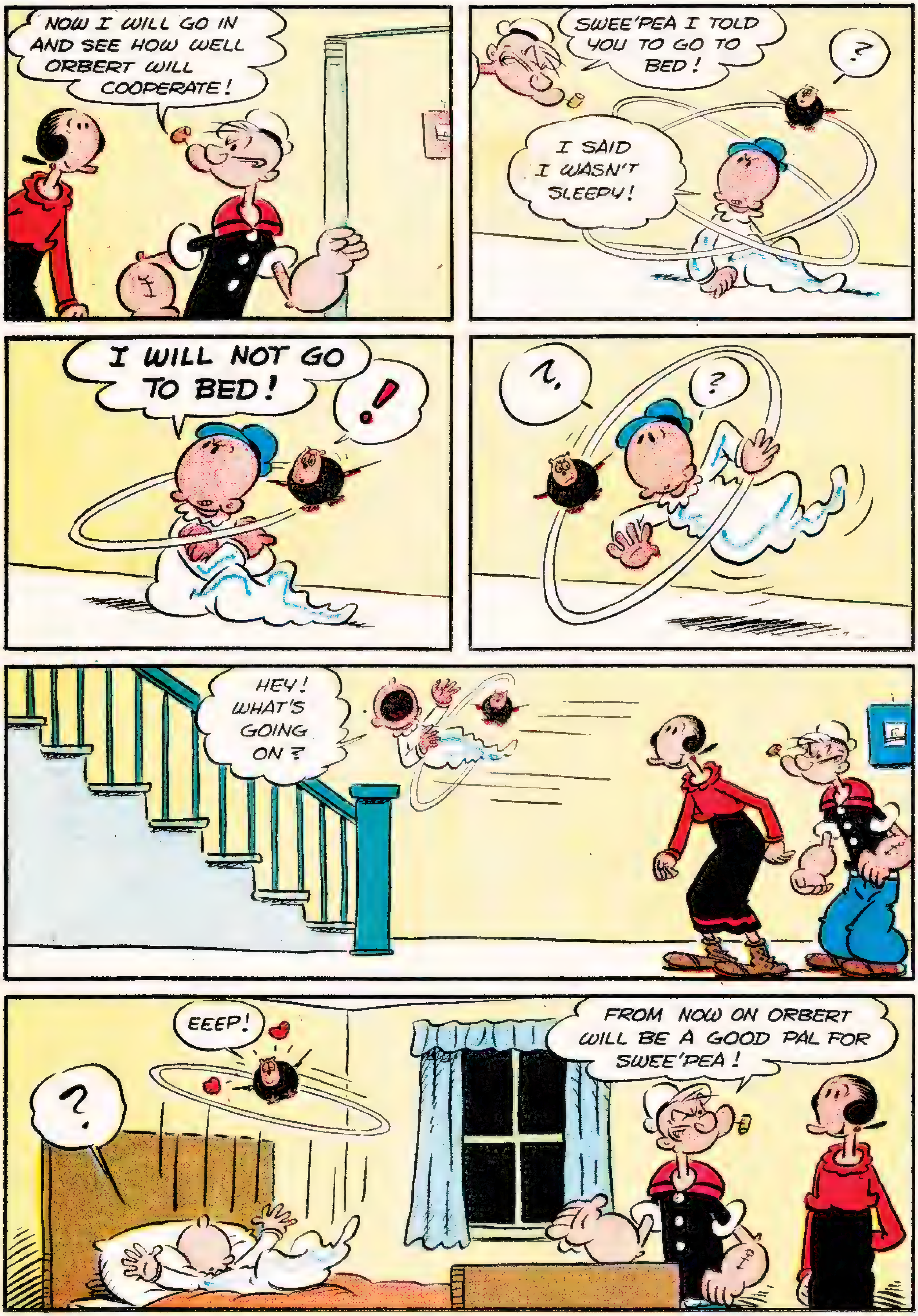

IF I TELL SWEE'PEA TO GO TO BED AND HE DOESN'T WANT TO, HE TELLS ORBERT TO "BONK" ME AND I GETS ANOTHER LUMP ON THE HEAD!
AND TO TOP IT OFF, NO MATTER WHAT SWEE'PEA WANTS, ORBERT SEES THAT HE GETS IT!
IT'S ORBERT!
OH-OH... NOW WHAT'S UP?
WE'RE OFF THE GROUND!
DON'T FIGHT IT, OLIVE... HE'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US!
SWEE'PEA MUST WANT SOMETHING!
?
?
FROM NOW ON STAY HOME WHERE I CAN GET YOU WHEN I WANT YOU!
?
?
OKAY... WHAT DO YOU WANT THIS TIME?
FILL THE BATHTUB... I WANT TO SAIL MY BOAT!

DO YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN WHEN I SAY I'M NOT THE BOSS AROUND HERE?
IT'S TERRIBLE!
YOU GO WAIT IN THE LIVING ROOM WHILE I FILLS THE TUB FOR SWEE'PEA!
OKAY!
YIKE!
HELP!
HELP!
HELP!
OLIVE... WHAT'S WRONG??
(GULP!) THERE'S (PUFF!)... THERE'S AN ELEPHANT IN THE LIVING ROOM!
SWEE'PEA SAID HE WANTED AN ELEPHINK SO ORBERT WENT OUT AND GOT HIM ONE!

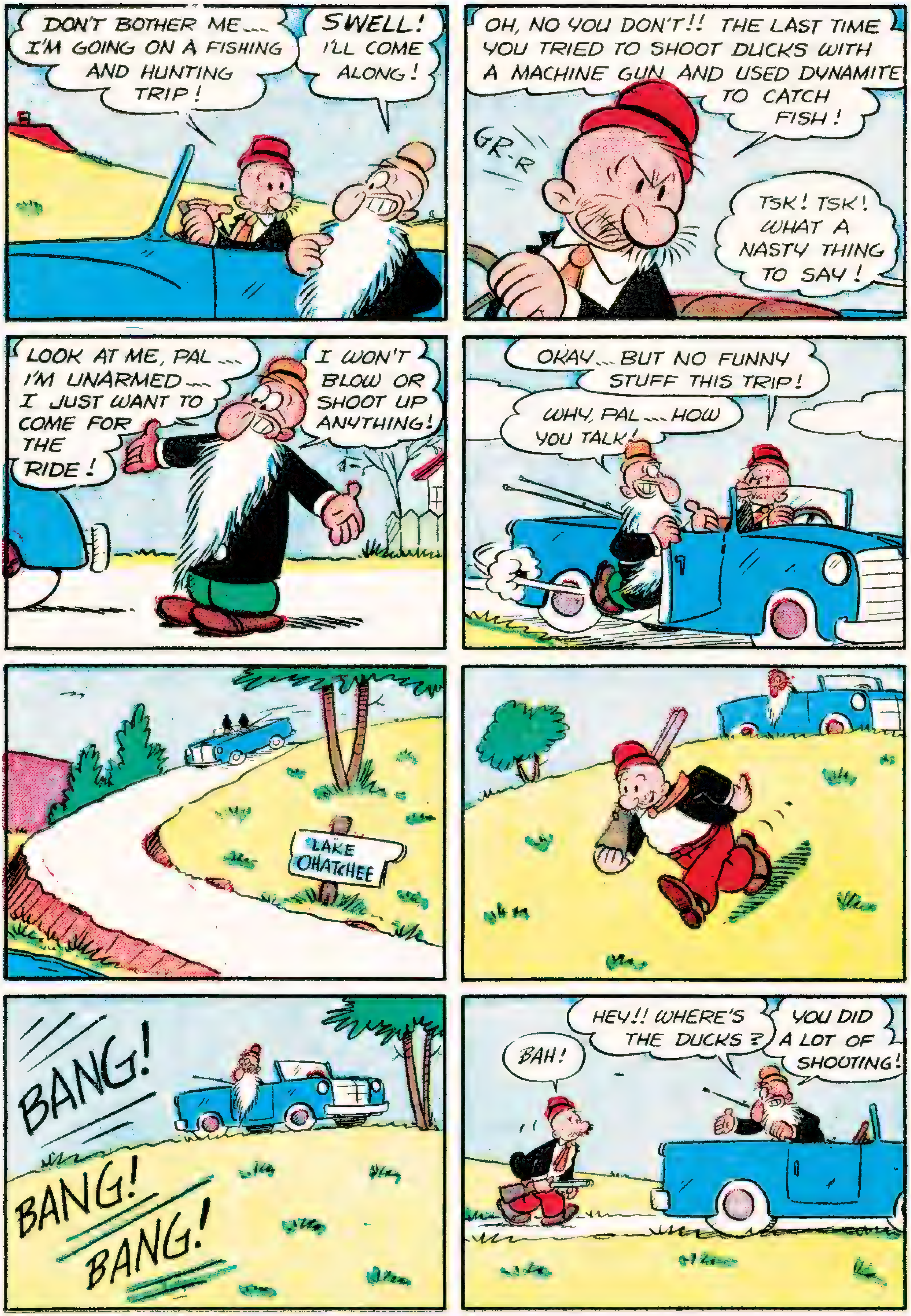

-BUT AN ELEPHANT IN THE LIVING ROOM ?
THAT'S NOTHIN'... THERE'S TIGERS IN THE BEDROOM, AND THE GARAGE IS FULL OF MONKEYS !
THIS IS TERRIBLE.... YOU'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING !
WHAT ?
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO SHOW THAT BEAST THAT YOU'RE THE BOSS !!
YEAH... AND GET ANOTHER LUMP ON THE HEAD !
HM ? HAVE YOU TRIED SPINACH ON HIM ?
HUH?
YOU SAY HE'S THE STRONGEST THING YOU'VE COME UP AGAINST... IS HE AS STRONG AS A CAN OF SPINACH ?
I DON'T KNOW BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT !
SWEE'PEA, IT IS BEDTIME... GO TO BED !!
I'M NOT SLEEPY!
?
?
?

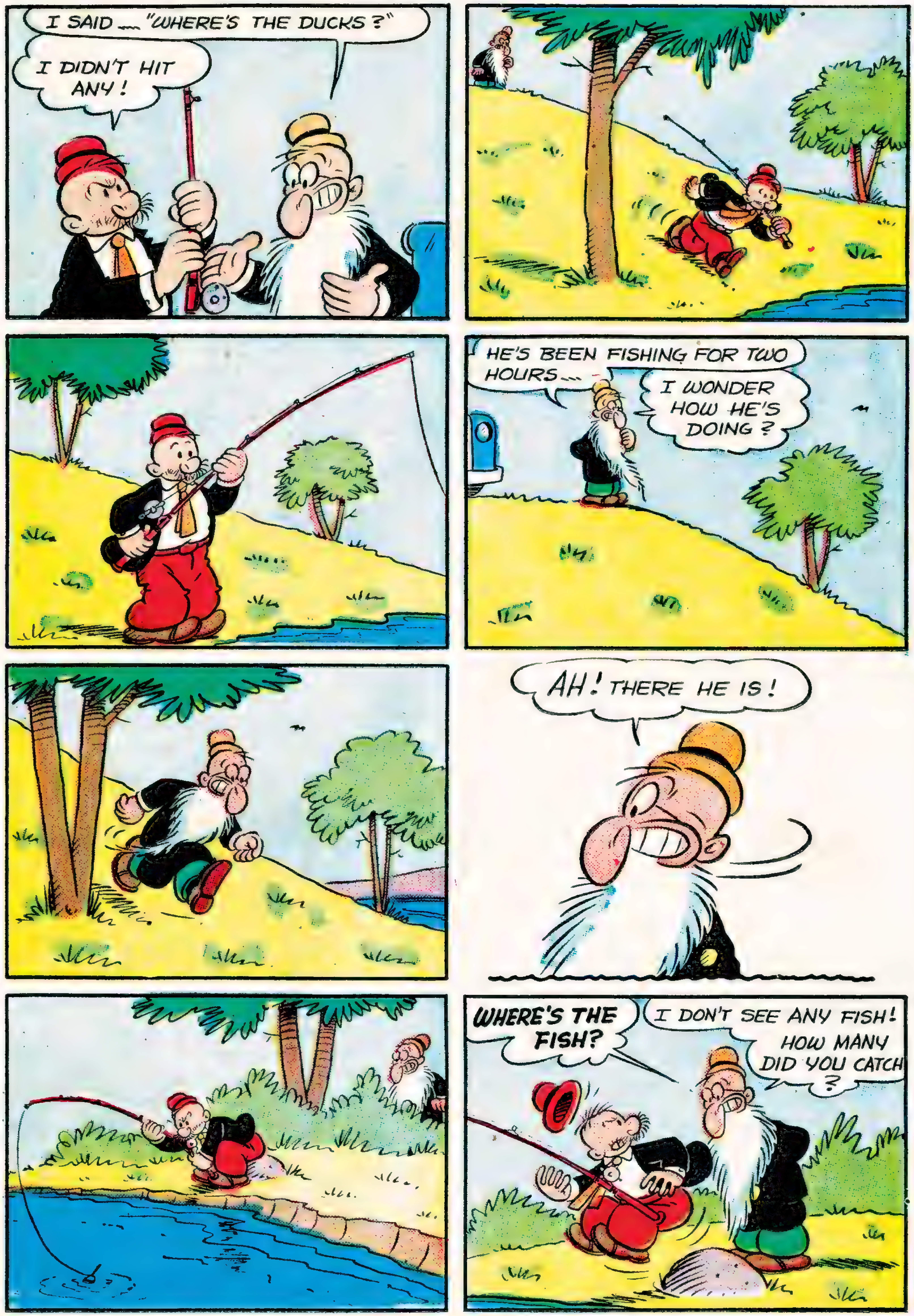
I SAID GO TO BED!!
IF YOU DON'T I'LL SPANK YA!
YOU HEARD WHAT HE SAID, ORBERT!
HE'S BOSSING ME AROUND!
HE'S FORGOTTEN WHO'S THE BOSS!
SHOW HIM WHO'S BOSS!
BONK HIM!
HE'S CANNON-BALLING AGAIN!
SPINACH
BOING!
SPINACH
?
GULP!
?


NOW, MISTER ORBERT... YOU AND ME IS GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK!
!
?
I KNOWS YOU LIKE SWEE'PEA, BUT YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT WHAT IS GOOD FOR HIM!
?
LITTLE KIDS SHOULDN'T GET EVERYTHING THEY ASKS FOR.... WHEN THEY GETS EVERYTHING, THEY GETS SPOILED!
?
NOBODY LIKES SPOILED KIDS... AND SPOILED KIDS AREN'T HAPPY... THEY DOESN'T HAVE THE FUN OF WANTING SOMETHIN'!
!
!
AND LI'L KIDS SHOULD GET LOTSA SLEEP.... SLEEP IS GOOD FOR THEM!
IF YOU WANTS TO PROTECT SWEE'PEA, YOU WILL SEE THAT HE DOES WHAT IS GOOD FOR HIM!
EEEP-EEEP-EEEP!
HE JUST HAD TO BE TOLD WHAT WAS RIGHT FOR SWEE'PEA!
SO YA IS BACK... HA! I KNEW POPEYE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO STOP YOU!

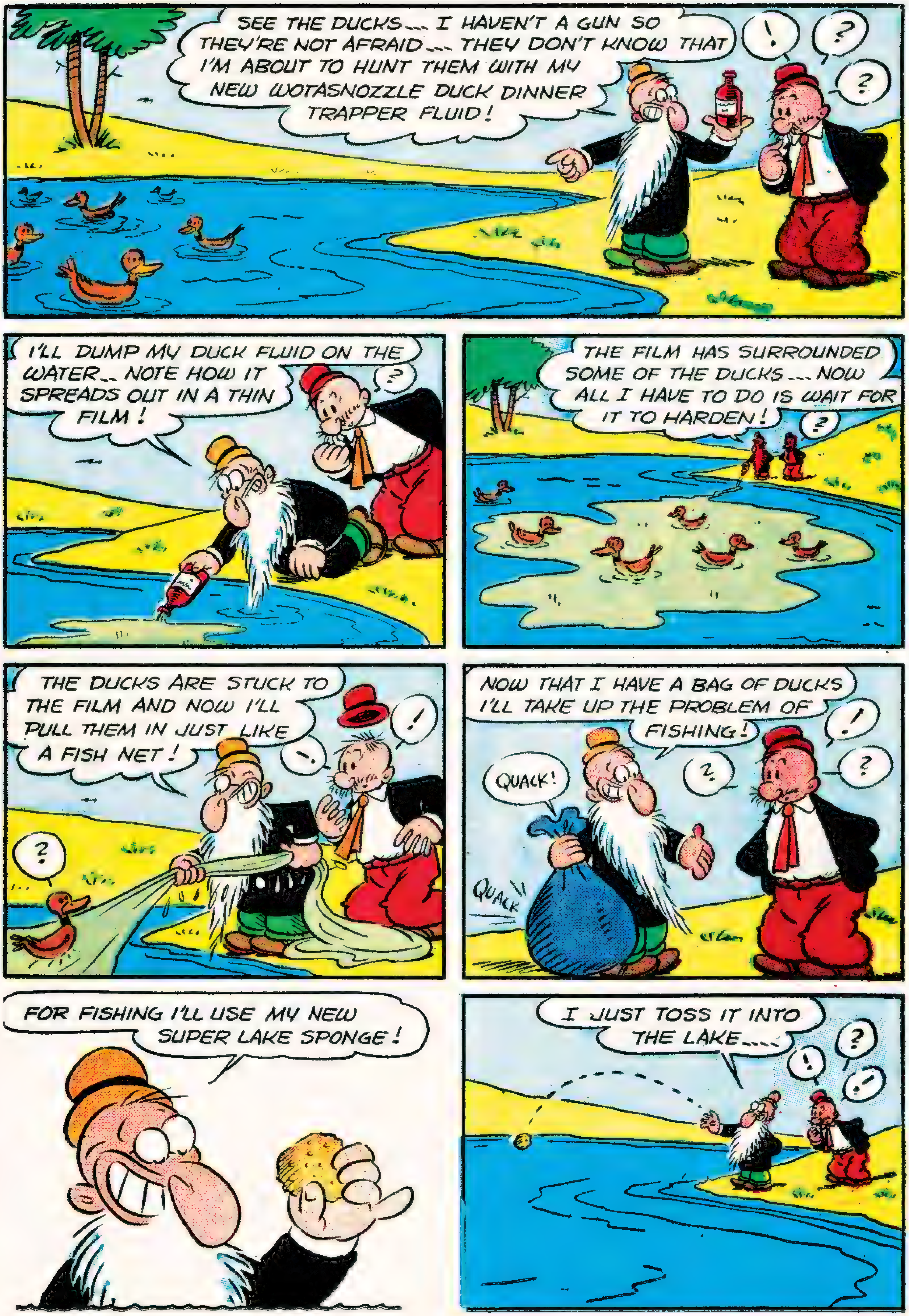

NOW I WILL GO IN AND SEE HOW WELL ORBERT WILL COOPERATE!
SWEE'PEA I TOLD YOU TO GO TO BED!
?
I SAID I WASN'T SLEEPY!
I WILL NOT GO TO BED!
!
?
?
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON?
EEEP!
?
FROM NOW ON ORBERT WILL BE A GOOD PAL FOR SWEE'PEA!

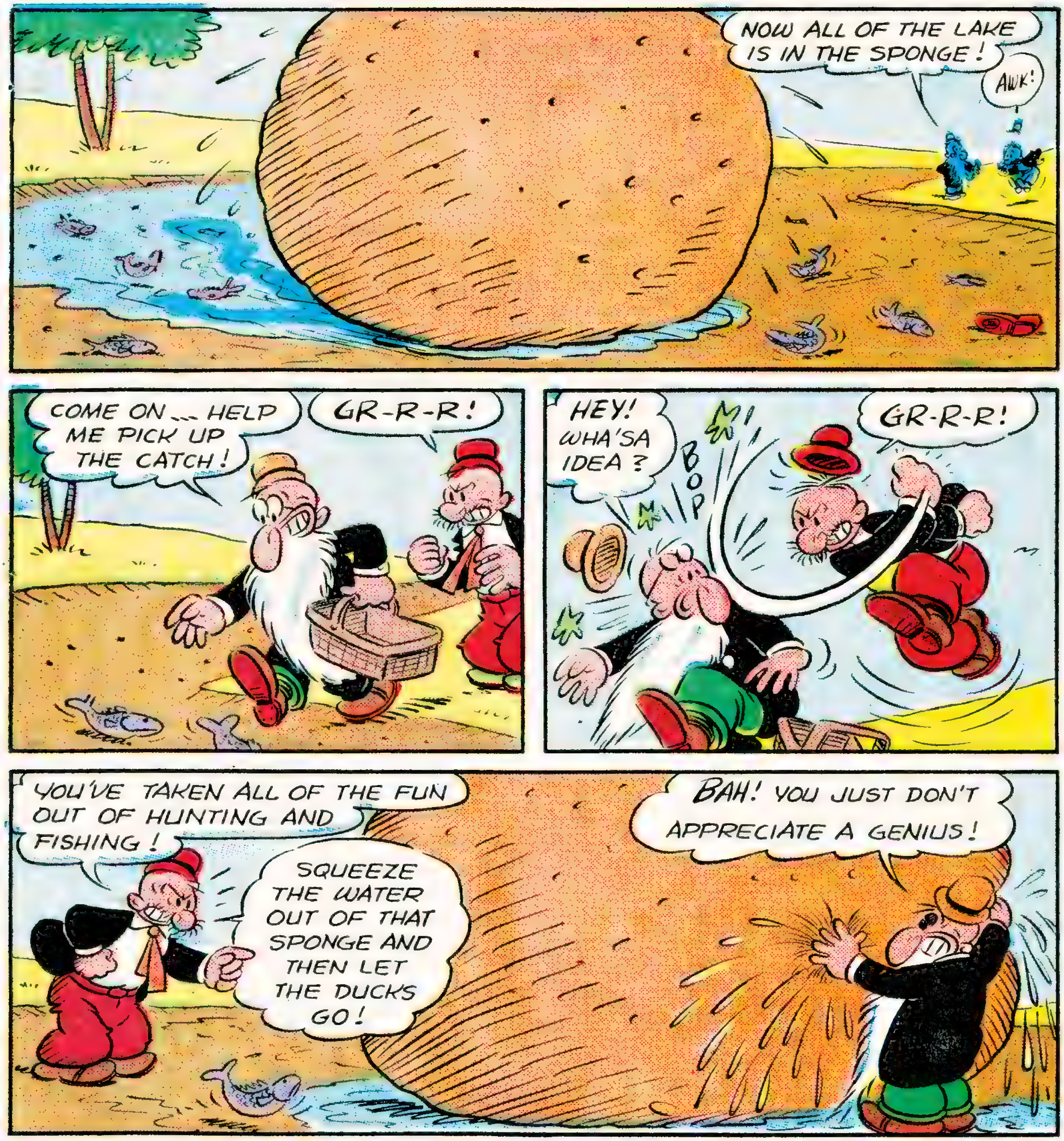
O.G. WOTASNOZZLE
AH! ALL CLEAR.. I DON'T WANT THAT SCIENTIFIC NUT TO SEE ME!
I PARKED THE CAR DOWN THE STREET!
HEY, SAPPO! WAIT FOR YOUR OL' PAL!


DON'T BOTHER ME... I'M GOING ON A FISHING AND HUNTING TRIP!
SWELL! I'LL COME ALONG!
OH, NO YOU DON'T!! THE LAST TIME YOU TRIED TO SHOOT DUCKS WITH A MACHINE GUN AND USED DYNAMITE TO CATCH FISH!
GR-R
TSK! TSK! WHAT A NASTY THING TO SAY!
LOOK AT ME, PAL... I'M UNARMED... I JUST WANT TO COME FOR THE RIDE!
I WON'T BLOW OR SHOOT UP ANYTHING!
OKAY... BUT NO FUNNY STUFF THIS TRIP!
WHY, PAL... HOW YOU TALK!
LAKE OHATCHEE
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BAH!
HEY!! WHERE'S THE DUCKS?
YOU DID A LOT OF SHOOTING!


I SAID ... "WHERE'S THE DUCKS?"
I DIDN'T HIT ANY!
HE'S BEEN FISHING FOR TWO HOURS...
I WONDER HOW HE'S DOING?
AH! THERE HE IS!
WHERE'S THE FISH?
I DON'T SEE ANY FISH! HOW MANY DID YOU CATCH?

THERE'S NO FISH IN THAT LAKE!
HM?
HEY! WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
HA! HA! HA! HO! HO! WHEEeee!! HA! HA! HA!
YOU'RE FUNNY... HA! HA! WHAT A HUNTER! WHEEEE! WHAT A FISHERMAN! HA! HA!
NO DUCKS! NO FISH! WOW!! WHY DIDN'T YOU STAY HOME?
GR-R-R-R!
HA! HA!
I SUPPOSE YOU THINK YOU COULD DO BETTER?
WELL?
YOU'RE SPEAKING TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST BRAIN!
WITH A BRAIN LIKE MINE FISHING AND HUNTING ARE CHILD'S PLAY... I DON'T EVEN NEED A FISH POLE OR A GUN!
FOLLOW ME, CHUM... I'LL SHOW YOU THE SCIENTIFIC APPROACH TO THE PROBLEM!


SEE THE DUCKS... I HAVEN'T A GUN SO THEY'RE NOT AFRAID... THEY DON'T KNOW THAT I'M ABOUT TO HUNT THEM WITH MY NEW WOTASNOZZLE DUCK DINNER TRAPPER FLUID!
!
?
?
I'LL DUMP MY DUCK FLUID ON THE WATER.. NOTE HOW IT SPREADS OUT IN A THIN FILM!
?
THE FILM HAS SURROUNDED SOME OF THE DUCKS... NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS WAIT FOR IT TO HARDEN!
?
THE DUCKS ARE STUCK TO THE FILM AND NOW I'LL PULL THEM IN JUST LIKE A FISH NET!
!
?
NOW THAT I HAVE A BAG OF DUCKS I'LL TAKE UP THE PROBLEM OF FISHING!
QUACK!
QUACK
?
!
?
FOR FISHING I'LL USE MY NEW SUPER LAKE SPONGE!
I JUST TOSS IT INTO THE LAKE....
!
?
!


NOW ALL OF THE LAKE IS IN THE SPONGE!
AWK!
COME ON... HELP ME PICK UP THE CATCH!
GR-R-R!
HEY! WHA'SA IDEA?
BOOP
GR-R-R!
YOU'VE TAKEN ALL OF THE FUN OUT OF HUNTING AND FISHING!
SQUEEZE THE WATER OUT OF THAT SPONGE AND THEN LET THE DUCKS GO!
BAH! YOU JUST DON'T APPRECIATE A GENIUS!

George started out his fish life like any other fresh water fish. He was hatched, ate a lot, and grew up to be the kind of fish that any fisherman would be proud to pop into a frying pan. He led a regular fish life until his fifth birthday. On that day his whole life took a change.

The trouble started—as it usually does with a fish—with a fisherman. This man discovered the pool George lived in and decided to try his luck at fishing there. The man was new at the sport and unfamiliar with the dangers of moss covered stones. He studied the pool and decided the right place to fish was in the center where the water was deep. But to reach the deep water he had to walk across the tops of several stones—stones which were covered with moss. He did quite well until he reached the stone that George was sleeping under. This stone was covered with moss and when his foot came down on it—ZOOOOP—out the foot shot and the man landed on his back in the water.

The large splash startled George and he shot out from under the rock, heading for deep water. As luck would have it, the fisherman's glasses had fallen off and were sinking in the water right in the path of the onrushing fish.

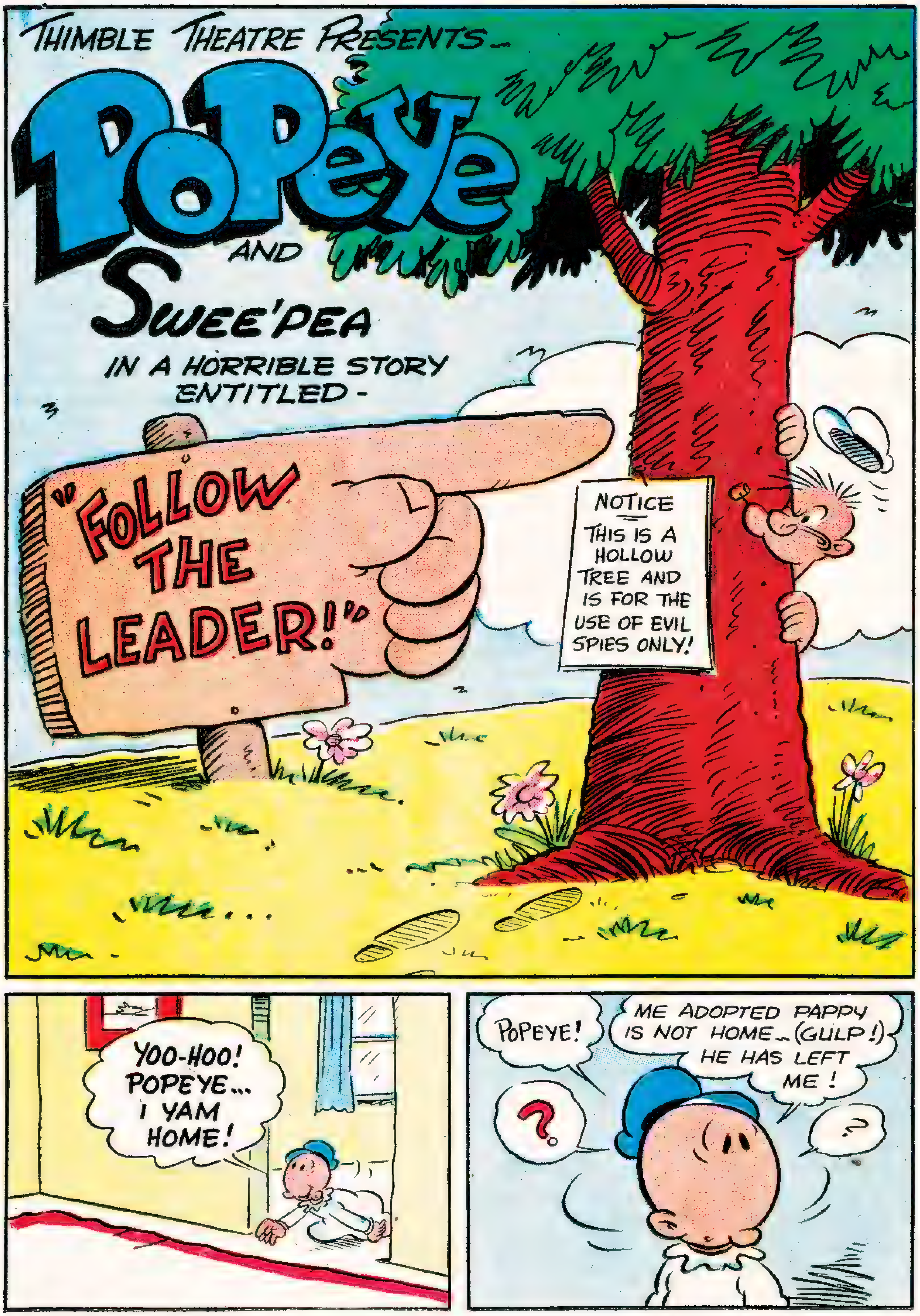
The fish and the glasses came together and in one short moment George became the first fish in history to wear glasses. Everything might have been okay if the glasses had been made for George, but the man who lost them had very weak eyes and everything George saw became huge because of the magnification.

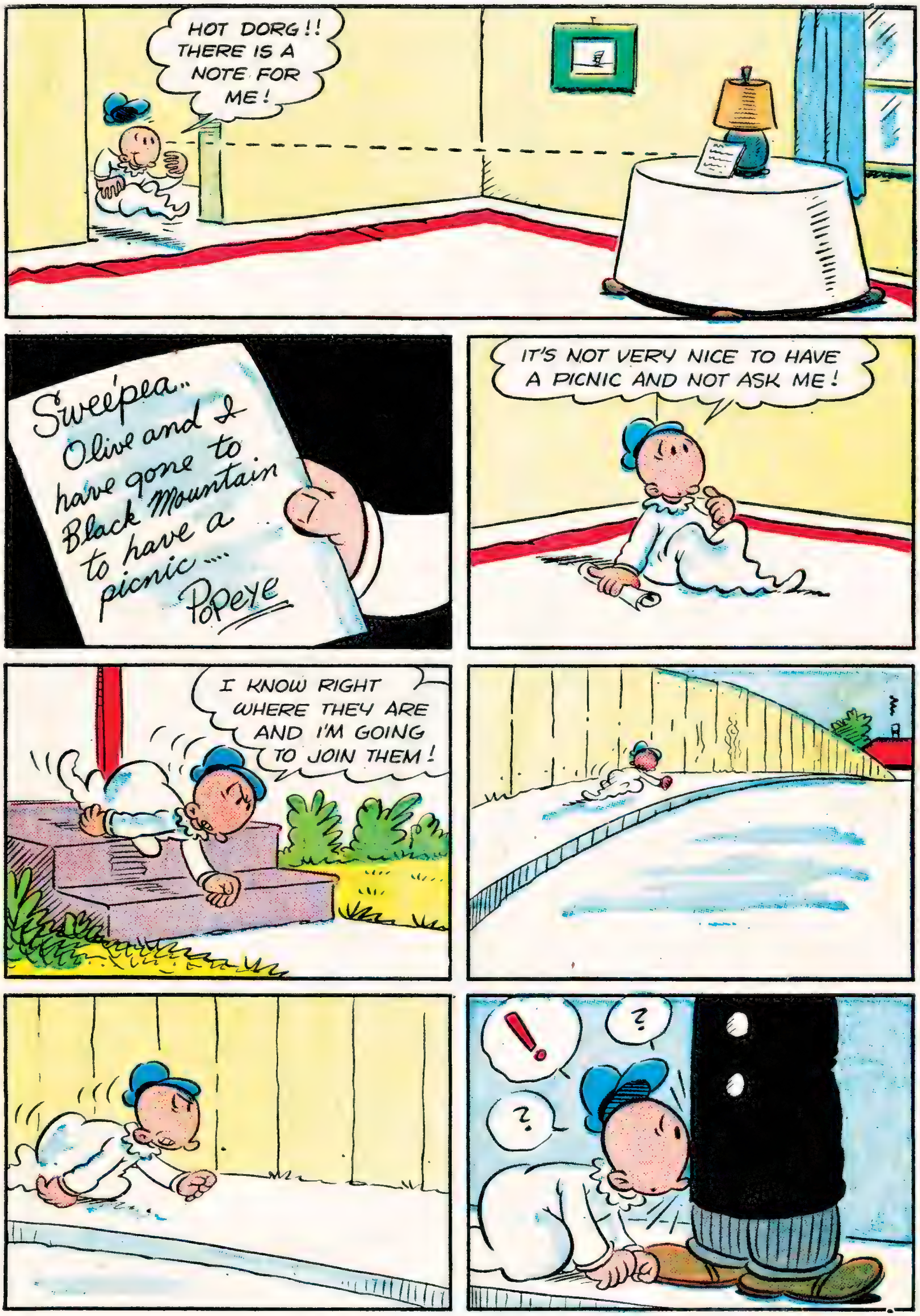
At first George was afraid of everything he saw. The little baby fish that used to run from him now caused *him* to run. The tiniest thing became a monster through the glasses. It was bad enough being afraid, but that didn't really hurt him. The very dangerous result of the glasses was that George had such a terrible time finding enough to eat. The bugs that had made up his diet he now passed by as being much too big for him to swallow. He would spend hours trying to fill his tummy with little tiny bits of food. It took thousands and thousands of these little bites to make a meal. This took so much energy to hunt for them that every night poor George went to bed hungry. There just wasn't enough time in the day for him to get a fish-sized meal.

With the shortage of food plus all of the extra exercise, the poor fish got thinner and thinner. No longer was he the big fish in the puddle. He was long enough, but there wasn't enough meat on him to make a meal for a baby kitten.

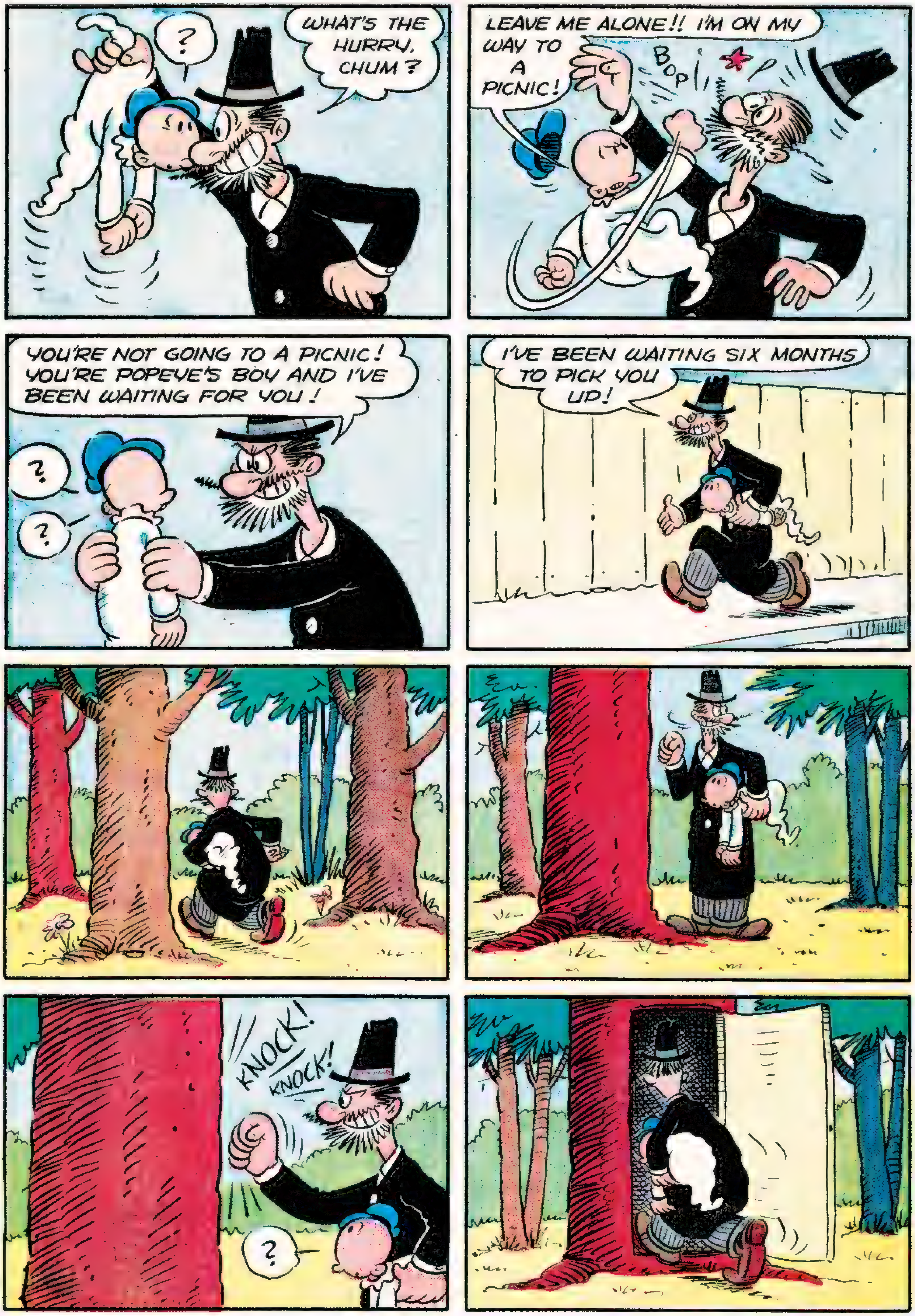
Who knows what would have been the end of George if some men hadn't come along and decided to net out all of the fish in the pond. George was so thin that he didn't get caught in the net until the very last try. When the men pulled in the net with George in it, they took one look at the poor fish and knowing that they couldn't sell such a thin fish, tossed him back into the pond.

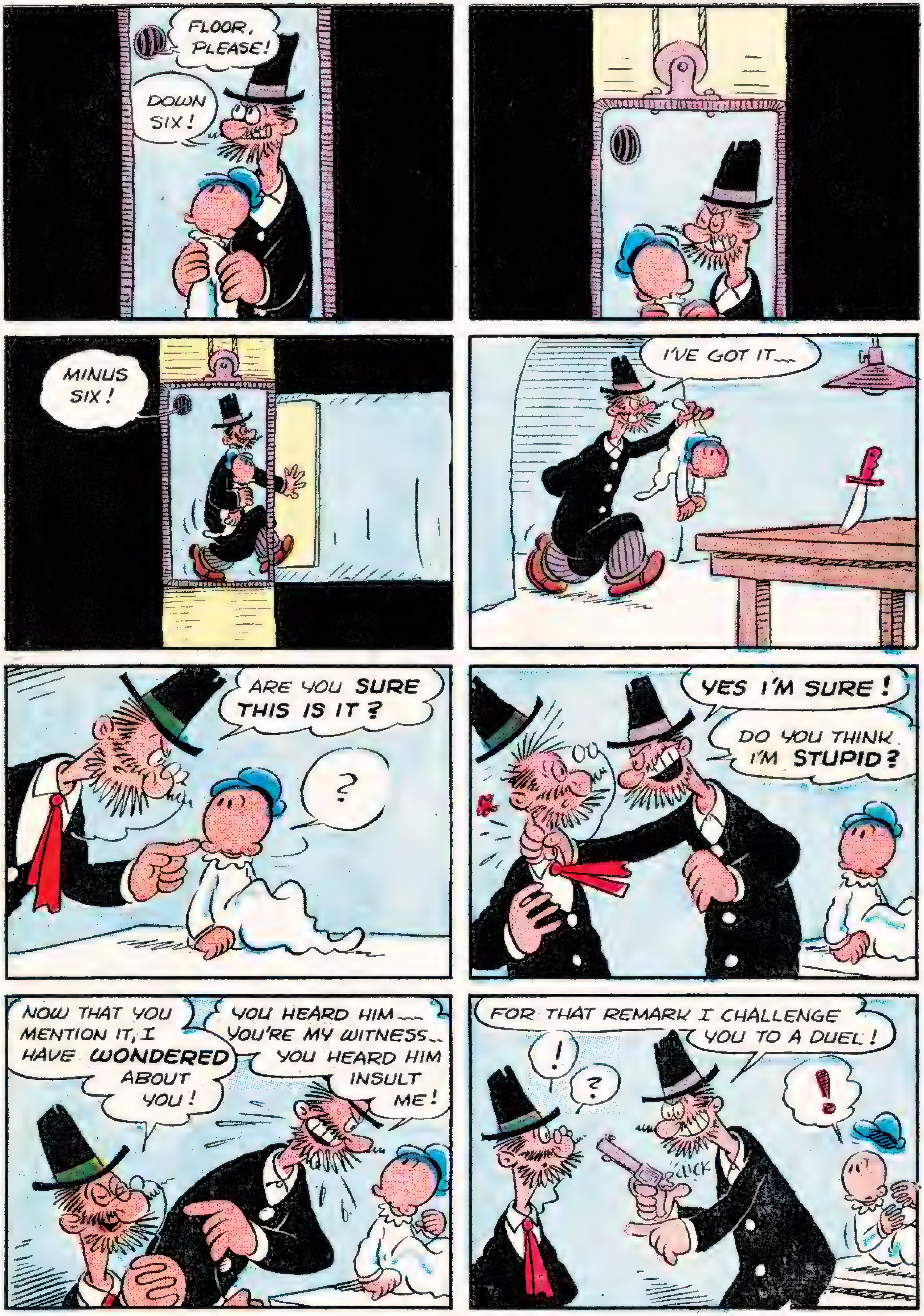
So you see, the glasses really saved George's life. If he had been fat he would have been cooked, which goes to prove that wearing glasses isn't so bad—that is, if you're a fish. Oh, what happened to George? Well, when the man threw him back into the pond he hit a moss covered rock and the glasses fell off. George has been eating well ever since.

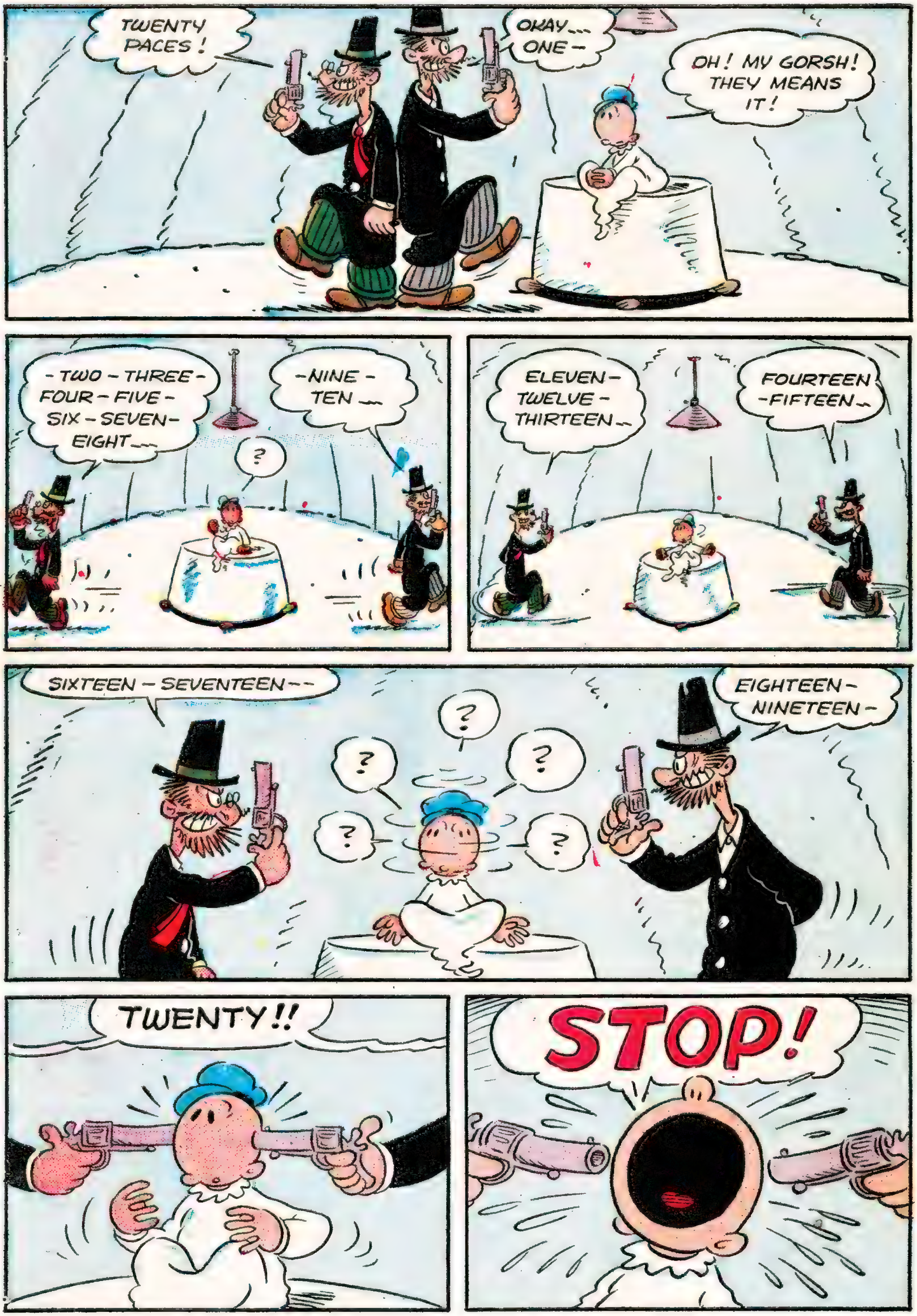

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS -
POPEYE
AND
SWEE'PEA
IN A HORRIBLE STORY ENTITLED -
"FOLLOW THE LEADER!"
NOTICE
THIS IS A HOLLOW TREE AND IS FOR THE USE OF EVIL SPIES ONLY!
YOO-HOO! POPEYE... I YAM HOME!
POPEYE!
ME ADOPTED PAPPY IS NOT HOME - (GULP!) HE HAS LEFT ME!
?
?

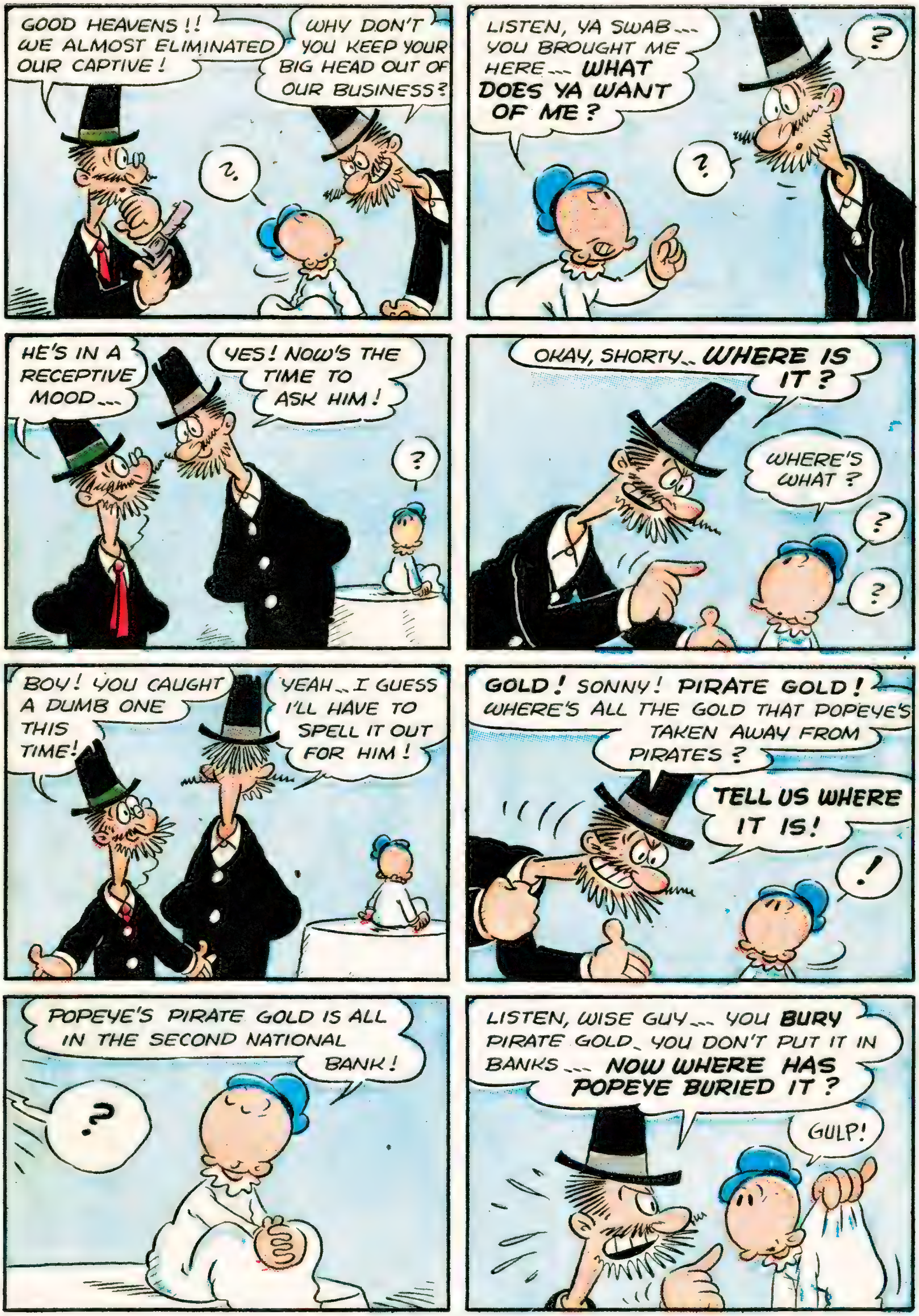


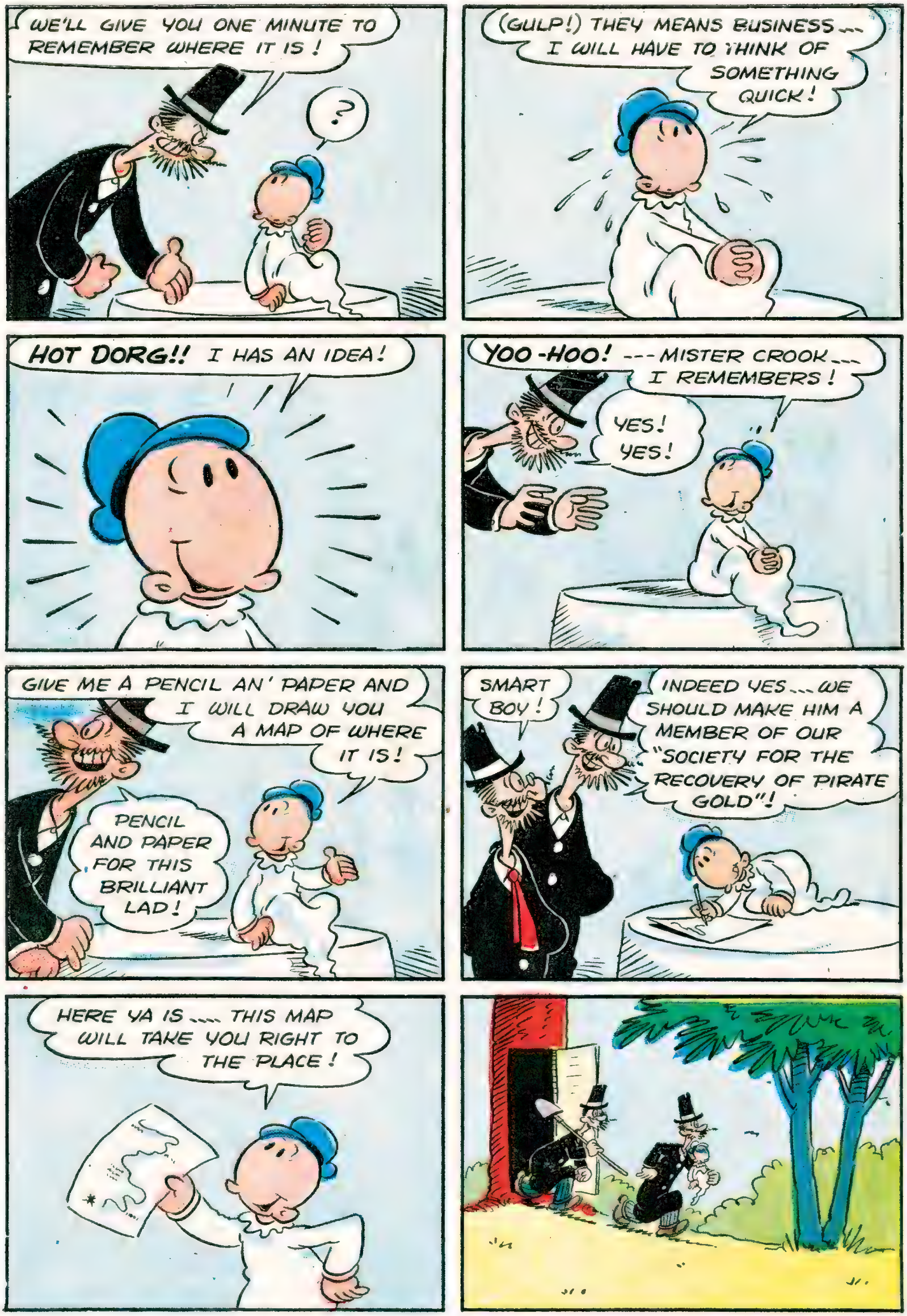
HOT DORG!! THERE IS A NOTE FOR ME!
Sweepea.. Olive and I have gone to Black Mountain to have a picnic.... Popeye
IT'S NOT VERY NICE TO HAVE A PICNIC AND NOT ASK ME!
I KNOW RIGHT WHERE THEY ARE AND I'M GOING TO JOIN THEM!
!
?
?

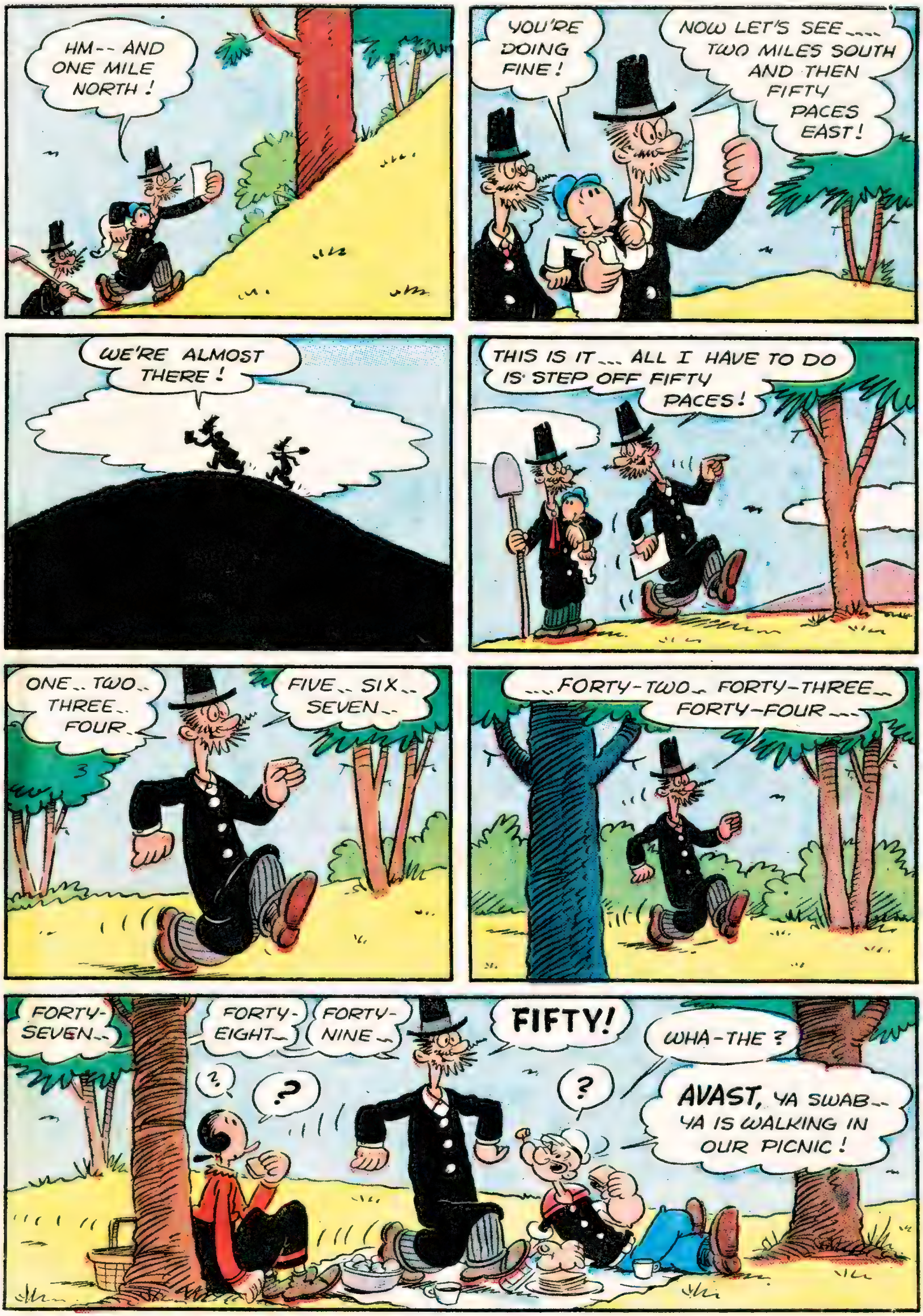

?
WHAT'S THE HURRY, CHUM?
LEAVE ME ALONE!! I'M ON MY WAY TO A PICNIC!
BOP
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO A PICNIC! YOU'RE POPEYE'S BOY AND I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
?
?
I'VE BEEN WAITING SIX MONTHS TO PICK YOU UP!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
?


FLOOR, PLEASE!
DOWN SIX!
MINUS SIX!
I'VE GOT IT...
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS IT?
?
YES I'M SURE!
DO YOU THINK I'M STUPID?
NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I HAVE WONDERED ABOUT YOU!
YOU HEARD HIM... YOU'RE MY WITNESS... YOU HEARD HIM INSULT ME!
FOR THAT REMARK I CHALLENGE YOU TO A DUEL!
!
?
!
CLICK

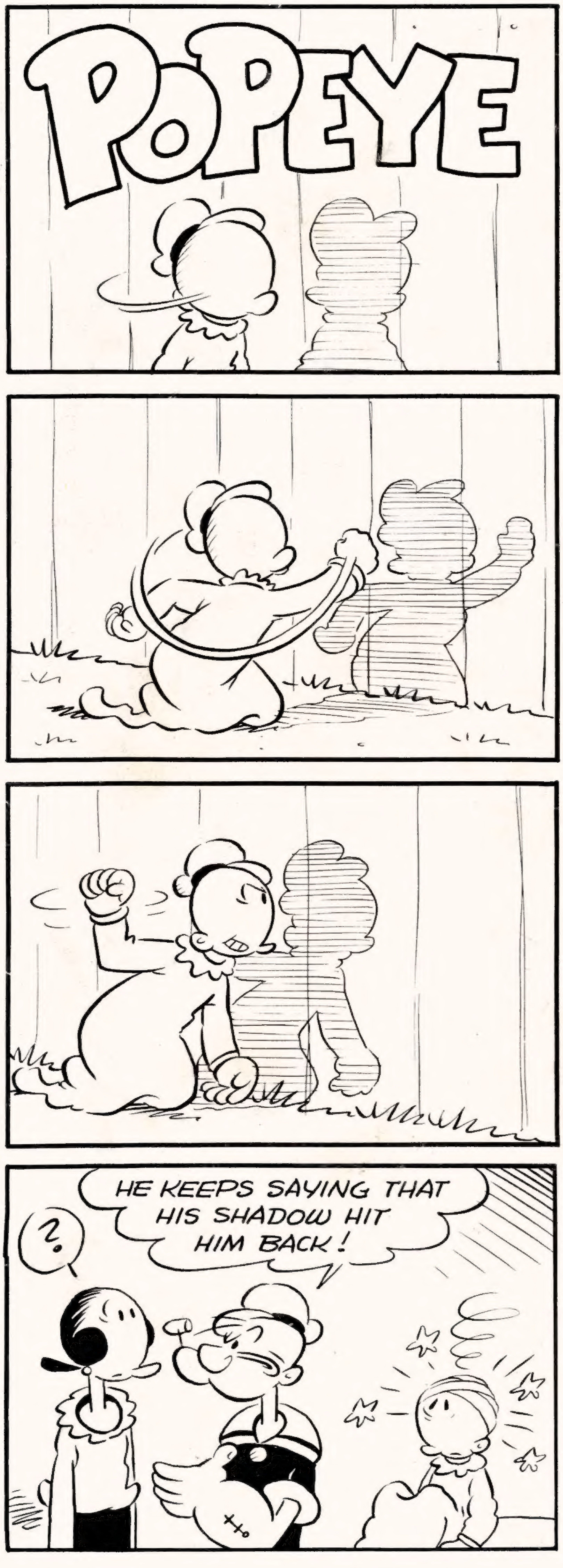

TWENTY PACES!
OKAY... ONE—
OH! MY GORSH! THEY MEANS IT!
-TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE-SIX-SEVEN-EIGHT...
-NINE-TEN...
?
ELEVEN-TWELVE-THIRTEEN...
FOURTEEN-FIFTEEN...
SIXTEEN-SEVENTEEN--
EIGHTEEN-NINETEEN-
?
?
?
?
?
TWENTY!!
STOP!


GOOD HEAVENS!! WE ALMOST ELIMINATED OUR CAPTIVE!
WHY DON'T YOU KEEP YOUR BIG HEAD OUT OF OUR BUSINESS?
?
LISTEN, YA SWAB... YOU BROUGHT ME HERE... WHAT DOES YA WANT OF ME?
?
?
HE'S IN A RECEPTIVE MOOD...
YES! NOW'S THE TIME TO ASK HIM!
?
OKAY, SHORTY.. WHERE IS IT?
WHERE'S WHAT?
?
?
BOY! YOU CAUGHT A DUMB ONE THIS TIME!
YEAH.. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SPELL IT OUT FOR HIM!
GOLD! SONNY! PIRATE GOLD! WHERE'S ALL THE GOLD THAT POPEYE'S TAKEN AWAY FROM PIRATES?
TELL US WHERE IT IS!
!
POPEYE'S PIRATE GOLD IS ALL IN THE SECOND NATIONAL BANK!
?
LISTEN, WISE GUY... YOU BURY PIRATE GOLD.. YOU DON'T PUT IT IN BANKS... NOW WHERE HAS POPEYE BURIED IT?
GULP!


WE'LL GIVE YOU ONE MINUTE TO REMEMBER WHERE IT IS!
?
(GULP!) THEY MEANS BUSINESS --- I WILL HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING QUICK!
HOT DORG!! I HAS AN IDEA!
YOO-HOO! --- MISTER CROOK --- I REMEMBERS!
YES! YES!
GIVE ME A PENCIL AN' PAPER AND I WILL DRAW YOU A MAP OF WHERE IT IS!
PENCIL AND PAPER FOR THIS BRILLIANT LAD!
SMART BOY!
INDEED YES --- WE SHOULD MAKE HIM A MEMBER OF OUR "SOCIETY FOR THE RECOVERY OF PIRATE GOLD"!
HERE YA IS ---- THIS MAP WILL TAKE YOU RIGHT TO THE PLACE!


HM-- AND ONE MILE NORTH!
YOU'RE DOING FINE!
NOW LET'S SEE.... TWO MILES SOUTH AND THEN FIFTY PACES EAST!
WE'RE ALMOST THERE!
THIS IS IT ... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS STEP OFF FIFTY PACES!
ONE.. TWO.. THREE.. FOUR..
FIVE.. SIX.. SEVEN..
....FORTY-TWO.. FORTY-THREE.. FORTY-FOUR....
FORTY-SEVEN..
FORTY-EIGHT..
FORTY-NINE..
FIFTY!
?
?
?
WHA-THE?
AVAST, YA SWAB-- YA IS WALKING IN OUR PICNIC!

YOO-HOO, SAM-BRING THE SHOVEL!
SHOVEL?
DIG HERE!
DIG?
BAM!
?
WHEEEE!! IT WORKED! IT WORKED!
SWEE'PEA!?!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHA-HAPPENED?
I HAVEN'T FIGURED IT OUT YET!
?
?
?
...SO I DREW THEM A MAP TO BRING THEM HERE!
THE COPS WILL BE GLAD TO GET THEM SWABS!
THAT WAS SMART THINKING, SWEE'PEA!


POPEYE
GR-R-R
SWISH
POW
SMACK
?
HE KEEPS SAYING THAT HIS SHADOW HIT HIM BACK!

GULP!
WOW!
POPEYE

PRAISE FOR BUD SAGENDORF POPEYE PROJECTS BY YOE BOOKS.

"Gloriously funny writing and drawing style! Sagendorf comics are great comics!"
—*MTV Geek* (Eddie Wright)

"Sagendorf was the long-time assistant to the creator of Popeye, Elzie Segar, and his comics are just as classic!"
—*Cartoon Brew* (Jerry Beck)

"Hijinks one expects from Popeye—and even a little of the heart to boot."
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"There's no comics with as much pure, undiluted comic bookiness, stream-of-conciousness, and outlandish stories. They're super-fun!"
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"Sagendorf's cartooning is timeless in its bigfootededly bizarre brilliance. Bud Sagendorf is all kinds of awesome!"
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"Bud Sagendorf's *Popeye* was brilliant. The stories were as compelling and entertaining as anything on the stands at the time—and we're talking about a period that encompassed Carl Barks' *Uncle Scrooge*, John Stanley's *Little Lulu*, and Shelly Mayer's *Sugar and Spike*."
—*Comic Mix* (Mike Gold)

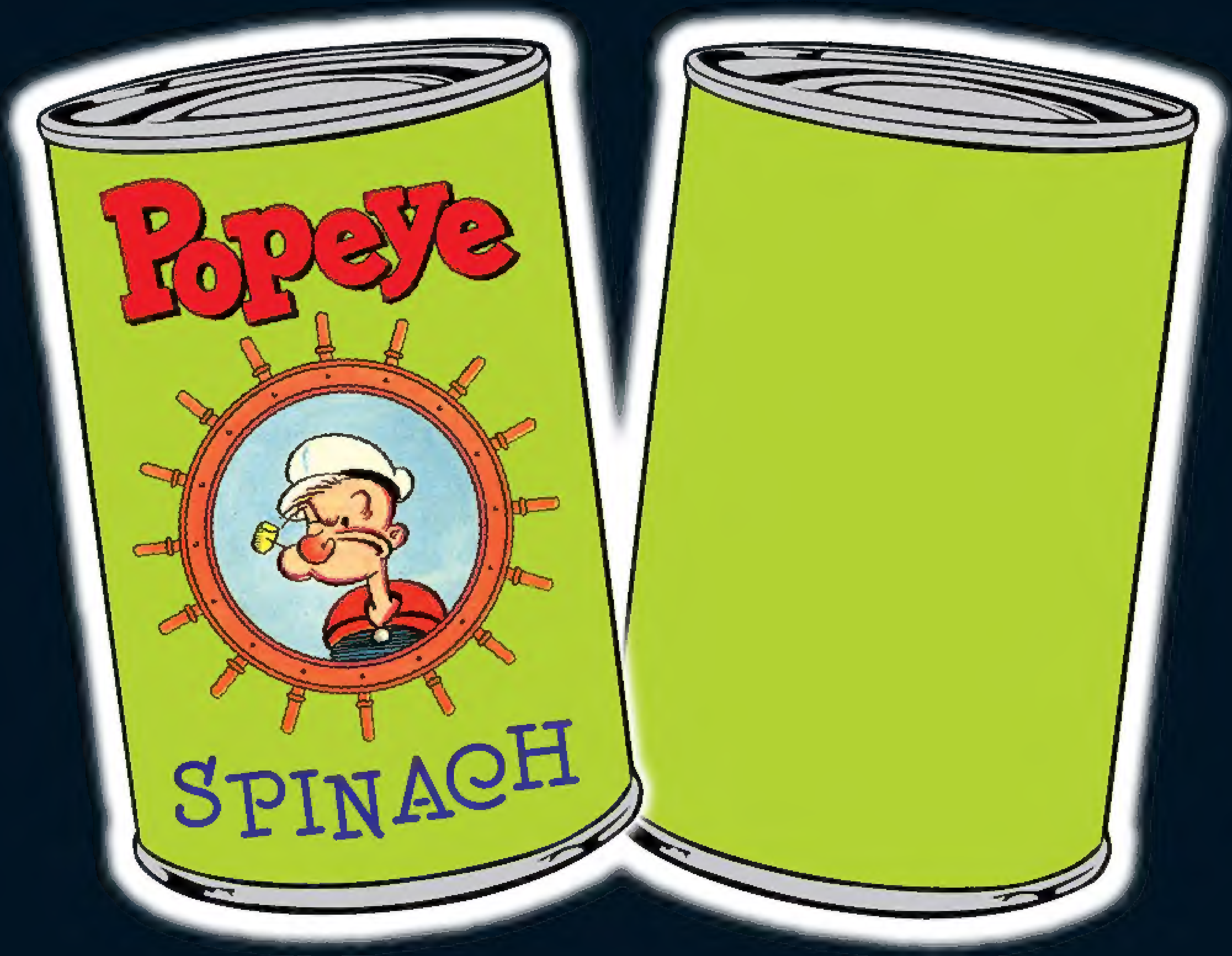
"What a genius! Sagendorf's comic books were classics, completely his own... brilliant stream-of-consciousness tales, with plenty of action and suspense, and clever, silly cartooning that carried it all beautifully."
—*Potrezebie* (Bill Pearson)

"For any age group, in much the same way as is *The Simpsons*."
—*The Lottery Party*

"Brilliantly lively storytelling. Absolutely, positively recommended!"
—*The Big Blog of Kids' Comics* (Mykal Banta)

"Arf-filled!"
—*Graphic Policy* (Brett Schenker)

This book includes Popeye Classics issues #40-44.



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